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"Theo. was lying prone upon the floor."

(See page 286.)

THE MANHATTAN.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1884

No. 3.

THE CHALICE BEARERS.

The darkness grew luminous around me ;
Strange shadowy forms, an eager throng,
Were surging past, with hands upreached
In attitude of fierce desire, as those who long
And have not learned to rest.

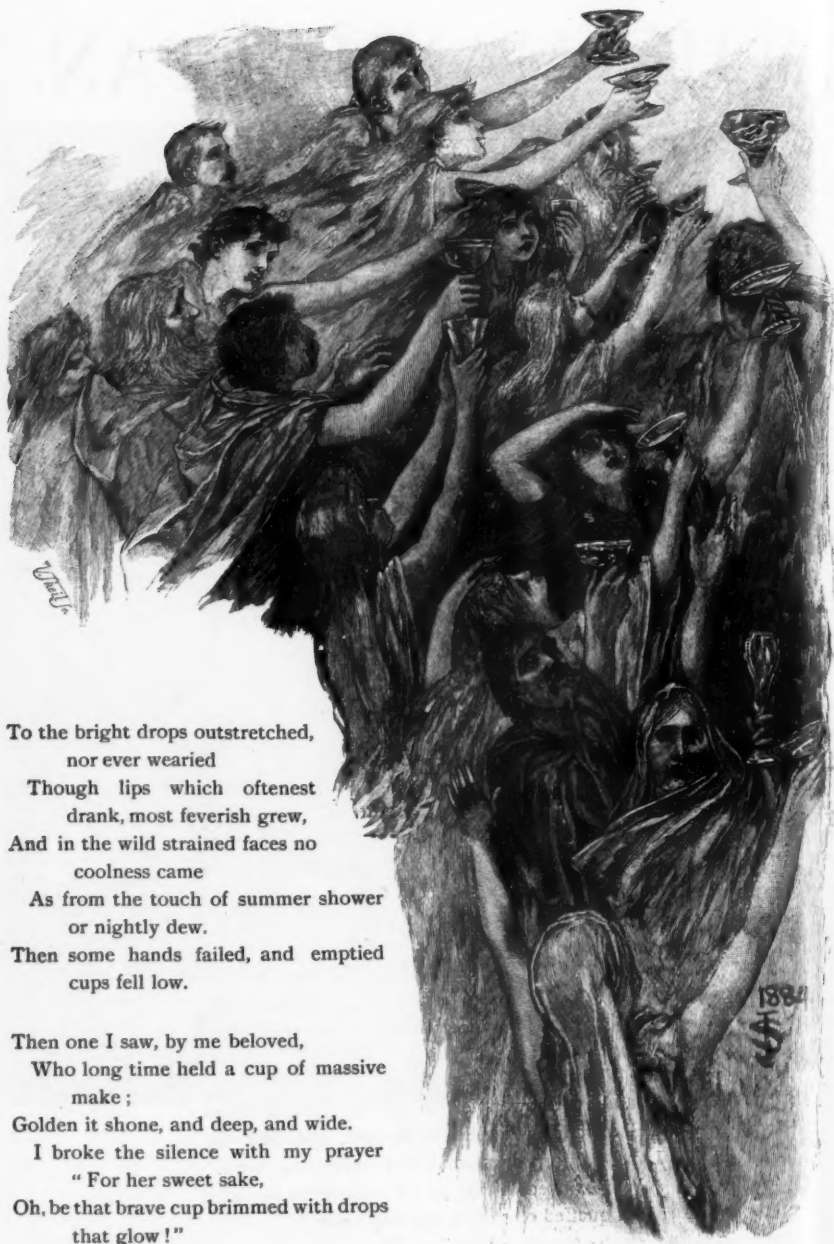
Slowly the dazed earth eyes found strength to gaze,
(For the light was not of sun, which strongly shone,
In lines of flame, about each pale, set face
And lifted hand, until each strove alone,
Although a mighty multitude still pressed).

In folds all undefined the garments fell,
Nor woman grace, nor vaunted strength of man was there,
But forms that yearned, and in their yearning swayed
Till all were massed, save strong and fair,
Each face's faintest line revealed

Against that mystic light, and in each hand outlined
A cup, and for the cup's uplifting, seemed
This strife of discontent, this stir of wild unrest.
And yet the cups were rare and quaint, I deemed
As to some solemn service sealed.

I heard no sound of prayer or praise,
So watched the silent plaint of outstretched hand
Which thrust its cup far outward, then held high
The yearning chalice, while hot eyes scanned
The heavens, as if for rain.

Then light showers fell of lustrous lambent drops ;
Some cups were filled to the wet, sparkling rim,
Lifted to lips athirst, or held in trembling hand,
Which joyed in that proud measure to the brim,
Then quaffed or spilled, the cup again



To the bright drops outstretched,
 nor ever wearied
 Though lips which oftenest
 drank, most feverish grew,
 And in the wild strained faces no
 coolness came
 As from the touch of summer shower
 or nightly dew.
 Then some hands failed, and emptied
 cups fell low.

Then one I saw, by me beloved,
 Who long time held a cup of massive
 make;
 Golden it shone, and deep, and wide.
 I broke the silence with my prayer
 "For her sweet sake,
 Oh, be that brave cup brimmed with drops
 that glow!"

But cups there were, that filled and over-
flowed,

While still that patient hand its chalice
held,

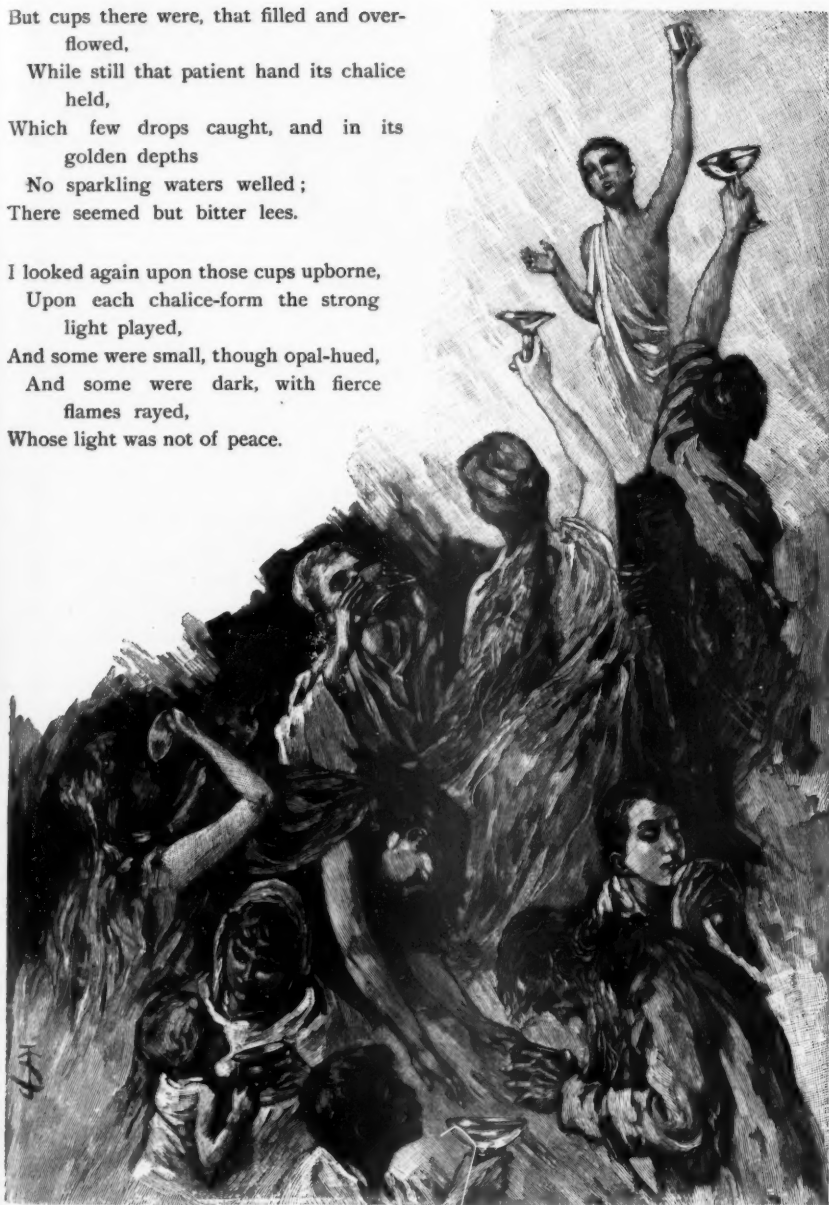
Which few drops caught, and in its
golden depths

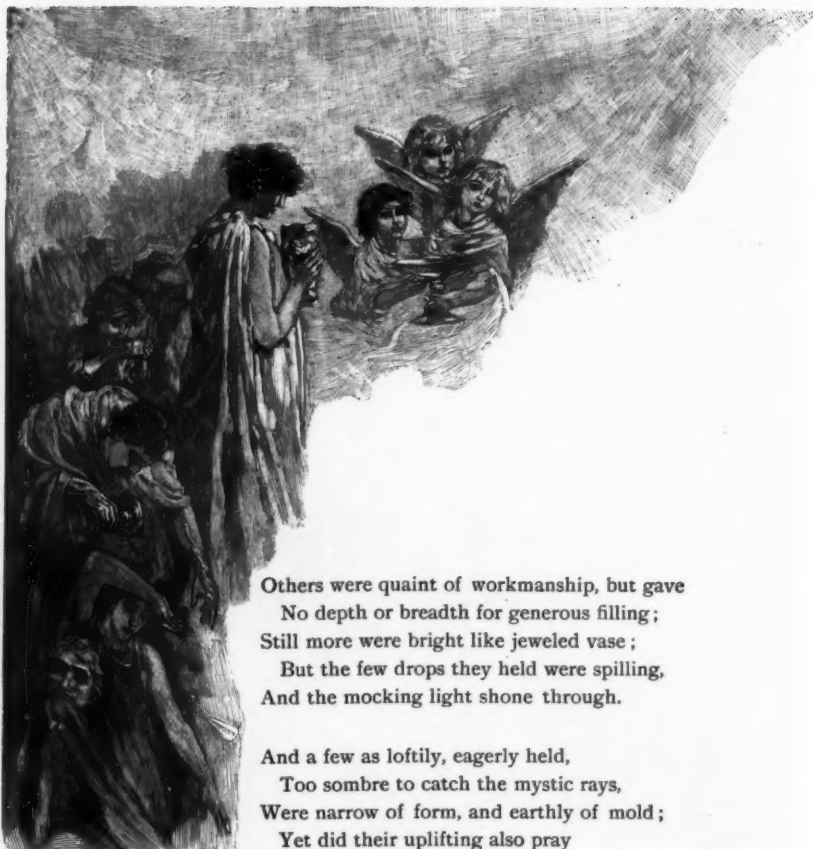
No sparkling waters welled ;
There seemed but bitter lees.

I looked again upon those cups upborne,
Upon each chalice-form the strong
light played,

And some were small, though opal-hued,
And some were dark, with fierce
flames rayed,

Whose light was not of peace.





Others were quaint of workmanship, but gave
 No depth or breadth for generous filling;
 Still more were bright like jeweled vase;
 But the few drops they held were spilling,
 And the mocking light shone through.

And a few as loftily, eagerly held,
 Too sombre to catch the mystic rays,
 Were narrow of form, and earthly of mold;
 Yet did their uplifting also pray
 For some drops of quickening dew.

Then my heart was hushed, the vision shone clear,
 The showers that fell were of earthly joy,
 And the cups uplifted showed taint and trace
 Of the clay of earth's alloy,
 Which endures not to the end.

But the cup of her holding, I saw, by God's light,
 Was golden, made pure as by fire,
 And its form (the workmanship not of our earth)
 Was fashioned with symbol of palm and lyre—
 Eternity thy chalice fill—O friend!

ELIZABETH STUDDIFORD MCCHESENEY.

THE MISERICORDIA IN FLORENCE.

THOSE who have been in Florence have often seen, crossing the narrow streets at night, a long funereal procession moving slowly toward the Porta Pinti; and no one can have seen it without a feeling akin to awe. The flickering torches with their lurid light are borne by men shrouded in black from head to foot. Their faces are concealed under black masks and they carry on their shoulders a coffin, covered with a black pall. The idlers in the street make way respectfully and murmur: "It is the Misericordia."

That measured tread, those ghastly masks, those shroud-like dresses, the strange, uncertain light of the torches, the fantastic procession—all powerfully impress the mind of the passer-by who sees that solemn show for the first time, and he involuntarily asks:

"What does all this mean? Why are those men so closely masked? Why do the people make way so respectfully?"

Sometimes one meets the same procession in the daytime, but now the coffin is replaced by a litter, the black cloth of which is lifted up on one side. Here again the bearers are the Misericordia, carrying some invalid from his home to the hospital.

In deep silence the men carry their suffering burden with a pace so steady and a hand so firm, that scarce any motion of the litter is perceptible. Long practice and careful training have made them adepts in the art of nursing; and there are no better organizers or executants of ambulance-service than they.

The Misericordia is a very old institution and well merits its name. All the members, called Brothers of the Misericordia (or Mercy), are fundamentally equals and are bound to obey the statutes of the congregation. Almost all Florentines, without distinction of class, or rank, or title pass through the society. The rich are not content simply to give a sum of money; and so to have done with the charity and their own consciences; no, each member, whatever his social standing, must contribute

his strength, his sinewy, healthy arms to carry his less fortunate brethren to the hospital, or to their own abodes, when struck down by an accident in the street, or to that last home in the Campo Santo, where human aid is of no more avail. The work is equally divided among the members, though for respect to the intention of the founder (himself a workman), the principal charges are confided to men of the lower class; and the rules of the congregation bear that stamp of equality which distinguishes all early Christian societies. This is also the reason why the "Compagnia" insists on the uniform black dress, and forbids the brethren to lift their masks while on duty. I shall now try to sketch the history of this institution, from its foundation down to the present day. I shall also touch on its administration.

Its aim is shown by the name it bears: "La Misericordia," that is to say, charity to all men, charity toward children, toward the sick and the poor, charity toward all that lives, that suffers and requires the gentle help of mercy.

Florence, as we all know, owed its wealth and power to commerce. Its princes were merchants, its leaders wove wool, its makers of history made wine, as well as history. But its principal object of exportation was wool. The wool merchants used to meet for business on the Piazza di Sta Maria del Fiore, now the Piazza del Duomo. As the wool was brought in bales for inspection, the place was, of course, filled with *facchini*, or porters, who, when not at work, were wont to assemble in a small tavern and amuse themselves with drinking round a fire.

"It so happened that in the year 1240, among seventy or eighty *facchini* gathered in the tavern, was a man named Piero Borsi, son of Luke, who was no longer young, and who deeply revered the holy name of our Lord. On hearing the fearful way in which his comrades abused the Creator of the world, he proposed that when-

ever one of them should utter a blasphemy against the Lord or His venerated Mother, he should put into a savings-bank, destined for the purpose, one *craio*—that is to say, the one-eighth part of a *paolo* (equivalent to seven centimes of our money). Borsi hoped by this means to completely eradicate this shameful habit and grievous sin. The proposal met with general approbation, and Piero's comrades promised to firmly maintain this arrangement to the greater glory of our Lord."

This paragraph is copied from an old chronicle of the time, and is usually found in all works dealing with the Misericordia.*

After a certain time Borsi, finding that a good deal of money had collected in the box, made a new proposal to his comrades—viz., that of buying six large baskets, wherein they might carry to the hospital those workmen who should have fallen from a scaffolding, or persons suddenly taken ill in the street, or it might be merely the sick in their own houses who wished to be taken to the public place of care. They were to ask one *paolo*, that is fifty-six centimes, each time they lent their aid.

The money thus collected and added to the fine-money was reserved for the renewal of the baskets and such small expenses as must inevitably arise in the prosecution of their design. When a greater number of bearers began to join the society of *facchini*, Borsi stipulated that the payment he had fixed should not be augmented, as it was always to be borne in mind that the aim of the society was charity.

The new association decided that they should meet in different churches, there to discuss freely all that came within the range of their duties. But when Borsi saw how numerous his adherents' support had been, he proposed a general alms-gathering in order to collect enough money to buy a small house, as a place of meeting, and of prayer for the society.

This idea was also approved of, and the sum of money collected on the same day was so great that it overflowed the fine-box.

Thus, the infringement of the Third Commandment led to the foundation of a society which has influenced all the middle

ages, and still excites in our own times the admiration and astonishment of foreigners.

In 1325 this institution received from the town a grant of land in the *Corso degli Adimari*, which for a long time was the Misericordia's only place of gathering.

I must add, however, for the sake of truth, that, though the above cited particulars are generally accepted as historical facts, some authors deny their authenticity.

Among these sceptics Passerini stands prominently forward. He does not admit that Borsi was the founder of the community, nor will he believe that it rests on purely democratical principles. He asserts that, on looking through the old registers of the Misericordia, he found only the most illustrious families of the town inscribed thereon and that the workmen (called *grembiuli*, which signifies apron), were admitted among the members at a much later period, that is, during the plague, and then only in substitution of the noblemen, who had all perished. And yet it is difficult to disbelieve a story which has taken such deep root in the imagination of the people.

It is possible that there existed at some former time a congregation dedicated to St. John the Baptist and similar in some points to this. It may be also that the society of the *facchini* joined this of St. John the Baptist under the leadership of Borsi, who gave the Misericordia the renown which has remained attached to it ever since.

Precise knowledge of the facts is now impossible, as all the papers of the community were destroyed, during the inundation of 1557. Yet we cannot deny the testimony of the Compagnia itself, which has always considered Piero Borsi as its founder. We find also a portrait of him with the usual red blouse, worn by the *facchini* of those times, in the house of the Misericordia.

The Compagnia comes into special notice during the frightful pestilences which broke out in Europe every three or four years. The zealous courage of the brethren at those times was at once saintly and heroic. The worst plague which ever ravaged Europe was that which broke out in 1346 and lasted till 1348. The symptoms of this fearful malady were spitting of

* Ghislieri. "Cronaca."



PIERO BORSI

Founder of the Misericordia

blood and swellings under the arms, which with some persons took the form of large boils. Those could sometimes be saved, if the boils were burned before blood-poisoning had set in. But the mass of the plague-stricken died almost immediately in fearful sufferings. The virus of infection was so powerful, that it was enough to only pass near one already struck, to be seized with those awful symptoms which heralded a cruel death. As a proof of the rapidity with which disease spread, Varchi relates that one day a cart was slowly winding its way through the dreary streets of the town, containing one of these unfortunates going to his untimely rest "unhousel'd, disap-

pointed, unanel'd, no reckoning made, but sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head." No mourning friends, no sanctifying priest attended the poor victim of fate. He had been plague-stricken; neither love nor religion dared give him tears or blessing. On seeing this, a young man of the name of Cecco Tonfura, in mad bravado, wishing to show that he was not afraid, thrust his head into the cart as it passed by. He paid for his folly with death.

"The mortality was so enormous in those days that people say, some countries, where the pestilence raged with the fiercest intensity, have lost more inhabitants than they

could regain ever since."* Boccaccio asserts that Florence lost 100,000 persons in the space of six months; but this number is exaggerated, as the town did not possess as many inhabitants. Masterpiece of writing as it is, Boccaccio's description of Florence during the plague is more than doubtful, as he himself carefully avoided the town, where the pestilence was raging, and fled for safety to the sunny shores of the Gulf of Naples, or took refuge in the vine-clad hills which surround Florence. He is even accused of having simply copied the description of the plague of Athens, in the second book of Thucydides, and to have given it the local coloring. Laudini says that 600 persons died daily; and Villeani's chronicle proves that Florence lost sixty per cent. of its inhabitants, which would give 54,000 victims as about the number. The Misericordia received that year 35,000 gold florins to distribute among the poor. This sum may be reckoned at four times its value in our days. The community, besides, received large legacies of money from people it had succored during the plague. But sometimes it had scruples in accepting such inheritances, as in the case of the bequest made it by a certain Neri Boscoli, who had amassed at Naples a large fortune by usury. Unwilling to profit by the "heart's-blood of so many victims" the brothers assembled a council of the most eminent theologians of that time, to discuss the question and decide on its merits. They unanimously declared that the Misericordia could safely accept the inheritance, because its principal aim being—assistance to the poor, those would thus get back all that had been taken from them. Their money was returned, however, to those who could prove that they had been defrauded by Boscoli.

The Misericordia helped to enrich Florence by several useful institutions. Its brethren made the first essay in statistics ever attempted in Europe. They decided, in 1407, that there should be only one church in which the children born in Florence should be christened. The church of St. John the Baptist was chosen for this purpose, and consequently received the name of *Battistero*. The brothers registered

in separate books the sex of the children, the year and the day in which they were born, as well as the ward to which they belonged. A little later, the same system was introduced for registering deaths. The Republic, later on, found this very useful for the enlistment of soldiers.

The first half of the fifteenth century was a disastrous epoch in the existence of the Misericordia, for it seems to have lost its individuality for a time. This was owing in part to Cosimo di Medici, who accorded a greater measure of protection to the congregation of the Bigallo, similar in some points to that of the Misericordia. In 1425 the Father of his Country prevailed upon the Republic to melt the two societies into one. Cosimo hoped thus to completely crush the Brothers of Mercy, who were hateful to him. He, indeed, destroyed their activity for a time, for I do not see any mention made of the generous alms which the Misericordia was used to distribute so lavishly among the poor. The brothers fell also into the bad habit of exacting high remuneration for their services, which was in direct opposition to the spirit of the association.

"This was an effect of the intrigues of Cosimo di Medici," remarks Passerini. "That able politician well knew he would not be able to curb the Florentines to his will, or make them his obedient slaves, if he did not begin by destroying their moral qualities, banishing virtue and corrupting the citizens. Thus it was that the Misericordia fell a prey to Medicean ambition." But this did not last long, and the Republic soon perceived that the institution it had been trying to destroy might be made of infinite service to it. The "new departure" came about from the following circumstance.

In 1480 a poor man, of the name of Gelli, died in the greatest poverty. The parish priest, in spite of the reiterated entreaties of his relations, refused to bury him. The exasperated relations then resolved on a heroic measure. They took the corpse on their shoulders, and carrying it to the palace of the Signoria (the abode of the Gonfaloniere, who was the temporary head of the town), threw it down at the astonished Gonfaloniere's feet, exclaiming: "This is the

* "L'Osservatore Fiorentino."

neglect of the laws which you and your predecessors had vowed to obey and support!" Having thus spoken, they retired. This naturally aroused to flame and fury the hot-blooded, excitable Florentines. The most reasonable among them, however, insisted that the Republic should henceforth bury the dead, as the greed of the priesthood might again lead to the like scandals. A general council was held, and the authorities decided that the Misericordia should henceforth be entrusted with the care of burying the dead and of carrying the sick to the hospitals.*

The Compagnia profited by this circumstance to revise its statutes and improve its organization. The number of the permanent members was fixed at seventy-two, in memory of the seventy-two disciples of Christ. The community divided itself under the direction of eight captains, who had a *proveditore* for their general head. Instead of baskets, litters, provided with a mattress and an oil-cloth covering to protect the sick from the cold and rain, began to be used. It was further decided that these litters should be carried by four men of the Compagnia. Strict rules of discipline were established, and a regularly alternate service of officials was arranged. The color of the dress was changed, and the familiar red blouse of the *faccini* was replaced by the black funereal robes of the present time. The mask was made indispensable.

Do not let us forget that the Misericordia existed in days which were full of political strife and party hatred. While all Florence broke out into faction fights, and discord raged high, we see united in the Misericordia the divided members of the same family, and Guelfs and Ghibellines, Palleschi and Piagnoni, perhaps but just returned from the battle-field, form one companionship, devoted to a work of gentleness and mercy, humble and humane in the presence of sorrow and the majesty of death. The origin of the masks may, perhaps, be traced to these bloody times. The brothers wished to alleviate the woes of suffering humanity; to protest against the cruelties of these faction fights, and to do their duty as Christians to the weak and the disabled; but

they found themselves face to face with the monster of civil strife. How could deadly enemies be united in one body, even a body devoted to Christian charity?

They hid their faces under masks; they forbade the members to call each other by their names, and thus the Misericordia succeeded in extinguishing party strife under the cloak of Mercy while the work of mercy lasted.

In 1495 the Misericordia was authorized to gather the dead in different churches, which they were allowed to choose, the Church of St. Christopher having become too small for that purpose. From that time the Compagnia prospered, and so much so that, in 1499, the Republic committed to its care all the sick and plague-stricken, and commissioned the brothers to search for remedies against the ever-recurring pestilence. To testify its public approval of the conduct of the brotherhood, the Republic granted them an interest on the taxes levied on salt, wine and other comestibles, which sum increased yearly. The Misericordia was allowed, besides, to appropriate some of the hospitals, and the number of these augmented with every year.

Some people may ask how a private congregation could have become so strong in so short a time. But in the middle ages associations of this kind were numerous and grew quickly; especially if they were founded on some religious principle. At one time hospitals were so numerous that a contemporary writer humorously remarks that society could be divided into three categories: pilgrims, the sick and those who took care of them. Every convent was provided with an asylum of this sort.* In 1519 the plague once more broke out in Florence. Laudini asserts that it left the city by the miraculous intervention of the Madonna dell' Imbruneta, brought into the town for that purpose. To believe in such interventions was in the spirit of the times, and the brotherhood did well to recur to such simple means for calming the terrified population. Though surrounded by peril of the most deadly imminence, the Misericordia calmly continued to do its duty. In order to give a clear idea of what this

* Filippo Tornabuoni-Ricordanze.

* "L'Osservatore Fiorentino."

duty consisted in those trying times, I will summarize Varchi's description of the plague of 1527, which carried off 60,000 persons.

As soon as the disease appeared in one of the quarters of the town orders were given to cut it off from the rest. But through carelessness these orders were disobeyed, and the whole town became a prey to the pestilence. The inhabitants were still further frightened out of their senses by the priests, who urged them to repentance, saying that if they did not renounce their wicked ways they were sure to perish in awful sufferings. The panic was such that a great many people were seen writing their wills in the street, or loudly confessing their sins on the housetops or in public thoroughfares. In such troublous times both sides of human nature, the good and the bad, are strongly roused, and so it was in 1527, when we see the most ignoble and selfish acts committed side by side with the most noble and sublime. It would be difficult to approve of those inhabitants who, regardless of the common woe, fled the town to insure their own safety. Varchi ironically remarks:

"Among the measures employed against the spreading of the pestilence, many chose the simplest—that is, they left the town at the earliest possibility, and returned only when the plague had abated. Abandoning relations, friends and their native country, they fled to other towns, or to the castles and villas they possessed near Florence. The poorest, unable to flee, were cut off from all communication with their friends, whom, when they met, they greeted with the words: '*Stiamo chiaretti*;' that is to say; 'Let us avoid each other.' The doctors were the first to leave the town; and their work was performed by smiths, blacksmiths, wool-combers and different other men, or sometimes women, who asked fabulous prices for their services."*

Seeing to what a degree of savage selfishness so many had arrived, seeing people despoiling the dead and profiting by the general confusion to further their own wicked ends, we turn with still greater admiration toward the men who, in accomplishing a great and noble duty, feared

neither the pestilence, nor death, although knowing it to be at hand, ever ready to strike down one of them. And we must remember that these men were enlisted from the same class of smiths, blacksmiths and wool-combers, from which came the murderers of the living and the despoilers of the dead. The brotherhood chose among themselves five members, to whom extensive powers were conceded, and to whom they committed the care of the eight gates of the town. The five *ufficiali della Sanità* prevented any plague-stricken individuals from entering the town and the suspected from communicating with the healthy part of the population. (The suspected were those who had been with the sick, round whose waists white belts were tied to enable people to avoid them, when they met them).

The hospital being full, the Misericordia built some wooden barracks, covered with straw for the sick and dying. The line of huts was built on the outskirts of the town and nearly surrounded it. It began at Porta alla Croce, and went as far as Porta al Prato, which is a distance of about three kilometres and a half. But even this did not suffice; and two convents were converted into hospitals, while two more were given up to the suspected. In August the plague attained its height; 500 or 600 persons died daily; few were the houses in sunny Florence which had escaped the fatal white badge. This rich and prosperous town had completely fallen into the hands of the lowest rabble. The prisons were too small to contain the number of vagabonds, murderers and thieves, daily taken in the streets. Two more prisons were built, but seeing that rapine and murder still held their sway, the captains entrusted with the public safety had a gibbet put up in the middle of the town, to strike terror into the hearts of the mob. In all the terrible strain on the brotherhood they never once failed when they were needed. At the first sound of the signal-bell, all the brethren—even those who lived out of the town—would leave their houses, and the last murmurs of the bell found them all assembled in the Oratory. For the Misericordia already held its meetings in the building it still occupies in Piazza del

* Varchi. "Storia Fiorentina."



MISERICORDIA



Duomo—granted by the town, according to the request of one of the Medici, who found that the house in the Corso degli Adimari was too small and too much out of the way for the requirements of the brethren.

Among the many beneficent acts of the Misericordia I must mention the protection it accorded to the establishment for children abandoned by their parents. This institution had been founded by Cosimo, the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, who confided it to the community in order to procure for the children the care of men whose self-sacrifice had already been tried. Children of both sexes were educated in this establishment, and trades were taught them. The boys remained there till the age of eighteen, and the girls till they had some opening offered them. In time the number of the children increased to such an extent that they were sent out as agricultural laborers. On the Piazza del Duomo is an elegant Loggetta, attributed to Orcagna, where the brethren were in the habit of showing the poor little foundlings, to give their unfeeling parents the possibility of recognizing them. Unhappily, so few documents exist concerning this institution that I can give no more minute details.

Francis II. Medici rendered a signal service to the Misericordia in 1575 by preserving its independence against the encroachments of the Pope, who had sent delegates to Florence (provided with the permission of the Grand Duke) to revise all the Tuscan churches, and the properties belonging to them, as well as to inquire into some gross abuses perpetrated by the clergy. But instead of this, the envoys of the Pope began to overhaul the deeds and possessions of certain wealthy communities, although these were in nowise under ecclesiastical rule. Yet they found resistance in a quarter where they little expected it. Francis II. wrote to the delegate: "I suspect that your Eminence has come here, not with the purpose of revising the abuses of the clergy, but with that of fomenting discord in my possessions; if your Eminence thinks you can interfere in my affairs without my knowledge, you are greatly mistaken, as much as if you supposed you could set me at variance with His Holiness; I shall never

quarrel with His Holiness in what concerns the holy service and what appertains to it, for he has in me a zealous and devoted servant;"* . . . but in spite of his official devotions he meant to be master at home; and did not rest until the Pope had recalled to Rome his delegates.

Soon after this another collision ensued between the Misericordia and the clergy. It was in 1630, when the plague once more broke out in Florence.

The *ufficiali della Sanità* (brothers of the Misericordia) wishing to stop the spread of the disease, ordered all the sick to be transported to the convents, situated in the outskirts of Florence. The priests and monks were incensed at the order and complained to the archbishop, who excommunicated the whole brotherhood. The Pope, however, on seeing the indignation of the people, deemed it more prudent to restore to them the archbishop's benediction, only ordering them a public penance for their misdoing.

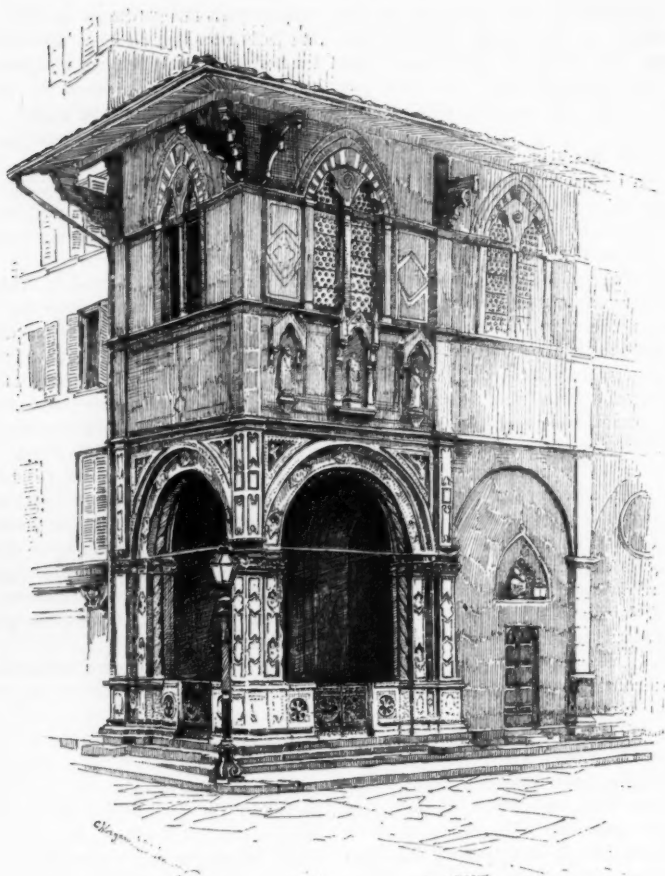
In vain did the people cry out against this injustice, in vain did the brethren protest; they had to submit to the omnipotence of the clergy.

The Misericordia were compelled to return to the monks the money they had spent on the sick; and to accuse themselves publicly of the sin of having acted for the benefit of suffering humanity.

This *contretemps* did not diminish their zeal and they continued to imperil their lives in the fulfilment of their duty. When a case of plague was made known to them, two brothers immediately started on their perilous errand, and carried the plague-stricken to the gates of the town, where they transferred him to another litter, on which he was conveyed to the hospital out of town. While the brethren carried the sick, one of them was sent in advance with a banner, which served to warn the passers-by, thus giving them time to fly. Instead of a mattress, the sick were laid on hay, which was destroyed immediately afterward and odoriferous herbs were strewn all over the litter and burnt on the way.

Some of the plague-stricken were allowed to remain in their houses, on condition that these should be marked and iso-

* Galuzzi. "Istorie del Granducato di Toscana."



THE HOUSE OF THE MISERICORDIA, FLORENCE

lated. They were also allowed to be buried in the family vault, but the dead body was to be nailed down in a coffin immediately after death. The poor were taken to the burial-ground as soon as they were dead, and lime was poured over them.

This year the brotherhood called science to their aid in physical matters, as formerly they had called theology in those of conscience casuistry. They assembled a council of six of the ablest physicians of the time to deliberate on the best way of ridding the town of this awful scourge. A book was published under the title of "De Provisione et Curatione Morborum Pestilentia-

lium." But it only proves the ignorance of the learned Areopagus. It contains not one practical suggestion, only a number of foolish recipes, such as rubbing the heart with scorpion's oil and such like.

The people long remembered all the kindness shown them at that time, by one of the members of the Misericordia. He was one of the best princes of the Medici family, viz., Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany. He never left the town and mixed daily with the people, trying to discover in what way he could be most useful to them, comforting the afflicted and distributing great gifts and alms to the poor. When his cour-

tiers reproached him for his prodigality, he answered, that had his revenues not sufficed, he would have sold his clothes to benefit his people.

In the space of 191 years the plague visited Florence twenty-five times (Landini says, sixteen), and each time the victims were from 400 to 600 a day, which shows what an ample field the Misericordia had for its activity; this, too, at a time when the simplest laws of hygiene were unknown.

Many wonder that, although such a constant visitor, the plague should have left scarcely any trace on the art or literature of that time. But we must remember that but few people of note escaped, and, besides, who can tell what influence it might not have had on the sombre genius of Dante, or the grave grace of Giotto? Might not their minds have been unconsciously impressed by the dread scenes they witnessed; and might not these have been reflected in their work, giving them that grandeur of outline, that tragic coloring and gloomy detail which so vividly impresses us even now?

In 1697 the community laid down a rule which divided the members into three categories, and decreed that those who had failed the summons more than six times should be erased from the register.

In order to celebrate its deliverance from the plague in 1645, Florence organized a procession, with banners flying and music playing, in which the Misericordia took a conspicuous part. The whole town was illuminated, bells chimed merrily, music resounded on all sides, and, issuing out of the Church of the Annunciation, the brothers were greeted by the joyful exclamation of the people: "Long live our Compagnia della Misericordia!"

The people seemed to testify by these cries that the town owed its restored health to the zeal and kindness of the brotherhood, adds Landini.

To keep up a brotherly feeling among all the congregations in Italy, the Misericordia often welcomed members of other communities. We find a description of a *fête* given by the Compagnia of Florence to a deputation of thirty-seven brothers of the Roman Misericordia. They were received in triumph, and were richly entertained at the expense of the well-to-do citizens. Cer-

emonies such as these left a pleasant remembrance on the minds of the brothers, which helped to keep up their *esprit de corps* and good will.

Landini's history, brought down to 1784, is filled with these descriptions of official *fêtes*. He tells us, also, that the number of the dead buried by the Misericordia varied between 6,500 and 10,620 people a year, but never surpassed this number.

The years 1767, 1816 and 1818 were years in which the Compagnia well merited the gratitude of Florence, for a terrible typhoid fever raged at that time. The public was greatly impressed by the fact that, although constantly exposed to danger, yet few of the brethren died of the disease.

Thus we see that, passing from one century to another, and never forgetting its aim, the Misericordia always meeting new perils, always found courage and energy to combat them. After having successfully struggled against the greatest scourge of humanity—plague—the Misericordia undertook the treatment of that new foe which presented itself in the nineteenth century—that was almost as deadly—cholera.

When this malady first appeared in Florence, it found all the brothers at their posts ready for the fearful battle. Other towns of Italy prove to us that not every one considered it his duty to lay down his life for his neighbor. But such are the force of habit and tradition that, while other cities lost heart and were distracted, the brothers of the Misericordia calmly went on in the way traced out for them by those six preceding centuries of patient and enduring self-abnegation. When the cholera first began, the number of the members of different categories was 1,440. But no sooner had the disease increased and the work of the brotherhood in consequence, than 200 others joined these. In the beginning the habitual signal-bell was used for assembling the members, but, as cases of sudden death became daily more frequent, and as this lugubrious sound contributed to the general feeling of uneasiness, it was decided to put an end to it. This in nowise prevented the members from assembling in the oratory, and there awaiting their turn. Unhappily, lack of work was never felt. Sometimes seventy-seven litters were in use at one

time, without speaking of cases of ordinary illness, which averaged seventeen daily.

The brothers were always found to be in sufficient numbers; four to carry the litter, while four others followed to relieve them. Now in rich palaces, but more often in miserable hovels, the brothers went up three or four stories of dirty stairs, entered the infectious room of the dying—dying, not on a bed or on a mattress, but on a foul heap of straw; with their tender and well-trained hands they lifted up the sick man, and putting him upon their shoulders, in all his repulsive hideousness, they went down those often dangerous stairs, through dark, narrow passages, and then gently deposited their charge on the litter, which awaited them below. Added to this, they also succored the people, who lived in the suburbs, spreading their activity to three miles without the town. During the intense heats, when the thermometer marked ninety degrees in the shade, and every Florentine sheltered himself behind the thick walls of his palace against the scorching rays of the sun, the charitable procession, crossing the deserted streets, might be seen at the hottest hours of the day.

Rich and poor, aristocrat and plebeian, none of them shirked his duty. After having taken their burden at one end of the town they transported him to the other and left him in the hospital, situated without the walls. Betti relates that he frequently saw the brothers, fatigued by incessant night-watches and constant work, asleep on the pavement of the Oratory, lying down for a few moments, and returning to their duty immediately afterward, until they, too, at last succumbed to the fearful malady they helped others to resist. One of the brothers struggled three days against cholera, trying to hide it from his companions, but his sufferings obliged him to give way at last. This mournful year counts 50,176 cases of illness and 26,047 deaths. Here again we see reproduced the phenomenon, observed in previous epidemics, viz.: that the *Compagnia* counted fewer victims than the rest of the town.

It is true that great precautions were taken by the brothers; they fumigated their dresses and hats with chlorine and always wore gloves, which they themselves washed

each time they used them. So that the number of deaths in the *Misericordia* averages thirty-eight per cent., whereas it was fifty-six per cent. for the rest of the town.*

A pleasant little story is told of Leghorn. Here the *Compagnia della Misericordia* took under its charge the infants whose mothers had fallen a prey to cholera; and asked in the adjacent villages, whether any of the peasant women would consent to feed them.

These voluntary wet-nurses were always to be found in sufficient numbers. Once, the adopted child, nursed by one of these women, was struck with cholera. The doctor warned the foster-mother of the danger she was incurring in continuing to nurse the child, and advised her to give up her charge; but she indignantly replied: "Would you let me have him die of hunger?" and continued to nurse her baby until he died. It is cheering to know that she herself did not catch the infection.

Betti says: "Yes, whatever be the scientific banner to which you belong—retreat at the moment of danger would be vile and mean; and if gout or fever do not keep you in bed, any excuse, any plea taken by you for your defense, would be an insult to humanity in the moment of its direst need." These are not the sentimental phrases of a man of letters, but the words of a professional surgeon, who assisted at all the horrors of the time, and it is the faithful interpretation of the feelings of all the physicians. The number of victims which the disease made among Italian doctors proves the sincerity of their convictions. (Twenty in Tuscany alone.)†

May not this prove that humanity in our days has decidedly made a step in advance since the sixteenth century, and has arrived at a better understanding of the laws of mutual help?

The present condition of the society may be thus briefly summarized: The gross number of those belonging to the *Misericordia* is unlimited, but the upper category consists of only seventy-two brothers, who alone are entitled to this name, although it is commonly given to all the members

* Betti. "Del Cholera."

† Betti. "Dei venti Medici Morti in Toscana."

of the Misericordia. People of all professions are admitted as members, with the exception of such as are reputed low or dishonoring; such as usury or rope-dancing. The Compagnia is divided into three categories: the *Capi Guardia*, or seventy-two brothers; the *Giornanti*, consisting of 105 persons, and the *Stracciafogli*, unlimited in number.

The *Capi Guardia* alone take part in the administration of the community. Aristocracy is represented in this category by fourteen members and the clergy of upper rank by ten. The rest is composed of twenty priests of lower order, and of workmen or tradespeople. According to the proportion between the men of high and low rank, the advantage rests with the latter. In one instance only the community does not follow the democratic principle of its founder—that is, in registering in the first ranks all the names of the illustrious families of the town. As the King and Archbishop of Florence are counted among the members, the first place is naturally accorded to them and the nobility follows suit.

But whenever active duties are concerned, the lower classes are the working power, and it is they who do all the real service of the Compagnia. All the administration is centred in the hands of the council or *magistrato*, as they call it in Italian, elected every four months. The seventy-two brothers take part in it alternately. The council assembles once a month. If no pressing affairs are on hand it meets on the last Sunday of the month, but if any serious affair presents itself it meets also the first Sunday of the month. The presence of twenty-four brothers suffices for the legalization of the assembly. These twenty-four brothers are further divided into constant members and changeable ones.

The following persons are obliged to assist at each session:

1. The *Proveditore*, or principal inspector, who lives in the establishment, and who presides over the administration and takes care of the money. He gathers in the revenues, pays out the accounts and sees that the members conscientiously discharge their duties; he inscribes them on the lists and

reprimands them, if they fail to attend the summons. When this takes place more than six times, the culprit's name is erased from the register. The *Proveditore* is also charged with the arrangement of the *fête* of St. Sebastian, which was of great importance in the middle ages, and is celebrated even now with much pomp and ceremony. He also sees to the arrangements for the funeral of the brothers and to the distribution of their work to each.

2. The *Cancelliere*, or attorney, who sees to the legality of the proceedings and registers the deeds.

3. The *Secretary*, who aids the former in his work.

4. The *Camerlingo*, elected every three years. His duty consists in gathering in the revenues, in distributing alms (out-of-doors, as the *Proveditore* must never be absent), and to pay all the expenses, in conformity with the council's decision and the *Proveditore's* orders. The council contains eight members, called conservators, elected for their life, having two presidents—the king and archbishop—and forming a separate instance. The conservators must assist at all the meetings of the council, control their acts, and see to the rigorous accomplishment of the statutes. All proposals made during the session are confirmed only after having voted by ballot.

No appeal is admitted against the decision of the conservators, and no demand once rejected by them can be renewed, unless they themselves offer to reconsider it. If a conservator committed a crime he could be judged only by his peers, and if he were condemned, his place would at once be held vacant.

At each session of the council, a president is first elected and then the affairs are examined. These are:

1. The election of a new *proveditore*.
2. The election of a providential candidate to the post of *Capo Guardia*, in case one of the latter died or wished to retire.
3. Leave of absence to members.
4. The permission to old or infirm *Giornanti* to retire with the pension accorded them on such occasions.

Each *Capo Guardia* has the right of reprimanding his subordinates, or *giornanti*, and of giving them a month's leave of absence.

The *Giornanti*, 105 in number, serve by turns; and their names are enlisted by the *Proveditore*, who shows the registers to the council. These are taken into consideration when a *Capo Guardia* is chosen, and the most zealous among the *Giornanti* are promoted to the higher rank.

The *Stracciasogli* form the third category. The most laborious among them become in time *Giornanti*, and those in their turn *Capo Guardia*.

There exists yet another class of members, named *Buonavoglia* or *Volunteers*. These have no regular duties and everyone can belong to this last category. The Misericordia established it for those who, although willing to be of use to their neighbors, are unable to sacrifice several hours of their time to charitable service. They can come and go as they like; and each time their services are gratefully accepted. Thus, in arranging all the members according to their capacity for work, the Misericordia reserves to itself the right of recompensing each after his merits, conferring certain privileges on some of them, and leaving the hardest, more barren duties to others. Notwithstanding those numerous subdivisions the work of mercy does not suffer.

It is not the poor alone who demand the ministrations of the Misericordia; rich families very often claim them, for long years of training and experience have made them inexplicably valuable to the sick. The vigilant watch, the keen observation, the soft and practised hand of the brother, who gives his time and energies for the love of Christ and man, renders him far more precious than the professional sick-nurse. You often meet in Florentine society men who, better than any doctor, can define an illness and prescribe the remedy; and they owe this to their experience as brothers of the Misericordia.

Before taking our leave of the Compagnia let us accompany it in one of its *gite* across the town. The signal-bell rings invariably twice a day, morning and evening, the time changing with the seasons. But if anything extraordinary happens, it rings out of these fixed times, and the brethren who are on duty this day must present themselves immediately. If it is a case of sudden death the bell rings three

times, otherwise only twice. In order that the members should not be disturbed uselessly, the *Proveditore* usually sends one of the servants to make sure.

The brethren assemble in the house of the Misericordia, Piazza del Duomo, the front of which does not present anything remarkable, of which the upper part is generally let to strangers.

Inscriptions over the door testify to the generosity of a certain Gabuggiani, who left all his fortune to the community for the repair of the building. Above the altar in the chapel we find a picture, attributed to Andrea del Sarto. On each side is an image, representing, the one St. Tobias, the other St. Sebastian, who are the two patrons of the community. A few pictures are in other parts of the church.

Leaving this we enter into a large *chambre mortuaire*, destined for the dead. Farther on, we see the rooms filled up with large cupboards, in which the members keep their dresses. Each compartment is designated by a letter, and each member keeps the key of his own compartment. In another chamber we find the dresses for the volunteers. Another room contains the registers of the Compagnia, and a great table bearing the names of the present seventy-two *Capo Guardia*—among them several illustrious names of foreign princes. On the opposite wall hangs a portrait of Piero Borsi. The costume of the king is also kept in this room.

There is also a room for night service. The brothers sleep in it by turns. It contains six beds, so that each of them has to sleep there once a month. The room is very neat and clean, although exceedingly simple. Each bed is provided with a mattress, a pillow, a sheet and a counterpane. There is also a telephone.

As soon as the members are united, one says a short prayer; then, if none of the *Capo Guardia* are present, they wait half an hour to give them time to arrive, but if no one comes, the elder of the *Giornanti* takes the leadership, and each takes out of his cupboard his long black robe, his broad-brimmed beaver hat, his mask, the rope which he ties around his waist, and a rosary which he holds in his hand. They hoist the litter on to their shoulders and set off, eight

in number. The litter is provided with mattress, pillow and counterpane; straps on the sides secure the sick man, should he happen to have convulsions on the road; two arches uphold the black oil-cloth which usually covers it, when the Misericordia crosses the streets.

Before carrying away the sick man from his home, the members ask about his condition; if he is very poor, they collect among themselves a small sum of money, which they leave with the family. After having dressed him, they carry him off to the hospital, where they confide him to the care of the Sisters of Mercy.

Beside the duties already mentioned, four of the brothers, called *Buonumini delle Carcere*, are obliged to live constantly in the prisons to provide for the physical and moral wants of the prisoners; they also do their utmost "to instill into them the horror of vice in the hopes of their returning honorable citizens to society."

Before the abolition of death punishment they remained with the condemned prisoner, and accompanied him to the place of execution. When the members of the community are old or infirm, the society takes charge of them, and grants them a sum of money, which must not, however, exceed fifty-eight francs, eighty centimes at a time. Nineteen of the poorest receive, also, a yearly pension of the Misericordia. When one of the *Capi Guardia* dies a long *Ave Maria* is sung, and the Misericordia exposes in the Piazza del Duomo a litter, covered with a black pall. The deceased is dressed in the costume of a Brother of the Misericordia, and buried in the cemetery which belongs to the community.

Now that I have given an idea of the merits of the Brotherhood, I should like to give, also, my opinion upon certain insignificant changes which seem to be called forth by the spirit of the times. First, I very often hear complaints against the

lugubrious sound of the signal-bell, which gives people the impression that something awful has happened to one of their family. With the present system of telephones, this nuisance might be removed without causing any delay in the administration of aid.

The mournful aspect of the brethren has also excited criticism. Foreigners admire the mysterious masks and the weird procession which bears the stamp of by-gone ages, but charity would not lose anything of its worth if the brothers, when coming to fetch a sick person, already rendered nervous by suffering, presented themselves under a less grim and ghastly aspect.

This admirable institution is open to another and graver reproach, and that is the rule by which it forbids any non-Catholic to take his part in the charitable work. This seems incomprehensible for the time in which we live, and for a country as eminently sceptical as Italy. When a man desires to form part of a charitable congregation, whatever may be his special form of faith, he shows better than any words that he has understood the fundamental principle of Christianity, "Love your neighbor as your own self." Why, then, attach any meaning to forms and thus cripple and weaken the power of such a grand work as the Misericordia?

Before ending this paper I should like to express my gratitude to all those who helped me in my researches and who opened for me the doors of the National Library, as well as those of the Misericordia, and showed me that cordial benevolence which one finds in Italy in all ranks. I shall not have disturbed them in vain, if I have awakened any interest among foreigners in that humbly born establishment in the Piazza del Duomo, which has displayed for so many centuries such extraordinary examples of charity, self-sacrifice and heroism.

ADA BAKOUNINE.

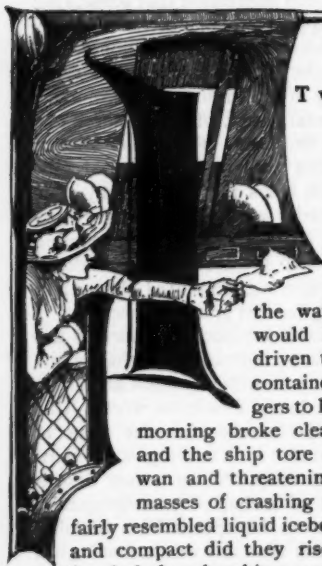
FLORENCE, December, 1883.

[Begun in the May Number.]

TRAJAN.*

CHAPTER XI.

CONTINUED.



It was very fortunate that access to the deck had been closed; the knowledge of such extravagant gambols in the watery abysses would have almost driven the less self-contained passengers to lunacy. The morning broke clear and cold and the ship tore on under a wan and threatening sky, over masses of crashing waters, that fairly resembled liquid icebergs, so solid and compact did they rise on either hand, before breaking over the deck. The sun arose and the wind died as suddenly as it began, but the swell of the sea still flowed and fell in vast furrows of icy water.

A fog followed, but relieved of the more acute movement of wind and wave, the passengers brightened up into vivacious confidence. The ship was flying under full sail, for the captain dared not slack before the wind. It was midday and the table was set for lunch, with all who were able about it, when the vessel suddenly trembled and a great crash could be heard forward! The men ran to the deck. The women turned pale and clasped their hands. Every eye was eloquent with despairing inquiry, while every lip was mute. Trajan had rushed above before the vibrations ceased. He suspected a collision with a ship or iceberg, but everything was shrouded in mystery on deck. The captain vouchsafed no details; the officers, under the strict discipline of their chief, refused to answer the questions asked them. But Armitage knew from the manoeuvres of the mate and the gangs at the small boats that the crisis was at hand. He warned Trajan to be prepared to fight

his way into the lifeboats, if need be. On this hint the latter wrote on a sheet of his note-book:

"Get ready, in the smallest space you can, what is indispensable, and be ready at the foot of the staircase when you hear your name called.—T. G."

As he passed to his room to prepare himself, he slipped this into Theo's hand. As he returned, she gave him a glance of confidence and comprehension. Armitage arranged with Trajan that one of them should stand by the boat on the side away from the wind, with a pistol in his hand, while the other marshaled such of the ladies as cared to venture in the small boat. There were nearly a thousand souls on board—600 emigrants, 300 first cabin, and the crew. The boats could not, even in a smooth sea, hold a third of these. The ship's carpenter, upon whom Armitage kept his eye, emerged from the hold in the forward part of the ship and made a report to the captain. That officer made angry reply; the sailors near the group suddenly suspended their work, and, as if by a common signal, rushed to the boats. The captain screamed to the officers. They surrounded him with pale faces. He gave the substance of the carpenter's report. A deep dent had been made in the iron plates of the bow. There was a slight flow of water in the bulkheads, but there was absolutely no ground for despairing while the fires held out and the pumps could be worked. He ordered the officers to take their pistols and force the men back to their duties. He set the example himself by confronting the group at the first boat. The leader began to expostulate. The captain put his six-shooter on a level with the man's eye and said, calmly:

"If by the time the ship's line is even with the horizon you are not at the mainmast, you are a dead man!"

The sailor turned a haggard eye to his companions. They looked encouragement. He hesitated, the peak of the ship fell, un-

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til the line of the deck was even with the water; a sharp report rang out, even above the crashing of the yards and the thunder of the waters. The captain had kept his word. The men quit the spot with alacrity and returned to their posts. The sailor's body was left where it fell as a warning to the rest, and the ship drove on.

"I say, Gray," cried Armitage, "I've a better opinion of these beggars since the captain's conquest of the cowardly crew. He is a good sailor and understands his ship. I shouldn't be surprised if we pulled through. Our only danger now is an ice-floe."

"But the vessel is leaking; it is merely a question of time, when the water pours in with force enough to swamp the fires," said Trajan, gloomily.

The two young men went below and were able to give good reports. Small comfort goes a great way in crises at sea, and the whole company was soon in a hubbub of joyful congratulation. The water had been baled out of the cabins, and as the wind had fallen steadily, there was something like resumption of the normal life of the sea. The decks were too wet to encourage the ladies above, but the various groups disposed themselves at chess, cards, music and tale-telling. The day wore on until the darkness came, and then the flimsiness of the fabric of confidence could be seen. Every one became silent. The women grouped themselves as close to the men as they could get, and the latter made every effort to divert them from the impending danger. It was plain that the vessel was moving slowly and heavily. Armitage whispered to Trajan that the water must be gaining in the hold, and that it would be necessary to keep a sharp lookout through the night. It was agreed that each should keep awake in turn until daylight. The women dispersed in terrified silence before eleven. Trajan took up his watch on deck and remained at his post until two o'clock, when he called Armitage. Worn out by the anxiety and sleeplessness of the night and day he slept soundly so soon as he touched the pillow. He had no idea how long he had slept, but fancied that he had barely closed his eyes when Armitage shook him into consciousness. He started up.

"I think our time has come," said the Englishman in a low voice. "I heard the captain tell the mate that the water had put out the lower fires. Now, you go and call Miss Carnot. Tell her that we cannot undertake to care for more than one woman each. And (to spare herself the anguish of quitting the others) to let them remain sleeping. I shall wait for you by the skylight facing the smoke-house."

Trajan tapped lightly at Theo's door. It was instantly opened. "Is that you, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Yes. Are you ready to go on deck? We may have to quit the vessel at any moment. Armitage will care for your friend, Mrs. Marquand, and I will devote myself to you."

"I shall be with you in an instant. You may just as well wait for us above. We can reach the rendezvous with less chance of creating alarm if we go alone."

Though it was very dark, Trajan could tell by the sluggish action of the vessel that she had taken in a great deal of water. As he stood at the rail, the sea seemed on a line with the planks. But few lights were burning. The captain, exhausted by three days of incessant labor, was sleeping in his room with the door open and one of the mates on duty to warn him of the slightest change. Daylight broke pale and bleak. The ship had settled deep in the water, but rolled less, and to the unsuspecting passengers seemed in less danger than when she rode the top of the waves and vibrated from stem to stern at every crash of the waters. The sailors were employed all night in throwing the most accessible freight overboard. By seven o'clock the council of officers were convinced that the boats should be gotten ready, and the captain was aroused. He confirmed the judgment of the council, and without any undue signs of emotion he came into the cabin, and in a few words announced that he thought the ship was in danger of sinking; that those who cared to should be prepared to take to the lifeboats; that if good order were maintained every cabin passenger would find room; but that haste or crowding would swamp the boats; those who chose to remain on board should aid the others in getting into the small boats; as for himself, he proposed to stand

by his ship until she went down! Trajan had listened to this brief seaman-like statement, expecting an outbreak of terror when its import was realized. To his amazement, there was not a cry. A great sigh swept through the crowd, but nothing more.

In ten minutes there were two hundred people on the deck. A line of sailors, flanked by stout ropes, stood between the first-class and emigrant deck holding the third-class passengers back in case they made a rush. But these poor creatures, deceived by the easier motion of the vessel, were unsuspicious of the impending danger, and occupied themselves with breakfast. During the night all the forward boats had been brought to the rear of the ship. The comparatively easy motion made it possible to swing them to the davits so soon as the others were lowered. The first boat, with twenty women and ten men, beside six sailors, reached the water safely. The second did not fare so well. It was dashed against the ship, overturned, and its load of fifty scattered in the waves. Some of them were rescued, but the larger number were whirled out of sight in the boiling waters. This checked the fever of many to embark. Fully sixty returned to the cabin, preferring to die peacefully, supported by human companionship, rather than risk the horrors of the small boats. Trajan, Armitage, Theo, Mrs. Marquand, and twenty others were assigned to the stern boat, commanded by the second mate. The provisions, instruments of navigation, and a plentiful supply of wrappings, were packed into the boat. The first woman lowered, in her terror, fell into the sea, and was swirled under the waves. For a moment the rest shrank from following, and many fled back to the cabin. Theo. came promptly forward, and was lowered into the boat. It was soon full; but as the vessel still offered a faint possibility of rescue, as signal-guns were firing and distress signals flying, the boat was not cut off. Six boats were lowered, as Trajan could see, counting them as they were left far in the rear. The little boat, heavily laden, was soon wretchedly uncomfortable quarters. The men were divided into reliefs for bailing it out, and some of the women insisted on sharing the toil.

The day dragged on miserably. The ship still rode the water, and gave no signs of going down. The fog gradually raised, and when night came the stars could be seen. The mate judged that the ship was not far from Newfoundland—within two days' run of New York under ordinary circumstances. The sun rose in a clear sky; the sea became more restless; but the vessel did not seem to advance perceptibly. Toward noon several of the small boats under sail could be seen within range. Suddenly the danger signal on the ship was seen to dip. Then the report of a cannon was heard. The officer on the bridge in great excitement swept the sea with his glass: "Glory to the Mother of God!" he shouted, "we are saved. Yonder is a ship of our own line and bound for our own port."

Then there was excitement, and the sudden movement of the people to see the deliverance at hand put the little craft in more deadly peril than she had yet encountered. But the good news was true. The great black line of a steamer drove rapidly in sight. Boats were lowered, and within two hours the passengers in the small boats were transferred to the new-comer, which proved to be the *Ville du Havre*, of the French line. She took her sister ship in tow, and three days later both arrived safely in New York harbor.

Meanwhile, Trajan had been counting on the peril to repress the exuberance of his divinity. But that extraordinary young person, though repressed, never softened into the mood, which the most obtuse lover knows to be essential to love-making. In the small boat, it is true, there had been no opportunity, even for those electric glances that sometimes ease a lover's miseries.

When the ships had come to anchor at quarantine, the passengers were restored to the abandoned vessel to reclaim their baggage. Theo. had come on, ready to land in a bewitching street costume of the strikingly modest sort this young woman, of all her sex, seemed to know best how to manage. She had much on her active mind now that the fateful voyage had come to a close. She had managed her undeclared lover with consummate address. She had been winning, sympathetic, but never tender. She was always sufficiently mistress

of the moment and of herself to freeze the genial current of his lover soul. Strive as he would, he could not get into words what she read in his appealing eyes. It was by drollery, ridicule and inconsequence she held the poor fellow from the declaration he was dying but not daring to make. She had learned his purpose of remaining in New York only a month, and quite incidentally, shortly afterward, let him know that she should be in New Orleans until September—it was then July. Trajan had hoped that he should see her in New York. She sighed as she regretted the impossibility, but hoped for better fortune when they should both find themselves in Paris. The vision of it gave Trajan's face the glow of an afternoon sunset. As the vessel lay idly in the stream at quarantine, awaiting the customs inspectors, Theo. took the vacant seat by Trajan. She was in the greatest embarrassment—she confided to the young man. Trajan assumed an air that proclaimed his readiness to emulate the twelve tasks of Hercules.

"Have you much baggage, Mr. Gray?" she asked, averting her yellowish green eyes so that the mere edge of their fascinating sparkle was visible to the young man.

Trajan laughed; "No, he said, I'm in light marching orders; two small portman-teaus with change of clothing and unfinished sketches."

"How fortunate!" she sighed. "My wretched brother had determined to catch the steamer at Brest, and his trunks were put on at Havre with mine. They are filled with all sorts of men's trappings, and of course I could not pass them at the custom-house. I want to save the delay and the duties as well, for you know," she added, "women are born smugglers, and I am going to ask you to take the keys and assume ownership."

Trajan was enchanted to relieve the helpless sister from the brother's burdensome charge. He welcomed it as a mark of confidence and a sign of future intimacy, when the hurry of travel would not interfere with his wooing. She bade the young man farewell as the vessel touched the dock and gave him an address to send the keys to with the trunks. She was going immediately with friends to the country. Trajan took

the pretty gloved hand, not daring to venture on a gentle pressure. Theo's friends were looking on, and Trajan murmured a low farewell. He was not questioned by the customs officials as to his ownership of the trunks, but to his great annoyance the officer, on examining the contents, declared that they would have to be sent to the office, and asked the young man for his address. Ignorant of the contents, Trajan could make no coherent objection, and deeply chagrined he set out for his lodgings. The next day, as Trajan was about quitting his room, a card was handed him. He didn't recognize the name. On entering the parlor an elderly man with a keen, scrutinizing pair of eyes arose and asked:

"Mr. Trajan Gray?"

Trajan affirmed the fact, when the stranger proceeded at once to inform him that he was from the detective branch of the customs office, and his mission was to learn if the trunks delivered to the inspector the day before were really Mr. Gray's property. Trajan hesitated to answer, and the man having waited a moment continued:

"If the property is yours you must appear before the collector to answer certain interrogations."

"What reason have you to doubt that the trunks are mine?" asked Trajan, defiantly.

"We don't doubt it," answered the official, blandly; "we know they are not yours—we know the owners, and we know how you came to be charged with their entry into the port!"

"Oh, very well; since you know all about them, I have no further responsibility. You will, I suppose, deliver them to the owner when your formalities have been complied with;" and he delivered the keys and addressed to the official.

"That's business," commented the man, as he retired, "you have acted wisely, young man."

But Trajan was not convinced of this. He felt that Theo. would be plagued with the affair, and he reproached himself for not foreseeing the *contretemps*. She had left the city, and he knew of no means of reaching her save by sending a note to the address to which she had directed him to send the trunks. This he did at once, going over the whole case and regretting

any annoyance his failure might cause his charming friend. The note might be forwarded to her at New Orleans, and he might, he thought with a glow, hear from her before he returned to France. His business in New York was legal, and he was kept in the courts pretty constantly during the week. One day, as he was passing Stewart's—in those days the universal bazaar for women—he caught sight of a form that seemed familiar entering a coupé. His pulse quickened as well as his steps, but before he could get near enough to see the face, the horses were careering rapidly up Broadway. He looked in vain for a cab to follow, but in a few moments he had lost sight of the coupé. He was sure that he had seen Theo. No other woman had that graceful, bird-like movement of the neck and individuality of costuming. What could it mean? Had the news of the seizure of the trunks arrested her Southern journey? But if so, she would have certainly sent him her address. At all events he could find out by going to the address she had given him. It was on lower Fourteenth Street, near Eighth Avenue. The servant knew nothing of Miss Carnot, but would inquire. Trajan waited in an old-fashioned reception-room, hoping for some sign to confirm the hope of his adored one's presence. Presently an old man appeared, and Trajan made known his assumption, explaining that he had come over with Miss Carnot.

The old man shook his head. "The young gentleman must have mistaken someone else for Mademoiselle Carnot; she had gone with her cousins to New Orleans a week before." Trajan was dumbfounded. He could have sworn that the form in the coupé was Theo's. He returned to his lodgings distracted. His ship comrade, Armitage, called the day after. They had breakfast together and drove to High Bridge afterward. The Englishman was full of amazement and grumbling. He divided everything he had thus far seen into two bulks—one "beastly" and the other "stunning." The filth of the city astounded him, the luxury of the hotels and private residences appalled him. Seated at breakfast he interrupted his amusing comments on the country to say:

"I say, I saw our stormy petrel yesterday."

"Who?" asked Trajan, not identifying the person thus figuratively apotheosized.

"Our heroine, Miss Carnot."

"Oh, no, that isn't possible; she left for the South a week ago."

"Well, she's returned, I assure you, for I saw her yesterday at a shop in Broadway. I couldn't very well mistake the person. I defy anyone to see her once and confound her with anyone else."

Trajan related his own adventure and the coincidence was dismissed. Returning from High Bridge toward six o'clock, the carriage with our friends was blocked for a few minutes just before emerging into Fifth Avenue. Trajan was watching the crowds on the footway, when Armitage suddenly seized his arm, with the exclamation:

"There, by Jove! if that isn't the petrel, then I'm not in my senses." Trajan barely caught sight of a figure as the carriage shot past, and he, too, was sure that Theo. and no other was the person. It was too late to turn and follow the other vehicle, even if the carriage could have been extricated from the blockade. There was no available pretext that would have imposed upon Armitage, and Trajan shrunk from exposing his young passion to that jocular cynic's pleasantries. He left him at his hotel and the fever of impatience that he had suffered without sign broke out. "Drive for life to Fifty-ninth Street," he said to the coachman, and then, with throbbing pulse, watched every vehicle that passed him. He lingered about the entrance until darkness made further search futile. Plainly he was not to have the mystery cleared up. A week later he embarked for Europe and was soon absorbed in his old artist life. He found means of meeting Carnot, however, and explained the facts bearing on his luckless trunks. Jules changed color when the incident was mentioned, but when the finale was reached looked relieved. He thanked Trajan, warmly, and informed him that the affair had been settled. There had been some gloves or other dutiable trifles sent his friends, and the custom-house had collected ten times their value. About Theo. he said nothing, but Trajan hoped for other opportunities to inquire about that charming being.

CHAPTER XII.

"EVERY DOOR IS BARRED WITH GOLD."

Time, the tamer, held a loose rein on Trajan's heart and hope during the next few blissful months. He lived and moved in the exaltation of love's lucid atmosphere. He nourished the image his hope created with all the forces and fibres of heart and brain. His hope fed upon his mental vitals, as the young of the pelican feeds upon the physical. Its roseate promise broadened his horizon and stirred his vitalities to unheard-of effort. Living on his fancies alone, his work was a joy and his forces tenfold. The past was a blank, the future a dream—tangible, real, stimulating. Never had his imagination responded with such subtle delicacy to his artistic longings; never had his brush embodied so readily the airy shapes of the mind. His nimble fingers could hardly keep up with the teeming fancies created by his ardent hope.

Most men, when they love for the first time, live on the image of their love. Trajan was recreated in his—it was his armor—armor, did I say? It was shield, spear and battle-axe! Panoplied in it, he went forth to combat with a serenity that was proof against every form that "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" take. Never had his brain responded in such fecundity to his touch as now. His next picture took the second prize of the year in the *Salon*, and he waited with buoyant eagerness to lay his laurels at the shrine of his goddess. Theo. had written Jules of the young man's devotion on the memorable voyage, and Trajan was welcomed cordially in the Rue Galilée. Papa Carnot overwhelmed him with effusive testimony. Clare made him feel that he was no stranger in her undemonstrative way. The young man was hungry to hear off Theo! When was she to come back? His heart sank dismally when it was announced that she had been forced to put off her return indefinitely. Trajan was gloomy company after that. He racked his brain for some device to make it possible to enter into direct correspondence; but he remarked that the fam-

ily were very reticent in alluding to Theo's plans. However, he meant to be patient, and win the confidence of the household. His visits to the Rue Galilée were thenceforth regular, if not altogether comforting. But Theo, evidently by intention, was rarely mentioned. He obtained a photograph one day from Clare, and set to work with rapture to make a portrait to surprise her when she returned.

Poor boy! the happy, happy hours he spent over it, and when it was done, Pygmalion-like, dreamed it was the reality. There was great wonder in the Rue Galilée when this masterpiece came to hand. Trajan blushed and palpitated with joy at the encomiums of the family. It was Theo, to the life, they protested. Never had such a bit of portraiture been seen! Jules was loudest of all in the jubilee. The *technique* he declared to be fine as Bonnat or Rosa Bonheur, and insisted that it must go to the next *Salon*.

Still the months dragged on. Theo. had desired her warmest remembrances to be given to her marine hero, and Trajan was lost in dreams for a week, wherein his Andromene was confusedly identified with a vivacious young person, of a yellowish-gray cast of eye and nut-brown complexion. At last, on a day that remained in Trajan's mind ever after as a season of roses, rainbow hues and amaranthine atmosphere, the news came that the Petrel was to take ship the next week for home. A wild purpose to be at Havre, nay, to go to Brest, and welcome Ariadne came into his mind, but he shrank from this audacious evidence of self-esteem and devotion. The studio that had witnessed a year of prodigies, was for the next ten days intolerable.

He walked the streets lost in delicious reverie, every old grinning face that looked down from immemorial stones, transforming themselves into fairy forms whispering welcome to the queen that was coming over the sea. By a mighty effort he let the whole day pass after Theo. reached the Rue Galilée—where you may be sure some-

body was watching—for the intoxicating joy of seeing her pass with her boxes from the cab to the door. It was a wonder that Theo, who rarely missed anything, had not detected her adorer, for in the rapture of the first glimpse he started impulsively from his concealment, but drew back cringing at his own folly. The next day his impatience could hold out no longer. He was at the Rue Galilée at the very first hour admissible by convention for a gentleman's call. He ascended the four long stairs, as birds may be supposed to reach their airy bowers. His card was taken in by Celeste, who had come to regard the young man with undisguised approval. She smiled encouragingly.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Theo. has come, and the voyage has been agreeable."

Trajan sat in the charming boudoir-like *salon*, every object in it eloquent of Theo's incomparable taste and adaptiveness. The impatient lover started as the door opened; he sank back speechless as Clare came into the room. Theo, "begged her kind friend to excuse her to-day. She was worn out, and immersed in certain business affairs which were pressing. Wouldn't Mr. Gray call on Saturday and dine?"

Trajan found voice, to his great surprise, to thank Clare and accept. Then, dimly imagining that Clare must be shocked at his dulness, he excused himself, declaring that she ought to grudge these first moments with her sister, and retreated. He was a good deal shaken by this rebuff. He walked aimlessly down the avenue to the Park Monceau, and sat down in the secluded corner of one of the copses. He could not at first realize the sensation. Presently the stunning sense of the stroke subsided, and he began to reason. How stupid he had been! Of course, he was hasty, selfish, and even ill-bred, to presume upon his small claims to be received so soon.

The poor girl had been worn out by the twelve days' journey on the slow French line, and then the eight hours by rail and the half day in the custom-house at the station! He ought to have known better, he declared, with a great ray of comfort breaking in on him in the misery of the first lugubrious stupefaction. He saw it all

now. She was not, perhaps, even dressed when he sent Celeste to her a few minutes ago. But reason shattered some of the frail fabric of this roseate sophistry. If she had real feeling for him, a tithe of what he felt, no fatigue, no affairs less important than life or death would have prevented her seeing him for a moment, if only to press his hand and look to see if the true light still flamed as a beacon in his eyes! He counted the days of probation. It was then Thursday! What could he do with himself meanwhile? The studio was intolerable. Oh, fool! if he had but kept the portrait, he thought, he would have a pretext for inviting her over. Stay! He had heard of her devotion to Jules. He didn't much fancy Jules, but he would get a portrait of that favored youth ready and unmask it before her in the studio!

Now he had something to occupy him; for wasn't he working for her? Luckily he knew where Jules's photograph was to be found. He had noticed the name when looking over the family album. In a twinkling he was in a cab and in a half-hour he had secured, from the great Nadar himself, in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, the aristocratic profile of his beloved's next of kin.

I protest that the *epos* of love like this should have a vernacular of its own. It is a desecration to tell of such hopes and fear, such heroism, such faith, such constancy, as Trajan's in the worn shreds and patches which tell of the follies of mankind. Day and night, to the great distress of Madame Betty and Trip, whose blinking eyes followed him in wonder, the restless devotee toiled over the labor of love. By Saturday the portrait was fairly in colors. It required but a few touches to make it perfect—not the speaking marvel of natural grace and radiant enthusiasm that the portrait of Theo. presented—for not only the air and the sky but the flowers of the field had been plundered to make that a masterpiece. Still Trajan was not wholly dissatisfied, and that is strong testimony for a lover's work to be laid as a tribute at the feet of his mistress!

The honest lad kept himself busy with this self-imposed task until the very last minute—so that his eagerness should not push him too early on the scene. It was

five o'clock when Celeste welcomed him with her most friendly smile in the Rue Galilée. He did not ask for anyone—but merely sent in his name. He had put himself under severe restraint; but he felt his temples throbbing as he stood looking out of the window. He turned as he heard a step approaching. It was not Theo; he knew before he turned that it was not; but his heart sank none the less.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Gray," said Clare, in what for her was a cordial tone. "Theo. was obliged to go into the city this morning. She should have been back before this. I expect her every minute."

As she said this, she stepped out on the balcony to see if the straggler might even then be in sight. Papa Carnot appeared presently, and asked for Theo. He welcomed Trajan, who was a favorite with him, and the two fell into a discussion of the Emperor's constitutional reform, which was at that moment his latest surprise from the Pandora box that had kept Europe in wonder during eighteen years. Clare listened, and two or three times Trajan, on looking at her, caught her eyes fixed upon him in a dreamy sort of wonder. Six o'clock came, and the soul of the scene was still wanting. At half after six dinner was served and Trajan, too sad to talk, sat down silently.

The solemn banquet was half over when the bell rang and Theo, without waiting to remove her bonnet, tripped into the room with a stream of charming apologies pouring from her breathless lips. She was followed by Jules, who began to explain as Theo. gave her two gloved hands to Trajan, meanwhile protesting the odiousness of her conduct and her hopelessness of pardon. But it would have been more than a sin of omission that Trajan could not forgive. Her ardent eyes were on him; her wilful gaiety in all its impressive versatility was in his ears. He was as absolutely under the spell as the helpless prince under Ariel's wand, Prospero's plots and Miranda's beauties. But there was none of the virtue of compassion in this witch's art. She bubbled and glistened and sparkled during the dinner and evening. She had a thousand questions to ask Trajan. She narrated with inimitable drollery the scenes of the voyage, Trajan's *début* as

hero, and wound up by asking the young man if he had heard anything further of his "baby." Tantalized and delighted, he was horrified when in a lull of the conversation he found that no one was in the *salon* but Theo, Jules and himself. It was eleven o'clock. Theo. had chidden him sweetly for wasting precious time over the wonderful portrait and vowed that such a hand should occupy itself with emperors, kings and princes alone, and that she meant to have the Empress sit for him. Trajan winced.

"I have another portrait that I think you will be interested in. I want you to come over with Miss Carnot and your brother to see it on the easel, and suggest such changes as are needed—for it is a friend of yours."

Then, very happy and dreaming dreams, Trajan went out into the glorious moonlight, and when he laid down in his studio the sun had lighted the world and was flooding the eastern gables of the great city.

What need to prolong the piteous story? Weeks and months went by in this blissful purgatory for Trajan. She was always gay, pungent, sympathetic. She knew how to stimulate the young man's pride in his art. Indeed, Trajan never attained the perfect mastery of form and color he reached during Theo.'s vicarious regency. She was not always accessible to her adorer. For weeks at a time she was with grand friends at Compiègne, where the court gave great *fêtes*, and Theo, by the command of the Empress, had her part to play. But Trajan had found time to broach the subject of his hopes. He had not been discouraged in set terms. Theo. had turned the conversation in the most bewitching way. Once, as if by accident, she had expressed earnest disapproval of marriages between people without assured means! A man must be very selfish, she affirmed, to ask a girl of refined tastes, accustomed to luxury, to assume the burden of a poor man's life!

It took Trajan a week to rally from this. But he grew buoyant in convincing himself that this dictum could not apply to his case, for was he not a rising artist, and wouldn't he, in a few years, command his own price? Hadn't he sold a portrait of one of Theo's court friends for 1,000 francs? So in this

self-exalting mirage Trajan built the foundations of his future, and pursued the phantoms with fatuous trust. It was in the beginning of May, 1870, that the blow came. It had never occurred to the young man that there might be another lover. He knew that the gallants of the Faubourg admired the brilliant American; but he was tranquil so far as they were concerned, for he knew they would never offer their coronets to a dowerless beauty if her charms were the counterpart of the Venus de Milo and the spirit of de Staël. But he heard, with a sickening dread, of a rich Englishman who was her cavalier at court. He determined to end the agony. But, "like one who having unto truth, by telling of it, made such a sinner of his memory to credit his own lie," he made no doubt of the result. Trajan wrote, asking Theo. to be at home, and received a kind affirmative. Just as he set out the postman gave him a handful of letters. Too much preoccupied with his fateful mission to read them, he barely glanced through the pages. One was from Armitage, dated San Francisco, and evidently a long time *en route*. He barely glanced at the beginning, and slipped it in his pocket to read later.

Theo. was alone and radiant, but with such unobtrusive adornment as she above all women seemed to possess the secret.

"You look serious, Maestro," as he had for a long time been familiarly called in the family. "What's the secret burdening your mind? Another masterpiece for the *Salon*, I'll wager, and I'm to be called on to give final judgment."

"Yes, Theo, it's a masterpiece, and you're called on for final judgment. I want you to be my wife; I love you—I loved you, I think, the first moment I saw you, two years ago, on the ship. I have thought of you by day and dreamed of you by night every hour since then. Your eye has been on every stroke of work I have done; your voice has sounded in my ear in the silent hours of the night and through the long hours of toil which its echoes cheered and made happy. All that a man with some powers may do, I shall do under your inspiration. All that a woman can dream in the way of devotion I have ready to dedicate to you. Say that you will be my

wife," he cried, taking her hand in both his own.

She made no attempt to draw it away. She was looking dreamily at her own portrait, painted by Trajan, on the wall opposite. I doubt if the blood in her veins increased a single throb, as this passionate and manly prayer fell upon her ears. She was prepared for it; she had known from the first that sooner or later it must come. She kept her eyes fixed upon the picture so long that he turned uneasily, and was reassured when he saw where her glance rested. But her eye was not fixed on the picture to conceal any lurking infirmity of purpose. Theo. knew the curious freaks these lambent orbs played. She knew that when they were not a mask for mockery or merrymaking, they had a trick of changing into a sinister opaque green, like the tiger's in the cage when tantalized by the sight of meat beyond his reach. She was not in reality a particle embarrassed to find or utter the words she had predetermined to use. But, in spite of her preparation, in spite of her resolution, the woman in her ruled the hour, and she lost the trick of jaunty concealment she had counted on. The delicious tribute of the man's rare homage filled her with a sense of intoxicating, irrepressible triumph. The light in his eye, the passion in his voice, the adoration in his manner displaced the mental balance she had counted on, and she fairly prolonged the interval to enjoy to the utmost the intoxicating realization of her own power over such a fine nature. It was a grateful evidence to her that, in spite of her worldliness, she was mistress, of the charms and potentialities that win genuine love!

It was, above all, proof that neither sincerity, affinity, or what not, that the shallow prate of, are needed to conquer the purest love, captivate the most single-minded and aspiring. The hand that Trajan held neither resisted nor affirmed anything. She sat quite still, contemplative—almost as in a reverie—and her eyes still averted themselves from his tender, fervid scrutiny. The trumpets of a passing regiment sounded outside in the fragrant atmosphere; the trampling of the galloping squadrons sounded in the still air. Trajan strove to clasp her waist—fondly believing the si-

lence assent. But she drew back with a slight heightening of color and an ominous glitter in the particolored eyes. In a thick, impulsive, trembling voice Trajan spoke:

"Oh, Theo, you cannot be surprised at this—you who see all things so clearly. You must have seen this—you must have known of my love? Have you no love for my love? no answer for my prayer? no hope for my heart?—I cannot have surprised you by saying what I have?"

She still evaded his glance; she was conscious of the green in her eyes now; she withdrew her hand softly from Trajan's reluctant fingers, and rose from the divan. Once upon her feet she was safe. He could no longer fix her eye with his own frank, eager glance.

"No, Trajan, you do not surprise me. I have foreseen this for a long time, and I have striven to avert it. I am honest in saying that I thought you would discover the uselessness of your—"

"You love some one else," interrupted Trajan, dolorously.

She shook her head almost impatiently. "No, I love no one better than I love you." She put out her hand in pleading deprecation as Trajan started rapturously toward her. "Stay—hear me out." She looked at him in a far-off, dreamy way. "Were I a rich woman—as I was born—or were you a rich man, I love you well enough to marry you. But I'm not." Her voice trembled a little as Trajan made a movement of uncontrollable shocked surprise.

"Hear me out; what I am going to say, while it gives you pain, will convince you that even if the conditions were such as I have outlined, you would not find such a mate as you seek in me."

He seized her hands and strove to say something, but she extricated them quietly, now perfectly mistress of herself, and putting them behind her confronted him as he stood, stupefied and incredulous.

"You have nothing; and I would no more think of marrying you than of throwing myself into the Seine, from the Bridge of the Holy Fathers—"

"Oh, my God—my God! Theo, do you know what you are saying; what you have said?" cried Trajan, suffocatingly.

"Perfectly. I am proclaiming myself an adventuress, soulless, cruel, heartless, repulsive—a woman that no good man could love, and no honest woman pardon."

She walked to the farther end of the room, turned and came back, and, looking at Trajan as he sat with his head buried in his hands, stroked his hair lightly, then bent over and kissed his forehead. He started shuddering from her; then, rising, said, supplicatingly:

"Oh, Theo, in the name of a merciful God, by the memory of your mother, unsay these monstrous things—say you were jesting—say that you were trying me. In God's name give me a chance to live in the world without loathing you."

She put her hands behind her, twisting the long tapering fingers spasmodically.

"You feel that my wicked lips desecrated you. I had meant that they should touch you before I revealed myself. But we can't always order ourselves, I find. Admit my wickedness. Admit the monstrous in all I have said. Isn't it honest to tell you frankly the purposes that divide us than to let you go away in doubt? Unless my heart were another's, on what pretext could I reject such love as yours? I am more magnanimous than the monster who blighted Clare's life. He didn't even bid the woman he had won good-bye." She checked herself suddenly, then added, recklessly, "a life dedicated as mine is to righting family wrongs, would drag a nature like yours down. I own frankly that nothing can stand between me and my purpose. Ten years ago we were beggars; to-day we have means that in this country make us rich—every penny of my devising. It is a necessity of my nature to rule, or mold, or call it what you will. I rule this house. I shape the thought as well as the actions of every member of it. I must marry, if I ever do, a man who can rule me, but his purposes must be greater than yours. I can't afford the luxury of mating for love. You are not malleable. You are not even adaptable. You have, of all qualities, the most dangerous and useless for a man in your station—conscience and the perversity of principle. You abhor the things I adore. The aims I cherish are to you wicked and abominable. I love rank,

lineage and the accessories of station. You despise them. I shouldn't mind your poverty if you were free of these compromising trammels."

Trajan raised his hand pleadingly to stay the flood of this premeditated moral abdication. He strove to speak, but she went on relentlessly—triumphantly, even, exalted by this luxury of final, free self-portraiture, as when in anger one gives way to the repressed hates of a life.

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Trajan, rising. "I won't hear such raving! It is an impeachment upon my manhood. I met you an innocent, pure girl. I will leave you before you can shake that conviction. God bless you, farewell!" Without daring to look at her, he hurried out of the door and down the stairs. Startled by the sudden exit Clare entered the *salon*. Theo. was lying prone upon the floor, her two hands clenched over the undone masses of her hair.

For a month Trajan lay in the studio in the delirium of brain fever. Toward the first of May the doctors sent him to Barbazon, as he babbled incessantly of green fields and forest glades. In that charming woodland he gained strength and calmness, and toward the middle of May returned to Paris. But he couldn't work. He shunned his friends and passed hours in wandering through the ancient quarters of mediæval Paris.

On the morning of the 14th of May he sat in his studio, when Madame Agay laid a mass of letters before him, calling his attention to their long neglect. He took them, and mechanically looked them over. Among others, the letter from Armitage, that he had thrust into his pocket unread on the fatal visit to Theo. It was a closely-written four-page letter, and toward the middle Theo's name appeared.

"Before I left New York I found out the secret of our sea-witch. We were right in our surmise—that it was she we saw in the carriage that day. By a curious chance I met her a few days after your departure at the house of a friend to whom I brought letters. She was, as usual, the charm of the company. She kept every one in a roar, and what is unusual with brilliant women, her own sex admire her as enthusiastically

as the men. I asked my friend when Miss Carnot had arrived in New York, and she told me, naming the day we came in on the steamer. But she added: 'She is a very busy woman, and has been closeted with lawyers and agents ever since, to the great distress of her friends, who expected her at Newport and Saratoga.'

"Then she has passed all this hot season in New York?"

"Yes, I have seen a good deal of her as we were school friends together."

"Now I shouldn't take the trouble to go into this detail were it not for what follows. One day a paragraph appeared in all the morning papers hinting at a seizure of a great quantity of smuggled diamonds and other valuables under high duties, in the trunks of a lady well known in the most exclusive society of New York. The authorities had been apprised of the traffic, but it was managed so skillfully that actual evidence was difficult to obtain. Warning had been received in the customs office that a large invoice of diamonds and laces were to be sent by the steamer arriving one day in July. But owing to an accident at sea two steamers came together and the officers were disconcerted until the trunks were delivered into their hands by an innocent agent of the smuggler—a young artist home on a visit from Paris.

"The *modus operandi* of the ring is ingenious; women carry on the trade, and on the home-voyage manage to get acquainted with bachelors with little baggage, and as the ships near New York confide to them that a brother or father who had sent his baggage on board was detained at the last moment, and was obliged to wait for the next steamer. Of course the polite bachelor is willing to take the keys and pass the baggage through the custom-house as his own. The value of the present seizure is over \$100,000.

"I think I need add no comment to the foregoing. I wouldn't have bothered you with the nauseous story were it not that I thought I saw an interest stronger than mere friendliness in your devotions to *cette beauté du diable*."

The sunlight faded into starless night. Betty and Trip were sorely perplexed by the strange unmoving figure of their master.

It was nearly midnight when he raised his head from the desk. He moved with curious tranquillity. Taking a pen, he wrote rapidly, and sealed a note, which he placed on the mantel. Then, looking around the room, changed his coat and vest, emptied his pockets of everything in them, and with a caress for the dog and cat, softly quit the chamber. He wandered off to Montmartre, and sat down. It was a walk of four miles or more, and the exhaustion brought on prostration. He made an effort to rise, but nature refused to respond, and

he dozed on the green sward until the burning morning sun aroused him. He was still weak, and the morning passed before he regained strength to walk back toward the river. Arrived there the expectant crowds distracted him. The day wore away. When the mind that Trajan Gray lost in the Rue Galilée returned to him, Elliot Arden's kindly words were in his ears, and the fervor of his honest accents healing the hurts that treachery had made in the young man's heart.

CHAPTER XIII,

TRAJAN RENEWS HIS YOUTH.

Trajan went from the group in the Café Voltaire, that memorable night in May, with the mandate of a new purpose on his heart and conscience. The impetus wrought in him by a few hours' companionship with a nature serene, open and loyal, had begun the workings of a profound change in him, which, while it was to involve him in torturing trials and even deadly peril, expanded every virile force in his nature. As he stood irresolute in the dim shadows of the gabled corner, he regretted that he had quitted the congenial influences of his chivalrous friend. He distrusted the silence of the night. He dreaded the wrenching hand of remembrance tearing at his heart-strings and goading him to the dastard resolution of the day. But a singular syncope had fallen upon his faculties; the pain of the past, numbed by its own unchecked force, gave but feeble intimation of what it had been. The interest of Elliot, his compelling unreserve, brought new images, more active than the pallid shades of wrong and despair that had possessed him. He realized in the brief companionship, the despicable cowardice of his own conduct. He was ashamed of the figure he had made—agonized would, perhaps, be the better expression of his self-abased, present appreciation of his purpose. The more he reflected upon the incidents of the day, the more fatuous, incomprehensible and unmanly his impatience and supine surrender to his morbid impulse seemed to him. What, a man who had faced death on the battle-field, who had borne poverty and

laughed at its sordid shifts; who made a cult of self-denial and a servant of adversity, deliver himself like a brainless *débauché* to the ignoble and sickly impulse of suicide? He burned in a fever of self-abasement!

Nor could he delude himself by the sophistry that faithless love was the single woe he had resolved to fly. He had wickedly persuaded himself that the children of men, divided by warring interests, had no tie in common. That he, having no hold on mankind, the world had no claim upon him. That because betrayed love made life a blank, his hand had lost its craft, his brain its creative resources. That courage and hope gone from him, he should find himself homeless, breadless. That without purpose or place life was not only not worth living, but impossible. For months in the delicious torments of a love, not without hope, he had been unable to hold himself to bread-winning. When the blow fell, what inspiration was there left? The shapes of his pencil, the touch of his brush, no longer responded to the subtle ideals of perfection he had once evoked from the canvas. The end of endeavor came, and it was the fulfilment of the law of life to close the struggle, in which he was stripped not only of arms but the forces to wield them. Poverty he had faced; but then ambition's lamps were aflame in the horizon of his hope and he could smile at it. But in the wreck of all he had set his heart upon—what good? Why strive?

Then came a humiliated sense of begin-

ning life anew—a sort of moral ticket-of-leave man. Elliot could not understand the just mean of the motives driving him to destruction. Then he wondered if the young man had really understood the sentiment, rather than satisfaction of hunger that had impelled him to pick up the crust?

He felt that he would have been better satisfied if the Samaritan had seen into his soul and had the conviction that the act was merely a part of the design of death that had filled his mind. To be a beggar—that was the horror of his life up to the very picking up of the crusts. He could have gone to a dozen acquaintances and eked out weeks, months—perhaps years, sharing the reputation of the careless, jolly spendthrifts that filled the quarter. It was from the beginning of such a career of what he loathed as baseness that Trajan had made up his mind to fly. He had seen other fellows, clever as himself—fellows, even, who had sold pictures at good prices to rich Americans—fall into the fatal disregard of scrupulousness, and had seen them lightly spoken of, repulsed and avoided by men who in kindness rather than repugnance invented clumsy expedients for avoiding them. For between borrower and lender, it is the lender who generally suffers most poignantly the inability of a friend to repay, though between men of delicacy the misery of the relation is about equal. If the borrower be servant to the lender, the master is the sufferer in the service rendered. For if the two be equal, delicacy forbids transforming the loan into a gift, and circumstances often make it a species of theft. To the hapless borrower it seems such. He begins by observing the most ceremonious behavior and ends in avoiding the man whom circumstances make him wrong. Mutual distrust cements the coldness and the end is hatred on the one hand, and, unless the lender be a soul of exceptional nobility, contempt upon the other.

Trajan had watched piteous dramas of this sort. Indeed, he was himself a victim of many of them, for when he had money, all who asked shared it. He had striven to prevent the usual consequences, but he had seen with sorrow and despair that his advances were ill received. He had proved the odious maxim, that there is no wrong

so bitter as the doing of a good deed that cannot be returned. He walked along the *quai*. The lamps were gleaming—throwing grotesque angles of light half-way over the dark current of the Seine. He even turned into the bridgeway where he had stood a few hours before contemplating it, as one does the approaching railway train that is to take him on a long journey. His mind had been perfectly tranquil. He had longed for a rest that should not be harassed by the cares investing his days and the anguish of a bitter delusion. He wondered, as he leaned over the stone balustrade, how he could have been so mad—for, after all, if the worst came to the worst, wasn't the recruiting station open to him yonder? But he was forced to own that it was not the fear of finding nothing to do that had made death seem a delicious rest. Trajan, like most of us, when confronted by moral retrospection, insisted on shutting out the real cause of his weakness. He watched the swift current of the river and laughed to himself as he saw the gendarme regarding him furtively. The gendarme, poor man, knew from experience the meaning of the young man's contemplation, and he resolved to spare himself the disagreeable flurry of fishing the slender-looking figure from the water, so he made himself very conspicuous to Trajan, as though intimating that while on a question of principle he acceded to the right of any citizen to dip himself in the Seine, he objected to having the scandal of it in his bailiwick. Trajan, saluting him, gravely set out to retrace his steps. At the end of the bridge he almost stumbled over the figure of a child. It was sobbing piteously. Stooping down, Trajan saw a pallid face framed in a mass of curly hair. "What frightens you, my child?" he said kindly.

The little creature who had cowered tremblingly as Trajan bent over him, reassured by the friendly voice, broke into a passion of sobs, while his large eyes were fastened on his possible friend. Sitting down on the stone step, Trajan drew the waif toward him. He was very much soiled, but his dress was not ragged nor coarse. When he had mastered his sobbing, Trajan asked again:



"I'm hungry—where's mamma?"

"Where are your papa and mamma: why are you in the street so late?" This, however, had the effect of setting the child into a new burst of tears. Mastering this presently, and gaining confidence in Trajan, he suddenly said, between his sobs: "I'm hungry—where's mamma?"

Trajan colored to the roots of his hair. His heart smote him with a guilty pang. This child, too, was hungry—was he the one to refuse him bread? He felt in his pocket, but suddenly recollected that he had given his last coin to the beggar-boy of the afternoon. The little one's eyes followed the motion of the hand, and his eyes which had brightened, filled with tears as it came out empty. The other felt as embarrassed as a devotee who finds himself penniless when the plate reaches him in

church. What should he do? The child was evidently famishing. Useless to take him to the neighboring eating-houses—they made it a rule to refuse all mendicants—besides it was against the law to ask for bread. He suddenly thought of the store behind the bench in the Luxembourg.

"Come," he said to the child; "come with me, and I will find something for you to eat. It was a long walk for a little fellow faint with hunger, and Trajan, his heart tender with the memory of the day, picked up the tired child and carried him in his arms. He was a comely little man of six or seven, with unkempt black hair and large round eyes. He was hardly warmed by contact with Trajan's body before he was sound asleep. On reaching the Luxembourg gardens, Trajan placed his little charge on

the first *banquette* near the gate, and hastened to the bench, where Elliot had left the birds' bread. It was too dark to see, but he knew exactly the spot and the clump of lilacs. He leaned over the bench and groped for the crusts. But his arm wasn't long enough, evidently, as he felt nothing. He didn't even have a match, and he didn't like to go across the esplanade to ask for one. Climbing over the bench, he knelt down, and carefully searched to the very roots of the trees. The bread was gone—evidently some hungry dog had discovered the treasure. Bitterly disappointed, he climbed back over the end of the bench, which, overweighted, tipped and let the young man fall backward. In the scramble he struck the branches of the lilac bush above him, tearing his sleeve and scraping the flesh from his elbow. He brought up sprawling on the ground, his hand resting on something soft and smooth. He picked it up. As nearly as he could make out it was a thick pocket-case. He got up, wondering how it came there. He could just distinguish at the next bench the form of a woman, but he could not see whether she was alone or not. As he stood thus uncertain, he heard a scuffle directly behind him and the gruff voice of a gendarme, saying:

"It's past the hour for promenading—the gates close in three minutes—be off!"

"But I'm waiting for some one," remonstrated the other, "and I cannot go till he comes."

"You must wait outside the gate, then—you can't wait here."

With the wallet in his hand Trajan stopped to hear the end of this dialogue, hoping it would give him a clew to the owner. He asked himself if some one was playing a practical joke, for the wallet seemed to have been thrown on the ground, after he had searched it for the bread. He was positive he had covered every inch under the bushes, or could it have been secreted in the branches and fallen when he rustled them in clutching to stay his mishap? The gendarme, observing him, came up and ordered him to leave the grounds as the gates were about to close. As the man spoke, a thought struck Trajan. He searched his pocket for a card and handed it to the

man, saying: "If any lost article is reported to you to-morrow apply at that address and perhaps you can hear of it!" He suddenly bethought him of the woman—could she have dropped it? He advanced toward the seat where she had stood within arm's reach almost of the branch that had stayed him in his descent. She had disappeared. He walked to the lamp in the direction of the gate to examine the wallet. It was as he suspected. There was a bit of cord loosely fastened around it and by which it had very clearly been tied to the twigs under the leaves. The violent shake he had given the branch when he threw up his arms to stay his fall had, no doubt, broken the slight stems, for vestiges of them still remained in the knot. The discovery troubled the young man. He felt a guilty sense of unlawful possession of this unexpected treasure-trove, convinced that it had been placed there for a purpose. This sense of involuntary purloining suggested giving it to the gendarme, and had that zealous functionary been at hand he would have unquestionably given it to him; but he was at some distance, beating up the reluctant loiterers lurking in the leafy recesses of the garden. Under the impulse Trajan started toward the direction whence his voice could be heard, his jetsam held far from him as if to keep him from the temptation of examining it. His step was arrested by a wailing little cry, broken by piteous sobs:

"Mamma! mamma! I'm hungry—give me to eat—I'll be very, very good—" sob—sob—sob.

This was an argument that arrested Trajan's uncertainty. There was no chance for casuistry in that. He knew by experience that an empty stomach was a foe to the refinement of time, place and amenities. He quickened his step toward infantile misery, stronger than abstract urgency. Perhaps there might be money in the wallet. If so it was fairly for the use of the waif. He would hold it so at any rate and restore it to whoever claimed it, with the deficit charged to charity. He lifted the half-unconscious child, who clasped his neck confidently with his weary little arms. That hug would have braced Trajan to highway robbery. He instantly dedicated the treasure to the child's wants, until he could

reach that to which he had a less dubitable title. "Give me to eat," murmured the child, in his pretty French familiarity, his voice faltering. Trajan pressed him to his breast soothingly.

"Poor little fellow! wait and you shall have to eat." He slipped the wallet in his pocket, and with the sensation of a burglar making off with his spoil, fled rather than walked out of the garden. The motion brought the sobs to an end. The child, with the unconsciousness of babyhood to rank or conditions, wound its weary arms around the young man's neck. People turned to look at him as he hurried down the Rue Vaugirard, down the Rue Cherche-midi until, after twenty minutes' walk, which was almost a run, he came to a halt before a double door opening level with the street, in the Rue du Dragon. He was out of breath, flushed and perspiring. A single ring of the bell and the right hand door opened promptly inward. He hoped the child would not wake as he passed the *concierge*, for he felt in no humor for that talkative personage's usual budget. By good fortune her *loge* was full of visitors and she was satisfied with a "*Bon soir, monsieur*," as the key was thrust through the window. Trajan was in a fever as he climbed the long series of stairs until he finally reached the sixth entirely out of breath and in impenetrable darkness. He had to set the boy down while searching for his key, opening the door and lighting the lamp. The child was sobbing in its sleep, but was awakened by the sharp ecstatic bark of a small black dog that seemed intent on eating Trajan, while a white cat, so large that it seemed, at first glance, like an untroubled pillow, stood by the fireplace with its back as much arched as a very fat cat aroused at such an untimely hour could be expected to elongate its vertebrae.

"Be quiet, Trip—sh—sh—" admonished Trajan as the dog, discovering baby, set up a short howl of indignant reproach. The cat, too, discerning the new-comer, made as if to accept it as a rat ready for the sacrifice, and began to conduct herself with as little dignity as Trip. The lamp lighted, Trajan lifted the child, and placed it on a short dumpy sofa—to the no small astonishment of Trip and the cat, both of whom

claimed this as their own special preserve. Trip began an agitated investigation of the dangling legs, while his companion gravely contemplated the intruder, alternately questioning Trajan with her large yellow eyes, and curling her tail in no end of remonstrances at such scandalous innovation upon the habits of a respectable mother of numerous well-reared kittens.

"Be quiet, you pests," said Trajan, seating himself at the table and tearing open the wallet. It was a rich piece of leather and might contain money; but Trajan's heart sank as he opened it, for nothing but a thick bundle of papers met his eye. There was a note—which he didn't stop to examine. Unfolding the papers Trajan's heart gave a great bound. Bank of England notes! One—two—he grew to dizzy to count. There were a half dozen at least—all of them, to the young man's dismay, of large denomination—£20, £50! He looked them over feverishly. Yes—there was one for £10. That, he might venture to use. Without looking at the note or the other papers in the wallet, he closed it, put it in a drawer, and locking it, addressed himself to the child. It was still sleeping.

"Trip, you must take care of the baby while I go for the supper, and, Madame Betty, you must take care that you do not practise with your claws on the visitor. Trip, you shall have some meat, and, Betty, you shall have the feast that pampered cats love."

Trip wagged his tail in ecstatic assent and Betty brushed herself in the most ridiculous, wheedling way against Trajan's legs, with an intention, as Trip evidently thought, of tripping his master, for he deliberately backed into madame's face, pretending that his master's hands needed kissing. Thereupon madame retired with stately dignity toward the rug, purring in violent agitation. Trajan closed the door softly behind him, and the three friends were left alone. Trip returned gravely to the sofa where the child slept—its breathing broken by short sobs. The dog put its paws upon the body, then climbed up examining the garments disconsolately. Madame, thinking better of her discomfiture, came over likewise, and the two held solemn council over the new-comer. Trip having pushed his black nose

into baby's face, looked up and announced that it was a harmless sort of an intruder, and perhaps might be an acquisition if taken in hand. Madame, as befits the more cautious nature of her race, began at the feet, carefully abstaining from coming in contact with such squalor. To the evident invitations of Trip to lay her nose against baby's face, she returned a decided negative. If the master chose to indulge such caprices, she knew her place too well to make a scene. But she washed her hands of the interloper. Very well, wagged Trip, you haven't much humanity. I will lie down here, so that when master comes he will see that I have done my best to make things agreeable for his *protégé*. So Madame Betty resumed her place on the rug, this time not so self-possessed, and evidently divided in her mind as to her duty. She sat on her haunches affecting perfect unconcern. But Trip, from the corner of his eye, his cold nose resting on baby's neck, could see that his old friend was not so well satisfied with herself as usual.

The room was Trajan's *atelier*. Lighted by three dormer-windows, the chamber covered the whole top floor. At one side a high-canopied bed could be seen through the half-drawn curtains that cut the apartment in two. The walls were covered with oblong patches of tapestry, armor, engravings, drawings, medallions, bronze grotesques, busts of famous statuary, portraits, Tuscan vases, Pompeian fragments, and the host of odds-and-ends that a painter picks up in the old world for "a song."

On a large upright easel between the two windows, where the joint of the roof came down, a large canvas, partly in oil, told the work Trajan had been at last. It was a colossal reproduction of the north-eastern angle of the Forum of to-day, with the crenelated ruin of the western wall of the Colosseum, visible in faint background—the Mammertine prison in the left foreground, with the exquisite tracery of the bronze record of Victory on Trajan's column in the middle background. The apartment, though large, was made to look homelike by the sloping roof, which, near the window, came within four feet of the lower sill. The vast floor was liberally patched with rich but well-worn rugs of wonderful

beauty of color and design. Everything in the room was an implement of the owner's art—down to his two friends, Master Trip and Madame Betty. The ears of these two attending sprites detected Trajan's step long before he had gained the last flight of stairs. When he opened the door they were both at his feet—madame forgetting the duties imposed by her age and dignity, and Trip impatient to test the quality of the promised feast. Both were soon gratified by the amplest portions of such meat as Paris butchers reserve for their animal clients—madame decorously finishing her repast with a saucer of milk, a rare delicacy that she thought highly appropriate in such a crisis of self-denial as she had been called upon to undergo. The child still slept restlessly. Trajan left it undisturbed, until having heated some bouillon by his spirit lamp, a smoking bowl stood ready.

"Now, my little man"—said he, taking the boy tenderly in his arms—"it won't do to go to bed on an empty stomach." The kind tone and the savory odor of the soup brought the little fellow wide awake promptly. A child is the only real philosopher. To him there are no unities of time, place or circumstance. He is hungry. What more natural than to eat. Blessed confidence of childhood—religion itself has no profounder lesson—no more eloquent attestation of a first cause. How thin the fabric of our sophistries; how attenuated the maxims of the wise, before that innocent trust, that divine assurance! Trajan's heart swelled as he thought of the contrast between him, confident in his intellect, able to reason, and yet less rational than this artless philosopher!

"What's your name, my child?" said Trajan, as the boy, with great satisfaction, drank the bouillon.

"Amédée," with a gulp of ineffable contentment.

"Well, Amédée, you must hold the dish while I prepare the second course. You may sit here on the floor, and Trip will keep an eye on you;—you are not afraid of the dog?"

Amédée eyed the dog—intermitting the soup for an instant, and then shook his head. Trip considering this a formal introduction, came forward with a cordial

wagging of the tail, expressive of a willingness to share the soup or anything else that might befall in the way of eating. Madame, too, having left the saucer in a shining state of emptiness, came up to the new-comer, picking her way daintily as though to say—"It behooves one to be sociable in one's own home." She established herself on her haunches before the child, blinking amicably. Amédée's interest in the soup gave way to his delight in the new-comer. He had evidently never seen such a cat in his small life. His eyes grew almost as large as the saucer in the corner when Betty had finished her dessert. In ungovernable astonishment he exclaimed:

"But it is not a cat!"

Betty, conscious that in her quality of *fe-line Jumbo* she was entitled to more consideration than this slur upon her genus, implied, moved with impressive dignity to the brightest spot of color on the rug, where, seated upon her haunches, she proceeded to wash her face with large, fluffy paws, casting at intervals glances of freezing indifference and disdain upon the occupant of her favorite corner on the sofa. This unpremeditated toilet was, however, rather inconsequently suspended as the savor of the sliced potatoes preparing over Trajan's stove reached her. She compromised her disdain by abstracted purrs as she rubbed her head upon Trajan's legs, occasionally rearing her stout proportions to a slanting posture as the broiling cutlets emitted little appetizing puffs of inviting odor.

"Yes, little boy," said Trajan, addressing the puzzled sceptic on the sofa, "it is Madame Elizabeth Gray—we call her Betty for short—Trip and I. This," he added, dropping a morsel of the cutlet into Trip's dexterous jaws, "is Monsieur Trip—a very gentlemanly dog. He never worries good little boys who don't worry him; eh, Trip?"

Betty and Trip each gave response in the tokens of their various races. Trip turned his head sidewise, keeping an eye on the sizzling cutlets; while Betty excelled herself in an arch of such prodigious proportions that Boy on the sofa screamed with delight. Then, as though this were not sufficiently expressive, Trip broke into a rondo of short staccato yelps, expressive of enthusiastic corroboration, while Betty's dislocated back

seemed a species of buzz-saw emitting a perfectly frenzied salvo of purrs.

Understand? I haven't the slightest doubt the honest pair comprehended every word of the kind fellow who had been their friend; who had rescued them in the lowest estate known severally to cat-kind and dog-kind. After all, I'm convinced that it is only man—the human-kind—that can hear and not understand heartiness! He alone can mock and repay with ingratitude, benefaction and love, and the unspeakable goodness that is as natural to the kind heart as rich crops to a fertile soil. Goodness is the first impulse of every man in normal health—untroubled digestion; and an animal has the same unchanging fidelity in kindly impulses that we infer from a laugh. Whatever other sign a man may adopt to deceive, a laugh is always an honest expression. It tells the state of his stomach. Don't disdain this homely wisdom, for upon the stomach depends much of the deeds and emprise of life. A disordered stomach—isn't it historical?—brought about Napoleon's discomfiture at Leipsic! If Cassius hadn't been lean and hungry he would never have sent his battalions off for food when young Cæsar was moving in force upon him at Philippi. An odd jumble of illustrations to point the moral of man's inequality—cats, dogs and laughter! Why not? there isn't a more agreeable character in Milton than Laughter, the Jolly Witch holding both her sides; as for the others listen to Father Lafontaine: "I make use of animals to instruct mankind." If the woods have voices, and there be texts for sermons in stones, why may not the verities of life be learned in the eloquent honesty of the brutes? We can sometimes pardon friends who bore or weary us, but we can never forgive those whom we bore or annoy! Now, the animal who is really our friend, is never bored or wearied by us, and he never bores or wearies us. Therefore, in every sense, a congenial dog is a truer and more trustworthy friend than the frail mortal who reminds us of a repetition of our old jokes, or asks us to pay tribute to his own thrice-told tales of mirth. Trajan had confirmed himself in this creed, and I am but anticipating his own expression of it, for he was fond of setting it forth to his friends. He was fond

of saying that Bet and Trip were the only friends whom he ventured to talk to about himself—remembering that the fear that men have of talking about themselves to others, is not delicacy nor the apprehension of what others may think, but the fear of laying one's inmost soul open to the gaze of the world, for a friend is after all a gossip who reveals either too much or too little; pride in his friend suggests a caution which is fatal to that succinct continuity, which alone makes self-confession plausible or tolerable.

Trajan, you observe, was fond of paradoxes. He held that man, like the animal, started out with good instincts uppermost, and that, however fallen, there was an appetent root of congeniality somewhere; that, no matter how hardened or abandoned, there was no heart that a prayer, a tear, an amiable weakness, a kindly folly, would not vanquish in some sort. He had summered and wintered with his two little friends, and he believed that they knew his sorrows and compassionated them in their mute way. They whisked and gamboled about in his joy with motions as eloquent and soothing as the most perfect songs without words. When his heart was light they knew it by his step, and when it was sad they knew it by his very glance.

Amédée meanwhile had satisfied his hunger and his bright eyes grew heavy. Trajan straightway stripped the poor little body of its clothes, and wrapping the child in one of his own garments laid him in the bed—fast asleep. Then he addressed himself to the mysterious wallet. There was no outward mark to suggest a clue. Opening it again he unrolled the bills. There were £200, in Bank of England notes, and a letter—with no address—carefully sealed. The mystery of the affair was evidently in the note. Trajan felt that he had no right to open it until he had exhausted every other means of finding the owner. But how was that owner to be found? Through the police? Was there an official credulous enough in all Paris to accept the young man's story? Found on a lilac bush in the Luxembourg gardens! Trajan foresaw that with the summary methods of the French prefecture he would be arrested and held until every crime in Paris

had been sifted and its bearings on the wallet traced. Then, too, the abstraction of the £200 would be held as an irregularity, serious enough to warrant exemplary punishment, for treasure-trove has a recognized and enforced procedure with French magistrates. Trajan had read only a short time before how a "fare" getting into a cab had found some trifle and thoughtlessly carried it home to examine. The loser remembered the number of the cab, had followed the finder, and the poor woman, who had no intention of retaining the article, had undergone very severe treatment at the prefecture—first, because she had not informed the cabman and thereby brought him into peril—for it goes hard with cabby if an article is proven to have been left in his vehicle for which there is not an immediate account rendered at the designated bureau of lost articles.

After weighing over the matter the young man could think of nothing better than inserting an advertisement in *Figaro*, the general phalanstery of the lost, found, strayed and stolen of Paris. He raised his eyes to the mantel as he came to this conclusion and started guiltily. He saw a reminder of the painful struggle he had gone through on quitting this pleasant refuge in the morning. Getting up he took from the base of the crystal-covered clock a note. It was addressed in a bold, round hand: "Madame Agay, concierge, 29 Rue du Dragon." He took it to the lamp and reached out his hand to hold it over the flame, then drew it back, tore off the envelope and without looking at the enclosure went to his writing-table, took another envelope, put the note in it, sealed it and wrote in an agitated hand singularly unlike the first superscription in symmetry and repose, "A lesson in life," then thrusting it hastily into a little drawer, got up and paced the apartment!

I have often heard Trajan's friend Elliot tell the story. The letter had been written to the mistress of the house, giving her possession of everything the poor lad possessed as a legacy, upon which he made the charge of the keeping of his two friends the dog and cat. They were to be nurtured as he had nurtured them, and when dead decently buried as is the Christian fashion

throughout the pleasant land of France. This legacy, the young man wrote, he felt happy to entrust to Madame Agay, for she was fond of his two *protégés*, and he knew that she would be the more tender to them for his sake, as she had always been his good friend. Elliot often speculated as to the animals and how much they understood of the droll will, and how near they came to losing their kind patron. I doubt if in all

the sacred closets of Catholic Paris there was a soul more humble and devout than Trajan's, as, after hours of thinking—the cat sleeping peacefully on the rug at his feet and Trip renewing the feast of the evening in his dreams—the young man laid himself down beside the rescued waif in the high-canopied bed, as the bells of St. Sulpice yonder clanged out the hour of midnight.

(To be Continued.)

A GLANCE AT THE HUNGARIAN CAPITALS.

THE early morning hours of one gray August day found us in the station at Vienna taking tickets for Presburg, unable, being so near, to resist the temptation of seeing what a few days could show us of the outside, at least, of that most attractive country, Hungary.

It must be confessed that at the very outset the interest had to be somewhat taken for granted, for flatness and kitchen gardens are the chief characteristics of the scenery between Vienna and Presburg. Two hours of such a monotonous dead-level of existence were enough to make the eye hail with rapture the approach to Presburg with the wooded hills of the Little Carpathian in the distance.

But the interest began as soon as the guard opened the door and shouted "Poszón!" with a delicious mixture of z's and sh's and accents which proved to us at once that we had at length got beyond our depth in the matter of language.

We had started for Presburg, but we arrived at Poszón, and we descended with an infinite feeling of satisfaction into the hands of the ever-present *gepäch-träger*, that blessing to travelers in foreign railway stations. He packed us into an odd-looking carriage called a "comfortable" and we rattled gaily down a long dusty road, past various manufactories of "Zwieback," a small sweet cake for which Presburg is famous, through a picturesque gateway into the irregular streets of the old Hungarian capital.

Fate and Baedeker led us to the hotel of the Green Tree, whose sign and symbol was drooping and pining in a tub before the

door. None of the hotels in Presburg are marked with a star, that sign-manual of Baedeker's approval, but as the Green Tree is the first one mentioned, it is but fair to suppose it to be the least objectionable. It is a rambling old house and very dirty. The cooking is very bad, but the wines are celebrated and the silver is antique, the forks being two-pronged and greatly resembling pitchforks. The bed-linen was absolutely dripping with moisture, a discovery which led to our flight to Budapest that same afternoon. If such things are done in the Green Tree, what will be done in the dry? It was a question that could not fail to suggest itself, and the answer must of necessity be disadvantageous to the other hotels of Presburg.

A few hours' stroll is quite sufficient to take in the chief beauties of the dull old town. The pervading tone is a dull drab, and the high winds which seemed to prevail had deepened this by a liberal deposit of the sandy soil on all the starveling trees and shrubs in the neighborhood.

The long, straggling streets are interrupted at intervals by immense squares which may be busy and crowded on market days, but were now abandoned to a few old women scattered about before little stalls of fruit and vegetables. The chief purchasers at these stalls were Slavs from the surrounding country, wild-looking figures of men, with long, straggling, unkempt locks, in peculiar costumes of linen that had once been white. They wore loose skirts and short, wide trousers, which it had been considered superfluous to hem, and time had consequently added a picturesque fringe.

Under these they wore long boots. They carried a dirty white pillow-case in which they bestowed all their purchases. The women differed little from the men in their dress, having a man's hat and long boots in addition to their very short petticoats.

The most imposing building in Presburg is the old Schloss, the former residence of the Hungarian kings, which crowns the hill about which the old town clusters. Wherever you go you find it still towering above you, so that it seems impossible to escape from it, and it looks so attractive from every point of view that you have no desire to do so. Close as it seems, however, it is not so easy to attain to it. Our first attempt only resulted in bringing us to the cathedral where the coronation of Hungarian kings have taken place from time immemorial until that of Franz Joseph, who was crowned at Pesth. The church is simple Gothic, and might have been tolerable, had not the rage for improvement seized upon the church fathers, who have had the pillars and walls dotted over with an exceedingly neat pattern like an

American cotton print, dignified in Austria by the name of Pompeian style. The effect is very neat, but hardly imposing, and certainly not Gothic. As if in revolt at this extreme of simplicity on the part of the painter, the architect has allowed himself a wild license in the matter of the newly carved stalls in the choir. Here the whole animal creation seems to be holding high carnival. A fox, with spectacles on nose, is gravely bending over a book, his head resting sentimentally on one paw; in one stall a monkey is playing on a bagpipe, while another is riding a hippopotamus; a gigantic chameleon is doing his best to imitate the frog in the fable by puffing and swelling himself far beyond his ordinary proportions, and so on through the whole row. Outside, the place was indescribably dreary. Great barren, sandy spaces, with grass growing up scantily between the stones, under a gray sky, make the whole scene depressingly forlorn and dismal.

By diligent inquiry we had discovered, that the Judengasse was the first step to the attainment to the old Schloss above



THE OLD SCHLOSS AT PRESBURG

us. After repeated strayings we at length found ourselves in the quarter of the Jews, a long hilly street, with low stuccoed houses, ascending like steps on either side. The prevailing tint of sandy grayness, and the general form and aspect of the houses had

way, standing up now out of the drifting sand like the columns of Tadmor in the Wilderness. We passed through the gateway into a desolate square, and before us stood the ruined walls of what was once the royal palace of Presburg.



FRANZ DEÁK

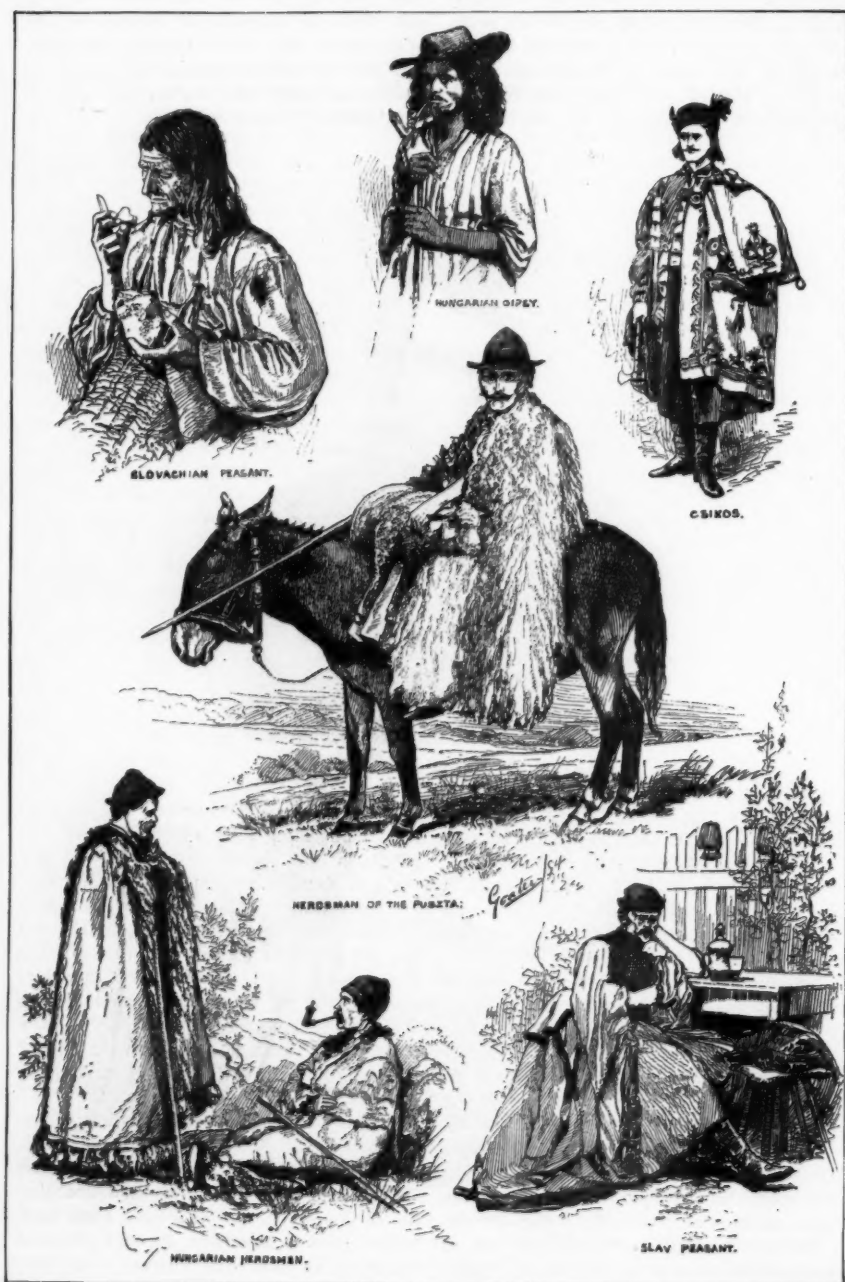
a suggestive touch of the desert and the original homes of the children of Israel. Now and then a little peep into the open doorway of some courtyard gave us a glimpse of a Rembrandtesque figure, in surroundings more attractive than the uniform dulness outside.

I inquired the way of a daughter of Israel, who was sitting on a stone at the corner of the street. She gave the required direction, and kindly undertook the correction of my pronunciation at the same time. Everything was quiet enough to-day, but only a few weeks later the mob had possession, and this unhappy, much-persecuted people found once more that civilization had made no advance since the Middle Ages—at least on the banks of the Danube.

The way seemed endless, but at last we reached the ruins of a once massive gate-

Through one of the arched openings we had a charming view of the towers and gateways and sharp-pointed roofs of the town at our feet, while from the other side we could see the blue peaks of the Little Carpathian in the distance and the Danube winding its way in and out through the green plain. We had followed the river down from Passau, where it swallows up the dark green waters of the Inn and the black little Ilz, "like an ink-bottle upset," as the Danubian sailors say. It is a noble river, though it is neither "beautiful blue" nor "dark-rolling," but an æsthetic sage-green.

We had followed it through its dense mountain solitudes, winding and doubling in our course, till we had almost come back to the point of departure, through pleasant shady parks, past little villages, some gay,





MAURICE JOHAI

some squalid, some picturesque, past shabby barracks called castles by courtesy, and past one or two really effective ruins. Though quite as thoroughly illumined by legends and traditions, it will never equal in charm the "castled Rhine." We left it here, not caring to follow it farther through the great Hungarian plain.

There are few buildings of much interest in Presburg. The old Council House is still standing, where Maria Theresa's subjects declared themselves ready to die for their king, a scene made familiar to us all in our early primer days. Latin then was the common language of the country, and I was told that many of the peasants still

speak it, though with variations, caused by an admixture of the Hungarian. The Rathhaus is ancient and picturesque, and the Convent of Notre Dame, close to the Green Tree, with its sharp gables, little dormer-windows and bulbous turrets, is altogether delightful.

The railway journey from Presburg to Budapest is wearisomely monotonous. A vast level plain of apparently not very fertile soil, sandy and dusty, barely supporting at long intervals fields of poor, pinched-looking corn, does not entirely come up to one's idea of Hungary. The little stations, with their fresh, green trees and well-cultivated gardens, were like veritable oases

in the desert. Now and then a pleasant little farm, with acres of beehives, would appear; but, as a rule, the country was dismal and dreary. Honey is one of the staple products of Hungary, and I can testify to its excellence, for I bought a jar of the "lucent sirup" in Pesth, than which I have never tasted better.

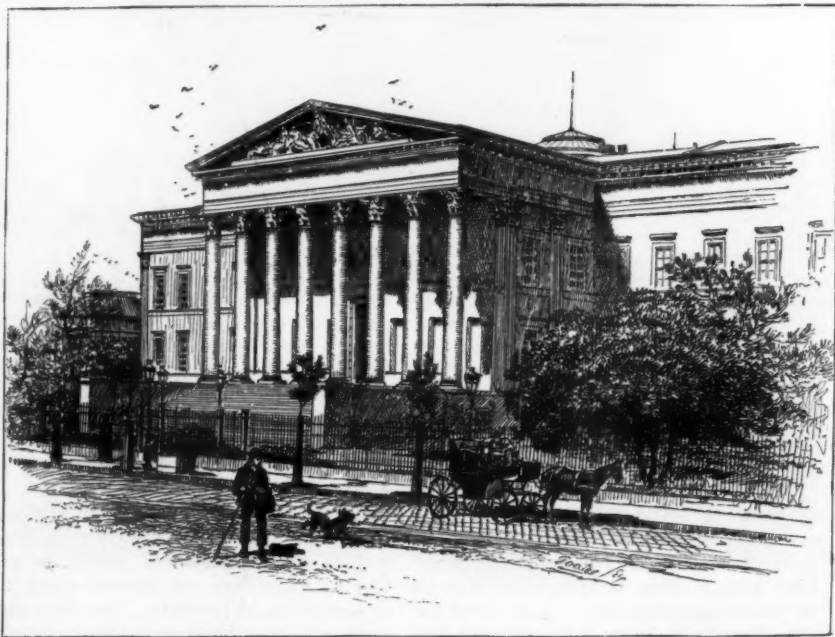
The towns and villages were all at some distance from the railway, and only the towers and roofs were visible, at the end of a white road, down which the omnibuses were conveying the passengers from the trains. Occasionally a gentleman's extensive estate, with its picturesque Schloss, would loom up in the distance.

At one station where we stopped for some time, a strolling band was playing the wild Hungarian music, which so stirs the pulses and makes it impossible to keep one's feet still, even in a railway carriage, and yet has in it such an infinite sadness and pathos. It is like a mingling of laughter and tears. Sometimes it is so inspiring that it is easy to understand that men

could go gaily out to die to the sound of it, but there is a heart-break lurking beneath all its wild, sweet gaiety.

It was quite dark when we reached Budapest and we could see nothing but our benevolent *gepäch-träger*, who guided us through the mazes of the carriages engaged and unengaged, secured one of the latter, put us in, thanked us for his fee and dispatched us to our hotel.

The old saga of the first settlement of Hungary declares that Nimrod, the mighty hunter, a descendant of Japhet, after the confusion of tongues at Babel, wandered away with his wife Euet and his two sons Hunyor and Magyar, into the land of Havila. It happened once that as the two brothers were hunting in the forests of the Caucasus, they came upon a hind, which, after having led them into the marshes of the Mœotian Lake, vanished from their sight. The brothers, in their pursuit of the game, had traversed the whole country and soon perceived how excellently suited were the fat meadows to the breeding of



MUSEUM AT PESTH

cattle. They went back to their father and begged permission to change their residence. Having received it, they settled down with their herds of cattle in these rich grass-lands.

They had lived five years in their new home, when one day a desire came over them to explore their domain more thoroughly. They set out and were proceeding across the steppe when suddenly the east wind brought sounds of music to their ears. Following the sound, the brothers soon came upon a company of women, the daughters of the sons of the bush, who, in the absence of their husbands and brothers, were amusing themselves in their tents with celebrating the feast of the Hunting-horn. Hunyor and Magyar promptly carried off the women with their goods to their own home. Among them were two maidens of rare beauty, the daughters of Lula, the Prince of the Alanen, one of whom Hunyor married and the other Magyar. From this union sprang, in course of time, the two mighty nations, the Huns and the Magyars.

It was with this tradition in mind that we had come to Budapest, with a perhaps half-vague expectation of finding in the dwelling-place of Japhet's direct descendants something more archaic and venerable than is to be found in merely modern cities, whose inhabitants have diverged more widely from the parent stem. And lo! we walked out into a city that might have been New York or Boston, except that it is newer than either. The first sight of the broad, fine streets and beautiful squares of Pesth was certainly a shock to our desire for the antique, and the appearance of Noah's descendants was not less so. Instead of the tawny, wild-looking sons of the plain of whom we had confidently expected to get at least a glimpse, we found only well-washed and combed races in the ugly and uniform garments of civilization. In fact, the tables were soon turned, and we found our attitude changed from that of the observers to the observed. If we had stepped bodily out of Noah's ark we could not have been objects of greater interest to the Hungarians. One man observed that he concluded we had come from a great distance, and another, the toll-gate keeper, was so far overcome by his curiosity as we paid our toll, as

to ask plainly, *where* we came from. I tried in vain to solve the problem of this curiosity, and to this day I am unable to understand how they found out we were strangers.

The only departure from the general European costume was in that of the Stovachians, who are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for Hungary. That was curious enough. The wide trousers of Presburg had become so very broad here that they no longer resembled trousers at all, but looked startlingly like an usurpation by the man of his wife's rights and dress. The spectacle of heavy old peasants or jaunty young ones frisking gaily about in short white muslin skirts, with long riding-boots below them, and black jackets, trimmed with silver buttons above and long white flowing sleeves, never ceased to be an extraordinary one in our eyes.

As one gets well out into the country these short skirts grow longer, coming down as far as the ankles, and are supplemented by a long blue apron, so that it is impossible to tell a man from a woman at a little distance, except by the head-gear. He wears a hat, she wears a handkerchief.

Women are much more rarely seen in the fields in Hungary than in the other parts of the Austrian Empire or in Germany. But they do occasionally appear as assistants of the man, who seems to assume the brunt of the labor, and then it is as difficult to distinguish the sexes as it used to be to pick out Shem from Shem's wife in the figures in the toy Noah's ark, which indeed they greatly resemble.

There are reminiscences also of the ancient family residence to be found in the floating mills on the Danube, which are made on the pattern of a Noah's ark, a style of architecture introduced into Hungary, no doubt, by the sons of Japhet.

It may be that the immunity of the women from field labor is due to the fact, that they are reserved for the harder work of the towns, where they aid in building the houses. They also bring the products of the fields and farms into the city to market, and go through the streets with huge circular wicker-baskets, around the outside of which is a fringe formed of living fowls, hanging head downward, in a way to make



THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH ON THE MOUND AT HIS CORONATION

the whole Humane Society shudder in concert.

That part of the city which is on the Danube, and where the principal shops and hotels are situated, is made up of broad, fine streets of handsome solid-looking buildings, and squares adorned with trees and statues of Hungary's great men. The interior of the town has not the same finished look, since the confusion and dilapidation of the transition period still prevails there. It will be fine when the work which is laid out is completed, but at present there are too many low, unsightly shanties elbowing the more stately structures to have a pleasing effect. Queer-looking omnibuses ply

about these streets, being a mixture of a landau and a wagonette, with a cover like that of an emigrant wagon. Each division holds four persons, and they are divided into first and second class.

The first sight that met our eyes on looking out of our window on our first morning in Pesth was a company of white-haired old men in a dark uniform, with red facings, marching by. We wondered what they could possibly be. They did not look like soldiers; they could not be policemen. They all had a fine and venerable air, and looked like nothing so much as a small regiment of Colonel Newcomes.

And we found afterward that our intui-

tions had not deceived us, for, after breakfast, when we made our first visit to the Pesth Academy, a fine Renaissance building, not far off, we found our regiment of old men scattered about through the rooms as attendants, and learned that they were veterans of 1848 thus provided for by a grateful country. It was pathetic to see them with their feeble, trembling limbs, some so old that their only duty was to sit still in their chairs, yawning and wishing the hours away, while a younger man was provided to perform the actual duties. But there was a gracious deference about them, a sort of gentle, old-fashioned courtesy, as they rose and removed their hats on our entrance, that made us think again of our ever-beloved Colonel Newcome. One of them pointed out a picture of special interest to me. But when I spoke to him in German he shook his gray head hopelessly, and we could only smile helplessly at each other. What stories might he not have told me of the fierce struggles for liberty of a brave people, of wild gallops across the steppe, of midnight raids, of a city bombarded, of hope, endurance, suspense, despair, if only Hungarian had not been such a dead language to me! And he looked as if he would have been glad to tell me stories of his past, too, if I could but have understood; but as the languages we both possessed had no common foundation, we could only smile helplessly at each other, and turn away.

Many of the rooms of the Pesth Academy are occupied by Prince Esterhazy's splendid collection of paintings, a treasure Vienna was loth to lose when the Prince sold it to the city of Pesth a few years ago. The catalogue being entirely in Hungarian is of unusual value to the outside barbarian. Being moved by a desire to learn the subject of a portrait which had the air of being some historical personage, I made an attempt to discover the meaning of "Ferfi Arskep," and after enlisting the services of the attendant, who requested the intervention of a German visitor, I had the satisfaction of learning that it meant "Portrait of a Man," which I did not need to know Hungarian to discover.

There are many fine pictures in the Esterhazy gallery, among them a whole roomful of lovely Murillos, two or three of

which, perhaps, even surpass the moonlight radiance of those in the Louvre.

When we left the gallery, we found an attendant lying in wait to show us the rooms of the Academy. He was not a "relic" of 1848. He was younger and brisker and could speak eight languages. There was nothing pathetic about him. There were pictures on the walls of various members of the Academy, fine, distinguished-looking men, handsome in face and dashing in figure, in the magnificent dress of the magnates of Hungary. One of these was Count Szechenyi, called the "greatest Hungarian," whose name you hear everywhere in connection with the buildings of Pesth. He spent a large fortune in benefiting and adorning the city. He founded the Academy, he built streets and bridges and established schools and orphan asylums. He seems the impersonation of that fine, passionate love of country which pervades the very atmosphere of Hungary, so that even a stranger taking a merely outside view of the country cannot fail to perceive it. The street on the Danube quay owes its existence to him. His statue adorns the square in front of the Academy.

Among these splendid figures is the full-length portrait of a plain, bourgeois-looking man, dressed carelessly in simple black, without even a ribbon in his button-hole. His hair falls carelessly over his forehead, his small eyes look piercingly out from under his bushy eyebrows, and the whole figure gives the impression of character and force. It is Franz Deák, the late minister of Hungary, a man of rarely noble character, who has been identified with the life and progress of the Hungarian nation since 1833, when he was sent as a deputy to the Hungarian Parliament, where he soon made himself felt as a power in the councils of the nation.

Few public men can claim the distinction of the pure patriotism and a disinterestedness above suspicion that is freely accorded to Franz Deák. Calm, passionless, clear-sighted and wise as the ancient sages, no one could have been better fitted to lead the councils and moderate the passions of the fiery, impetuous Hungarians.

So great was the authority of his voice and glance that few could resist it. On one

occasion, when robbers attacked the house of his brother-in-law, where he was staying, his calm dignity and persuasive eloquence so wrought upon the rough savages that they spared his brother's life, and even restored his own watch which they had taken from him.

Though he was of noble birth, he preferred to be known as a simple citizen. He would never accept the smallest present as a reward for his services. Neither decorations nor estates had the slightest allurements for him. When it was once a question of the bestowal upon him of some gift by the king on the occasion of the coronation, "His Majesty will probably survive me," said Deák; "then, when I die, let him say over my grave that Franz Deák was an honest man. That is the reward for which I ask."

And when he did die he had a whole nation for mourners.

Another famous Academician is Maurice Johai, or Johai Mór, as he is called in Hungary. He is a member of the Hungarian parliament, the editor of two newspapers, and so productive a novelist that his volumes already number more than two hundred, and have been translated into eighteen different languages. The complex nationalities and the varying conditions of life in the Hungarian kingdom give him a wide range in his choice of subjects, and he seems equally at home whether he is portraying scenes of war, of famine and pestilence, with a firmly vigorous touch, or telling blood-curdling tales of robber raids, or describing with subtle insight the gradual deterioration of some noble character, or painting exquisitely tender domestic scenes with exceeding delicacy and grace.

Johai is a fine-looking man of about sixty, a noble by birth and a Calvinist by religion. In his early youth, being in modest circumstances, he joined forces with two of his friends, the poet Alexander Petöfi, the "Hungarian Beranger," and Orlay, the historical painter. It was at that time Johai's ambition to be a painter, while Orlay aspired to be a poet and Petöfi's visions were of the triumphs of the stage. But Johai's pictures were too bad to justify their being, and though his pecuniary compensation for his first literary work was al-

most microscopically minute, amounting to about two dollars and a half, it was received with such applause that he could not fail to perceive in what direction his genius lay.

Of course he, too, was swept away on the wave of revolution in '48, and in the sad days that followed for Hungary he did as good service for his country, by his vigorous and witty pen, as Franz Deák did at the head of the state.

As we left the assembly room of the Academy we fell into the hands of another attendant, who wished to show us the large hall. The most prominent object in this room was a carpet embroidered by the fair hands of Hungarian ladies, which had nothing but the patriotism of the work to recommend it. Our guide took us out on the balcony to show us the view of the square in front of the building. He had a sickly-looking tomato plant, which he was carefully cherishing among other plants more purely ornamental. He was raising it for sauce, he said, which was excellent for dinner, and on this text he enlarged on the changed times for the poor man since Hungary had had the privilege of governing herself. Once he and others like him could afford to eat chicken as well as tomato sauce, if they liked; now the government was in the hands of the Jews, the chickens cost a gulden and was far beyond his reach, and even the tomato he could only attain to by raising it surreptitiously in this upper region. It was the same cry we hear in every place, from the sacristan guides and gondoliers—taxes so high that they eat up the substance of the poor man, who seems to have come to the rueful conclusion that tyranny without taxes is not so bad a thing as he in his ignorance has been led to suppose.

Johai says, in one of his romances: "Since we began to become civilized the category of the wretched has become established among us also, as in every country with large cities. Formerly, the medical diagnosis affirmed that we had a national disease, the so-called Csömör, which resulted from excess of food. The cure is making rapid progress—hunger is already epidemic."

One afternoon we walked across the beau-

tiful bridge over the Danube, which connects Pesth with Ofen, or the ancient Buda, the city of the Huns and of their king, Attila, the "Scourge of God." This bridge was the work of an English engineer, and was ten years in building, from 1840 to 1850, for the stream is deep and the current is strong.

The payment of toll over this bridge was an innovation which the haughty Hungarian magnates found it hard to reconcile with their pride. It is said that for years after the bridge was built a magnate who had an estate on the right bank would not cross to Pesth except in a boat. "For," said he, "a free Hungarian pays no tax."

Szechenyi, "the great Count," replied, "That is precisely so, and therein I see the most important mission of this bridge, for by means of it the Hungarian nobleman shall receive his first lesson in paying taxes."

We are saved the ascent of the hill by a convenient little arrangement called the *Bergbahn*, which winds us up in a little car in about a minute, giving us a fine view of Pesth and the Danube while we are catching our breath.

We have the word of the guide-book that Ofen is ancient; and, moreover, we have an inward conviction that Attila is not a recent creation. But white and yellow wash have such wonderful restorative properties, that we find it hard to believe in "Ofen, the gray-haired veteran," as Johai calls it. If his hair was ever gray, he must surely have resorted to dyes to conceal the ravages of age. In another respect, also, Ofen belies its reputation—it has none of the garrulousness of age. Though for one hundred and fifty years in possession of the Turks, and the residence of a pacha, it preserves an obstinate silence on the subject, and not a trace is left to show that a Turk ever set foot on the soil—except one—they left their baths behind them.

In the market-place, before the palace of Count Andrassy, stands a monument, erected by the Austrians to General Hentzi, who was killed in 1849, after having bombarded the helpless city of Pesth for more than a fortnight, injuring many public and private buildings. It may also be considered a monument to the courtesy of the Hungari-

ans, who allow it to stand, though they have no reason to love General Hentzi.

Here, too, Sigmund, the Bohemian, who obtained the crown of Hungary with the hand of the daughter of Louis the Great, had the patriot, Stephen Kout von Hédésvoái, beheaded, with thirty of his companions, without trial or justice.

Bending down over the parapet of the low wall we can look directly into the little Rascian town of Raitzen, with its curious drab little houses and its vineyards, covering all the hills beyond. Hungary has so complex a nationality that it is not surprising that it should be rather difficult to govern. A mixture of Roumanians, Servians, Rascians, Greeks, Armenians, Ruthenians, Poles, Slovachians, Slovenians, Croats and gipsies, many of whom but imperfectly understand the dominant Magyar language, must make a despairing combination for any government.

The gipsies that one sees in Pesth now are generally of the washed and combed order who sing in the hotels. But we saw some strolling bands in the country in all their primitive rags and dirt. The women were splendid-looking creatures, with rich dark chocolate-brown skins, smooth as satin, and long silky-black lashes shading wonderful dark eyes. They carried their babies slung on their backs, and the babies were bewitching, with smooth, firmly-rounded limbs and lovely dark faces. Other women we saw who were only gaunt and skinny and weird as the "Fates," with nothing to recommend them but what might be considered an absolute genius for rags, and a persuasive eloquence in begging that only grew by what it fed on.

Johai tells a story of a gipsy which illustrates the happy freedom from all the ordinary restraints of civilization which characterizes the race. This gipsy was the happy father of a flourishing progeny of twelve children, one of whom a hunter happened to shoot one day, mistaking it for his more lawful prey. To console the unhappy father, the repentant hunter gave him a compensation in money, which he considered approaching adequacy from his own point of view, but which seemed so magnificent to the gipsy father, that he ventured to suggest that if his benefactor should think of hunt-

ing again, he still had eleven children who might be turned to account by a similar advantageous mistake.

The royal palace, which was built by Maria Theresa, is a large, ugly, yellow building, with nothing to recommend it but its situation. Inside, there are long suites of cold, bare-looking rooms, with polished floors and yellow satin furniture, containing absolutely nothing of interest, not a book nor an ornament, and only one picture, and that not a very good one. The one object of interest which the palace does contain, and which we had come with the expectation of seeing, is the celebrated crown of St. Stephen. Making known our desire with an easy air, we were surprised to learn that it was an impossibility, that it is so precious a thing that no mortal eye can look upon it until the next coronation. This crown is deeply revered by every true Magyar, for it represents three sacred things—the king, the nationality and the faith. It was given by the Pope to St. Stephen in the year 1000, for his coronation as the first king of Hungary. His wife, Queen Gisela, with the aid of her maidens, wrought the coronation mantle, which is held almost as sacred as the crown, and may be repaired only by royal hands. St. Stephen was the best and, in fact, almost the only good being of whom Hungary can boast, and his good right hand is religiously preserved in the church which adjoins the royal palace.

As no one whose brows have not been pressed by the sacred crown of St. Stephen is considered king by the Hungarians, there is, no doubt, good reason for this extraordinary care, especially as the crown was once carried off out of the country to the infinite consternation of the whole nation. There are eight guardians of the crown, consisting of counts, minister-presidents, bishops, judges, &c. The crown is locked up in its casket and the eight seals of the guardians are put upon it, the king affixing the last and crowning seal, when it is locked away in its safe and double-locked and is strictly guarded day and night. It cannot be opened even by the guardians themselves until it is required for a new coronation, and even then they must all be present.

At the coronation of the king a mound is raised in the Franz Josef's Platz, in Pesth,

called the *Krönungshügel*, formed of shovel-fuls of earth brought by each delegate from their several districts or *comitats*. The king rides up on this mound after the crown has been placed upon his head, and waves his sword to all quarters of the globe, to signify that he is ready to defend Hungary from her enemies, let them come from whatsoever direction they may.

The view of Pesth, from the garden of the palace, is very fine. Below is the river bristling with its little ferry-boats winding away in the distance, spanned by the beautiful bridge, and farther on, the lovely green Margarethen Insel. Far away beyond Pesth stretches the endless Puszta, the great Hungarian steppe. Here roam the vast herds of broad-horned cattle, the great droves of horses which find pasture in the rich grass-lands of Hunyor and Magyar. The herdsmen whose business it is to care for these flocks and herds, which form so great a part of the wealth of Hungary, are a peculiar and picturesque race. The Csikos, the horse-raiser, wears a long, light drab cloak, gay with bright embroidery, and his weapon is the terrible lasso, with its long lash, knotted at intervals with leaden balls. With this he catches the wild horses from the herd which he wishes to break and tame for domestic use. These horses are the property of some great nobleman, with whom the Csikos takes service, and to whom he devotes his life and strength, for the vast sum of two Austrian gulden a year, with board and lodging, a cask of wine, a pair of linen trousers and a shirt.

The Csikos are of pure Magyar race, like the other Hungarian herdsmen, and are ardent patriots. Forty thousand of them are said to have served in the Hungarian army during the war against Austria, and proved most formidable enemies, from the fearful power of their peculiar weapon. A story is told of a captured Csikos who was brought into the Austrian camp near Komorn, and required by the officers to make an exhibition of his skill with the lasso, upon a straw figure set up for the purpose. Three times the wild son of the Puszta galloped at full speed round the effigy, and, swinging his whip each time, struck with the leaden ball the spot indicated, to the great admiration and applause of his captors. At length,

wearied of making sport for his enemies, he resolved to have a little on his own account, and with a wild cry he flung out the terrible lash straight into the midst of the wondering crowd, and turning his horse he galloped straight for the Danube. Though shots rattled round him like hail, when the soldiers recovered from their amazement, he reached the opposite shore in safety and escaped.

Other denizens of the steppe are the Kanasz, the swineherd, and the Gulyas, the cowherd. From the latter is named the dish which often appears on the bills-of-fare in the hotels of Vienna and Budapest. The meat is cut up in small pieces and stewed, being highly seasoned with *paprika* or Turkish pepper. These men live entirely on the moor, the swineherd bringing the half-wild herds of swine from Servia into Hungary, where they feed on the mast from the Hungarian oaks. He is assisted in his task by a white Hungarian wolf-dog and by his faithful and patient donkey, which, with a great bell on its neck, acts as leader to the herd, and also carries his master's provisions. When the Kanasz wishes to rest he makes a sign to the dogs, who hang on the ears of the ass, so he cannot go on, and this brings the whole herd to a standstill. The weapon of the swineherd is the Fokas, a hatchet with a long handle, which he throws at his victim with great skill, rarely missing a vital spot. Though this weapon is intended to kill the swine in the herd, it was used with great effect on the Austrians during the Revolution.

The cowherd's weapon and costume are similar to those of the swineherd. The latter consists of the usual short linen skirt and expansive trousers, with the addition of a long sheepskin cloak which is his one protection alike against the winter cold and the summer heat. In winter he keeps himself warm by wearing the wool inside, and in the summer he keeps cool by wearing it outside. In addition to this he hangs an iron kettle to his belt, in which he prepares the gulyas, the dish called after him.

These wild and wandering races who people the steppe bring Hungary up nearer to our conception of what a nation ought to be which traces its descent in a direct

line back to the sons of Japhet, and reconcile us somewhat to the disappointment we experience in the flourishing newness of Pesth.

The next time we crossed the bridge to Ofen, which is the garrison town, a regiment from Vienna was expected, and the city was crowded with people and gay with flags, the red, white and green of Hungary. The arms of Hungary consist of three mountain peaks, which represent the chief ranges of the Carpathians, the Matra, the Fatra and the Tatra. From the mountain in the centre rises the double Hungarian cross. The mountains are green, the cross white and the background red, thus forming the Hungarian colors. When a Hungarian experiences a feeling of melancholy, he says: "The double cross and the three mountains in our arms are weighing upon my heart."

We were greatly interested in visiting the National Museum, containing a picture-gallery and a fine collection of Hungarian antiquities. The most interesting portion of the picture-gallery is the room devoted to modern Hungarian pictures, most of them being historical, and some of them of great merit. It is pleasant to see here, as elsewhere in Pesth, the passionate devotion to their country which seems to animate every Hungarian, from the highest to the lowest. The Hungarian artists apparently disdain any subject not taken from their own national life, or which does not serve to portray the noble deeds which illumine the past of Hungary. Many of these pictures were presented to the National Gallery either by the artists themselves or by the ladies of Pesth or Debreczin or Stuhlweissenburg, or, perhaps, by some public-spirited nobleman.

The collection of antiquities is also worth a visit. There are many relics of the old half-barbarous, and, in fact, many also of the wholly barbarous, days of the nation. We were pleased to find some curious silver forks of the sixteenth century, with two prongs, resembling pitchforks, and precisely similar to those provided for us by our host of the "Green Tree," which also had the air of having been handed down for generations.

J. W. DAVIS.

BALZAC AND LITERARY CIRCLES OF HIS TIME.

I.

EVERY curious collector of the memorable sayings of great men has probably enriched his store with Cromwell's request to be painted with all his warts. By the side of that saying let there be placed what, in posing for his bust, Balzac said to the sculptor, David d'Angers: "Be careful of my nose; my nose is a world!" A truly remarkable world this Balzac nose, which David is to hand down so carefully to posterity, having a deep, perpendicular furrow at its root, being square at the end, parted into two lobes, and pierced by very open nostrils, whereto was never seen the like in any mortal nose whatsoever. A still more remarkable nose by reason of being situated between such worlds of eyes—"black diamonds illuminated by rich, golden reflections"—wherein was a life, a light, a magnetism, a sovereignty, a seer-like penetration, a Rabelaisian gaiety never seen in any other. But a most remarkable nose for being placed near such a world of a mind as few noses have enjoyed proximity to, since the original mold of humanity was cast and consecrated: on the confines of which world no man can linger without becoming conscious that *his* world of mind, whether great or little, has received a fresh impulse to orb itself more nearly into perfectness. Therefore, I wish to draw near to it for a moment, before I evoke the general past of which it was a part, confident that, in the end, I shall have no apology to make to any sympathetic souls who may consent to bear me company.

Up to a garret, No. 9 Rue de Lesdiguières, one day of the year 1820, young Honoré, now twenty-one, climbs with his world of a nose—carrying it high up, where never again will it perform any of the odorous functions that have been its wont on the pleasant banks of the Loire. Out of the windows of this garret those incomparable eyes look down upon clothes-lines draped with drying linen, or through disjointed tiles of the roof they catch glimpses of the

Paris sky. Within its yellow walls, with their warped moldings and grotesque paper-hangings, is space enough, however, for Honoré and all his friends—the company consisting of himself, a table, an arm-chair, a bed, and some other guests of less distinction. "Since you decline the career of a notary, stay up in your garret for two years, if you like, and do what you please," says Balzac *père*, wroth now by reason of sore disappointment, but at heart a loving father, we are told; "with a pension scarcely sufficient for your most pressing wants," adds Balzac *mère*, a very superior woman, with a passion for Swedenborg. And this said, the Balzacs, *père* and *mère*, quit Paris and are rolled comfortably back to the luxurious home in the province. Three sous a day for bread, two for milk, three for butcher's meat, three for lodgings, two for laundry purposes (thanks to the wearing of flannel shirts that require less washing), two for pit-coal to warm himself with, *three for oil at night*—eighteen sous in all, leaving two for unforeseen expenses and—luxuries! "I was nourished like a great man—that is, I was dying of hunger," afterward said Balzac *fils*, who furnishes these details with, perhaps, no greater than substantial accuracy.

Honoré takes his seat at his table. He wears for headgear over his long, coarse, thick, curly black hair, that rises up behind like a lion's mane, a kind of Dantesque cap, the mysteries of whose construction are known only to Balzac *mère*, now so engrossed with Swedenborg, at Tours; he covers the upper part of his body with one of Balzac *mère's* old shawls; he wraps his legs up in a coachman's ragged overcoat. Wind may rush in and blow his rags about, snow sift down upon the Dantesque cap, spiders hang their webs from his ceiling, beetles walk around under his bed, high-blown dust settle over his window-panes; still Honoré sits at his table. The good College of Vendôme, the most noted

seat of learning in the central provinces, has long since pronounced him of mediocre ability, dreamy, neglectful, stubbornly insurgent against authority, well versed in nothing but the usages of chastisements, tasks and retentions. Good M. Lepitre, in the Rue Saint Louis, has confirmed the decision. Good MM. Scanger & Beuzelin, in the Rue Thoringy, at Marais, have confirmed it again. Good Balzac *père*, while not quite willing to believe that any son of his could possibly be a fool, is equally far from suspecting that this one is a genius. Good Balzac *mère*, whenever the youthful Honoré's world of mind, now just beginning to move slowly, and to roll hither and thither, and disengage itself from clouds and chaos, has suddenly emitted some ray of beautiful light, with doubting, troubled aspect has called out to him, as perhaps she has been in the habit of calling out to Swedenborg, "Honoré, do you understand what you are saying?" Still, Honoré sits at his table, burning nightly his three sous of oil, a candidate for immortality. Once in two or three days the young Carthusian friar of literature—truly such, having accepted all the conditions of monastic seclusion—descends from his aerial cell to make purchases, begrudging them the number of his steps and hurrying for the satisfying of his wants to the nearest and most meanly supplied of the merchants. Even in fine weather he scarce allows himself a walk on the Boulevard Bourdon, his one recreation being a visit to the Jardin, or to Père-la-Chaise, from whose silent summit those incomparable eyes range over the masses of slates and tiles, beneath which are being born and are dying, are sinning and suffering, are laughing and weeping, all the myriad characters of the "Human Comedy." A single passion induces him to relax the rigor of his scholastic devotions—a passion for studying the life of the faubourg. There he moves unnoticed among the groups of working-people, being as ill-clad as they; excites no attention, being as indifferent to decorum; environs himself with the surroundings of the inhabitants, incarnates himself in their bodies, espouses their characters, their passions, their littleness and their greatness; by the power of *avatar* identifies his very soul

with theirs. One day of the year 1697, the Duke of Marlborough, happening to visit the dockyard of Mynheer Calf, in the village of Saardam, by his own touch of royalty, recognizes in the disguise of a workman, clad in a red woolen shirt and duck trousers, sitting on a rough log of wood and grasping an adze—Peter, Emperor of all the Russias! But in this Parisian faubourg is no Marlborough to penetrate the disguises of this young autocrat, whose superb head; neck athletic, white and round as the base of a column; eyes of flame revolving under arched brows; olive complexion marbled with red spots of the rich, pure Tourangean blood, and whole countenance transfigured with genius—do clearly mark him as a king of thought. So Honoré, having studied his faubourg, goes back unnoticed to his garret. "In this garret I will produce a work that, in a short time, will bring me renown, fortune and the royal prerogatives of a man of genius," says Honoré. But you will do nothing of the sort, Honoré. You will sketch comic operas; you will draw up plans for comedies, dramas, romances; with bowed head and heaving, toiling breast you will try everything, succeed at nothing; and when, one day, you descend with a tragedy, in which there is not a spark of genius, and take it to the old professor at the Polytechnic School for his opinion, you will hear him once more confirm the judgment of all the rest, that literature is not for such as you. Then, at the end of some fifteen months of terrible, Herculean toil, you will quit your garret and go back to Balzac, *père* and *mère*, in the province, "a Parisian skeleton, wan and sallow, almost unrecognizable;" and instead of a short time, some fifteen years must pass—years in which you will not only win no fame by your dozens of novels, but will deserve to win none—before you shall be upborne on the slowly and magnificently incoming tide of glory.

Alone among his contemporaries stands Honoré de Balzac in the picturesque attractiveness of his personality and the rugged experiences of a literary career. Victor Hugo in his fifteenth year had obtained an *accessit* for a poem from the Academy, had won three prizes at Toulouse, and, in his

twenty-fifth, had merited the highest of all earthly praise—the praise of Goethe, then the majestically westering sun of the poetic heavens. Sainte-Beuve had carried off the prize of history at the College of Charlemagne at the age of fifteen, and at eighteen another at Bourbon College in the general competition for Latin verse. Alfred de Musset, lazy, capricious, dear lover of laces and jewels and balls and rhythmical waltzes, was nevertheless in exquisite and successful authorship at the age of nineteen. Lamartine, wealthy, aristocratic, courted, passed the early period of his life in delicious studies, travels and reveries, and then surrendered himself for several serene years to the composition of a work that filled all France with instantaneous transport. George Sand soared daily to the highest heaven of lyrical prose invention and remained poised there on unwearied pinion. Dumas emptied his mind of its treasures as easily, as copiously, as irresistibly, as do theirs the clouds of spring. Théophile Gautier was left free to follow the bent of his genius, now toward literature, now toward art, from the age of five, and was in authorship of perfect form before he was twenty. Thiers was crowned by the Academy at Aix

for a eulogy of Vauvenargues at the age of twenty-three, and Guizot was honored with the chair of history in the Faculty of Letters at the age of eighteen. But Balzac, thrown rudely and violently back from the impetuous aspirations of childhood by the stupidity of teachers; then seriously crossed in his maturing purposes by the unsympathetic and discordant plans of parents; then struggling with poverty, debt, and all the pangs of unsuccessful authorship; at all times called upon to bridge the chasm between his ideal sense of literary form and his first attainable methods of expression—Balzac, issuing from all difficulties resolute and triumphant, “slaying hydras by laughing, tearing lions in pieces by merriment;” Balzac, attaining at last a position unapproached and unapproachable, and nearer to the dominant spirit of contemporary literature now than any writer of his time, will, when his life is better known, stand before the minds, first, of all men of letters, then of all men who struggle and aspire, as an ever-inspiring embodiment of what himself has styled *la patience angélique du génie*. But for the present we leave him in his garret, knowing that later we shall find him in the best of company.

II.

The year 1820 introduced a decade that measured an exceptionally brilliant epoch in the history of French literature; a decade that witnessed the inauguration of the Romantic movement and its assured triumph in the enthusiastic representation of “Hernani;” a decade that itself introduced a display of talent and energy in the spheres of literature and art which made the opening years of Louis Philippe’s reign among the most memorable in the annals of France. The generation of this period had not been born to traditions of peace. In its distant background lay the great Revolution. Voltaire, once arbiter of public opinion in Europe, the Luther and the Calvin of France, as he boasted, had laid his weary old bones in the grave some half a century before, but, as his epitaph declared, his spirit was everywhere. Rousseau, having made his *Confessions* to one world, had been called some twenty-five years before to make them to

another; but his turbulent, mighty soul was as all-persuasive as the air of heaven. Saint Pierre, the successor of his mission in the love and description of the beauty of nature, had closed his peaceful career only six years before. Mme. de Staël, daughter more illustrious than her illustrious father, early brought under the influence of Rousseau’s social and political ideas, had laid down her brilliant pen only three years. She had attracted the attention of France to Germany—no longer worthy of mention simply for containing the Hercynian Forest. Chateaubriand, the real father of the Romantic movement, but lacking the wings of poetry, had enlarged the scope of the national vision by opening up vistas of the New World. Byron had thrown a wondrous charm over the countries and the life of the Orient. Scott had drawn all eyes with sudden fascination toward England. Everywhere were existent the conditions favora-

ble to organic dissolution; everywhere was rife the principle of a revolution in literature, which, designed at first to extend only to the sphere of *belles-lettres*, was in effect destined to work changes in every department of composition. It was during the course of this revolution that the spirit of literary *camaraderie*, which is so natural to the Gallic genius, found expression in

several forms, interesting as directly promoting the progress of the new literary school, or as richly expressive of personal eccentricities, and these, together with two famous *salons* of the time, shall constitute a series of historic pictures, upon which all lovers of literary heroes, whether living or dead, are invited to bend their worshipping eyes.

III.

Victor Hugo, though timid and retiring, early began to exhibit that faith in his literary messiahship which has suffered no diminution of strength in his later years, and by his proclamation of the principles of the new school in the prefaces to his works, as well as by the works themselves, at once drew about himself a circle of ardent, sympathetic spirits who saluted him as master. To this circle was given the name of *Cénacle*. At first it consisted of a few friends who met to pass the evenings with the father of Emile and Antony Deschamps. After the marriage of the poet, in his twentieth year, and his removal to the little dwelling, No. 42 Notre Dame des Champs, they followed him thither, and others came, the leading spirits being Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Méry, and Sainte-Beuve. And, still later in the decade, as the contest between the new school and the old grew fiercer and fiercer, many more swelled the number of the devoted band, among them Jules Sandeau, Théophile Karr, Alfred de Musset, Arsène Houssaye, Prosper Mérimée, and Louis Boulanger. Among themselves they agreed that a fresh departure in poetry was necessary—a revolt from the triviality and the insipidity to which it had been brought by classicism; but, like all good revolutionists, they became also the ultra-champions of novelty, and showed consideration to none but the members of the consecrated brotherhood. Each member was supposed to have masterpieces in preparation, and, of French genius, on the whole, the *Cénacle* to have a monopoly. Upon first acquaintance they enthusiastically penned each other verses, and copied each other's manner, and the intimacy growing, they called each other by their Christian names. Good fellowship, liberty, equality, and other magnets drew

the atoms of the *Cénacle* so violently together, that the august head was even forced to issue a proclamation that Madame Hugo should not be addressed as "Adèle!" Painful enough this to Sainte-Beuve, who conceived such admiration of the youthful bride as thereby to be inveigled into undue praise, as he afterward confessed, of Monsieur Victor's verses. At the meetings of the *Cénacle* the poems that had been written were read, applauded, criticised. The conversation would then be turned upon the Middle Ages, which were appreciated in their architecture, chronicles, and picturesque vividness. This could well be done. Among the members were poets, who could handle the brush; artists, who could use the pen; and Hugo, in form and coloring, was a match for all. In such a circle the Laocoön of Lessing might have been taken up and discussed at every point of its development with an appreciation that it has been given to no other to equal. At sunset they rambled over the hills and the valleys around Paris, or went to look at the old city from the towers of Notre Dame. While upon these strolls they sometimes met along the heaps of hawthorn and alder the rival *Cénacle* of Thiers, the headquarters of which were at the inn of Mère Saget, whom Béranger has celebrated under the title of "Gregoire." "Hugo and his clique would press the hands of Thiers and his band," writes Eugene de Mirecourt, "and for a moment there would be a fusion of the two *Cénacles*, while poetry and politics met as sisters."

A marvelous sight to northern eyes these peripatetic groups of French gentlemen, poets, painters, sculptors and politicians, walking about under the open sky of the nineteenth century, with the simplicity that an

old-time Greek might have beheld with wonder. Imagine the possibility of the like happening in London or in Berlin or in Boston. The world may well look upon the high and serene intercourse of Schiller and Goethe as a rare and beautiful phenomenon, and the tender, soulful communion of Carlyle and Emerson may worthily take rank beside it. For aloofness, seclusion, self-ensphered completeness are the states most natural to the irritable, jealous and dissocial genius of English, German and American. But pass through history and you find no lonely Frenchmen. The natural Voltaire is not Voltaire hidden away here and there under ninety-five pseudonyms, but Voltaire, mounted in a carriage, bespangled with golden stars, and drawing after him a train that extended itself over whole districts of Paris. The natural Paul Louis Courier is Paul Louis urging his candidature for the vacant seat in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, not Paul Louis signing himself "The Vine-dresser," when the Thersites of French pamphleteers goes into retirement near Luynes. Out of the love of intellectual sodality comes the French Academy—its highest attainable expression.

There have survived to us a few scattered memorials of evenings passed in the *Cénacle*—French *Noctes Ambrosianæ*! One evening it was convened for an especial occasion. "The blonde poet" of the circle, having for some time played the part of auditor, announced that he had given birth to a work of genius, and the august body sat to hear. Alfred de Musset was of almost seraphic beauty. It was so remarkable at the age of three that a Flemish painter, Van

Bri  , asked permission to paint his portrait. With his curling blonde hair, blue eyes, "the May" forever on his cheeks, and exquisite refinement of manner, he suggested the perfect type of the graceful page of the old time courts. Of all these charms Alfred was himself duly appreciative; and when not writing verses he was apt to be dressing. None but the first tailors of Paris enjoyed the distinction of approaching his person. On this august occasion he made his appearance before the *C  nacle* dressed in the extreme of fashion, with dandy frills and a d'Orsay hat, and, of course, "Don Pa  z," the poem of the evening, was received with frantic applause. The *C  nacle* about this time began to invoke a variety of muses. And having fertilized each other's minds with new views of literature and art, or by the reading of original masterpieces, the members convened in different *salons*, spent the nights in dancing; for, of course, there could be no lack of young girls anxious to dance with young men so idyllic. Alas! that even such a company of Frenchmen could not have dwelt together in perpetual amity, and with golden wands have struck the full chord of the ideal forever! Alfred de Musset soon disavowed the principles of the *C  nacle*; Sainte-Beuve, having come to admire Madame Hugo less, revoked certain encomiastic decisions regarding Monsieur Victor's verses and thus offended him, now became unassailable; various other grounds of alienation were, in the course of time, furnished and made the most of; and the *C  nacle*, having fortunately held well together until the enthusiastic representation of "Hernani" in 1830, was after that event divided into dissentient portions.

IV.

Soon after this culminating fact in the ascending fortunes of the Romantic School, we are introduced to *Le Petit C  nacle*, composed of young men whose reputations were, for the most part, still a dream of the future. The *r  unions* of the *Little C  nacle* usually consisted of G  rard de Nerval, Jean du Seigneur, Augustus Mackeat, Philoth  e O'Neddy, Napol  on Tour, C  lestin Nanteuil, Petrus Borel, Th  ophile Gautier and several others. It is difficult for later gener-

ations to picture to themselves the enthusiasm, the gallantry and the devotion with which these young recruits in the army of the Romantics gathered about Hugo, to battle for the ideal, for poesy, for the liberty of art. The air was intoxicated with lyricism. They expected somehow to be wafted into a radiant future, which was to witness the true rejuvenescence of the world and to bring back again the inspiration for creating masterpieces. Among them prevailed

sentiments the most tender and exalted. Some were poets, some painters, some sculptors; here was an engraver, there was a student in architecture; and out of the constant and profitable interchange of ideas due to this commingling of sister arts a crowd of objects, images, and comparisons passed over to the permanent enrichment of imaginative literature. When they met in the little drawing-room at Victor Hugo's, a crowning object of their veneration was a copy of "Cromwell" lying on the modest *étagère*. This work, it will be remembered, was the signal of an implacable warfare between the parties of the future and the past. To the neophytes it was like the law of the Sinaitic Covenant; they knew the master's verses as the Apostles may have known the Sermon on the Mount. For one of them to begin and recite "Hernani" from beginning to end without a lapse of memory was a *tour de force* that aroused not the faintest note of admiration. They could take the various *rôles* of the play and go through them without the services of a prompter. Naturally such followers of such a leader went astray. The master was not impeccable, and the freaks of his genius were often the most unexpected and strange; so that they, too, lapsed into grievous aberrations, sometimes even setting at defiance all taste, precedent, and authority.

Nothing strikes me as more touching and beautiful than the meeting between Victor

Hugo and Théophile Gautier, which occurred not long after the representation of "Hernani." The young poet had dreamed of this meeting during long evenings, and had prepared lyrical apostrophes with which to accost the master upon the occasion of his introduction. But an invincible timidity had repeatedly caused him to evade the invitations of his friends to go and consummate his hopes. At length one day he set out for the shrine of the god. Slowly he climbed the steps of the god's temple—very slowly, for his feet seemed shod with lead. He choked, breath failed him, cold perspiration bathed his temples; and at the moment of putting his hand upon the bell, suddenly overcome with terror, he turned and fled, going down the steps four at a time, and followed by his companions, who rent the air with peals of laughter. Begging for a few minutes in which to recover, he sank upon a seat, for his legs refused to support him, when at this moment the door opened, and lo! the god descending the steps for a walk. More overcome than Esther before Ahasuerus or than Heine before Goethe, Théophile was dumb and ready to faint away. But Victor Hugo, raising him in a manner the most gracious and friendly, and postponing his walk, returned with him into the house, all lyrical apostrophes having meanwhile gone soaring away toward the heavens like kites of which he had forgotten to hold the strings.

V.

How can one mention Théophile Gautier without mentioning the costume in which, as leader of the Hugonic clique, he had electrified the theatre when "Hernani" was first represented? Many years afterward, the poet, writing with a strain of gentle humor blent with tender soberness, declared that the idea of himself which he should leave to the universe was that of "*le jeune homme au gilet rouge et aux longs cheveux!*" His poems, his books, his travels, would all be forgotten, but the legend of the red waistcoat and the long hair would remain forever. During his lifetime all the waistcoats of all the delicate hues that fancy could suggest had been ineffectual in washing out the

stain of that little sin; and his hair, cut no matter how short, always remained long! And now that I have been led to revive this against him here, may I not pause for a general comment upon a few of the eccentricities and extravagancies of the same or of kindred nature, which form so interesting a feature of the times?

Balzac used to wear, in the form of a dressing-gown, a frock of white cashmere or flannel, confined at the waist by a cord. It always remained marvelously white, even the sleeves being perfectly intact and unsullied by the least stain of ink. Calling attention to its immaculateness, Balzac would say: "The author should be neat

when at his work." What a comment this for the regulation *demi-toilette* of authorship! Rather early in life, Balzac did not escape a touch of dandyism; and he was wont to make his appearance in *salons* wearing a blue coat with buttons of solid gold, and carrying a monstrous cane surmounted by tourquoises. Mme. de Girardin even wrote a romance entitled "M. Balzac's Cane." These costumes belong to his period of autorial prosperity, and displaced the Dantesque cap and the maternal shawl in which he signalized himself by literary failures. When Théophile Gautier returned from his African travels, he came in an Arabic costume, coifed with a fez and wearing a burnous. He made his entrance into Paris on the top of the Chalons diligence with a young lioness between his knees—leonine himself, with his tawny, sunburnt complexion, flashing eyes and opulent strength. The majestic poet, when visiting, was borne about the city in an elegant *coupe*, the body of which almost grazed the pavement and to which were harnessed two minute ponies. All this did not fail to create a sensation, and it unhappily so strengthened the recollections of the red waistcoat and the long hair, that *Messieurs* the august Forty, remembered it against "Théo." when he persistently sought entrance into the Academy. George Sand was to be seen in the streets, upon the promenades and the boulevards, wearing a little overcoat fastened at the waist, over which her beautiful

curling black hair fell to the shoulders, twirling a cane and smoking a manilla with masculine suavity. Lamartine, when he set out on his travels to the Orient, went not as a quiet palmer, but in royal luxury, freighting a ship at his own expense, and bearing to the emirs presents of a value to dazzle the dreams of avarice. On his arrival, he traveled with caravans of horses that he had bought, he purchased the houses in which he lodged, he pitched in the desert tents of Oriental magnificence. Dumas, with the view of realizing some of his gorgeous conceptions and dazzling his countrymen, built a vast theatre for the production of his own works and a castle at St. Germain splendid enough to have been a model palace in a fairy tale. The Girardins dwelt in a house built upon the plan of the Erectheum of Athens. Hugo himself was the first to restore a taste for historic furniture, and of his connoisseurship in art nothing need here be said. Balzac—to whom we may always return to find the excessive and transcendent—bought house after house, each grander than the last, and entertained like a prince. Not very long before his death, while declaring that he was among the poorest, he one day amazed his friends by admitting them, with all the customary mysteries, into a dwelling marvelous to the eyes with its silk and old oak and ebony and tortoise-shell and breccia and porcelain and damask and gold.

VI.

Under the cloudy, low-hanging sky of Brittany, at a lonely place, La Chénaie, in the winter of 1832, was collected a strange and picturesque company. It was another outgrowth of the spirit of the time—the spirit of agitation, revolt and enthusiasm for liberty that was possessing France like an inspiration. A most wonderful illustration of this spirit, in truth, since it shows us genius of a high order, transported by dreams of intellectual freedom, recording its petition against the immutability of the Holy See. The centre of this circle is Félicité de Lamennais, the most interesting figure in the religious literature of France in the century; Lamennais, poet-priest, ori-

ginator of that intense, mystical, broken, apocalyptic style in which he has pupils even so illustrious as Michelet and Hugo; Lamennais, the most distinguished ecclesiastic of his time, whose essay, "Sur l'Indifférence," so moves the whole Catholic world and so pleases His Holiness, that he hangs the author's portrait in his own private gallery of saints and martyrs; Lamennais, soul of that intensity of conviction, heart of that fiery, untamable youthfulness, speech of that persuasive eloquence, will of that constant aggressiveness, imagination of that transfiguring potency, which, when united, form a hero who moves through the world surrounded by a throng of neophytes and

adorers. But Lamennais, now fallen into disfavor at Rome, falling back from the forefront of Catholic orthodoxy, becoming a reactionist, had retired to La Chênaie with a following of youthful disciples: a great sun wandering from its orbit and destined to bring in its wake fear, disorder and gloom. By him sits Lacordaire, better fitted to guide, being less ardent and ill-balanced, less personally vain, of greater sobriety and candor of genius; by him sits Montalembert, born to be in constitutional opposition, being no lover of victorious causes; immortal characters both, and making with Lamennais that picturesque trio of pilgrims, who one day in the nineteenth century set out for Rome, and very simply and ingenuously knocking at the Pope's door—knocking at the portals of Mother Church, so that the echoes go back through all the centuries to St. Peter in the grave—ask for liberty of conscience for the Church and the world! Many others are there, lay and clerical, some as hero-worshippers, some as pupils in ecclesiasticism, some as aspirants for the spiritual peace that the great man is thought divine enough to impart. A strange company, though no *Cénacle*, where Alfred de Musset whirls his partner in the waltz with such juvenile ardor that Sainte-Beuve, ever rising to respond to poetic occasions, composes verses on the flying twain; yet not wholly unconnected with the Romantic movement, since Victor Hugo is in full sympathy with Lamennais, looking to Rome as the divine source whence is to proceed the re-birth of the world, and since even here poesy is secretly worshiped by a little company within the grave and earnest large

one. The circle is formed around Lamennais one evening and the master speaks as follows: "Do you know what it is that makes man the most suffering of all creatures? It is that he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that he is torn asunder, not by four horses, as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds." This is the style of the conversation and the teaching at La Chênaie, but it is not destined to be long kept up. By and by Sainte-Beuve, who himself had once sat at Lamennais's feet, will be found tracing, with his polyhistoric pen, the following words: "Lamennais has upset the coach in the ditch; then he has planted us there, after taking good care to blow out the lamp before he took to his heels."

One figure I detach from the company at La Chênaie—a shy, silent spirit and noble intelligence, attracted thither from beneath the sky of Languedoc, "so bountiful of light, so blue, so largely vaulted;" not understood and little appreciated by Lamennais, but destined, no doubt, to outlive by many centuries the eloquent priest, though dying at the age of twenty-nine, and having thrown upon the air but the opening strains of the rich, poetic melodies in his soul; little in sympathy with the Romantic School just now, but by and by to be found in friendly communion with its leaders in the *salons* of Paris, where his eloquence is surpassed by that of none; finally, adding to that sacred list of names which the world calls over with a sense of inconsolable bereavement, another name of those too early dead—Maurice de Guérin.

VII.

It required the mind of Balzac to take up the idea of the *Cénacle*, to idealize it, to make it at once theoretically perfect and practically absurd. One of the most extraordinary traits of this eccentric spirit was the intense reality with which it wrought in fiction and the incredible unreality with which it dealt with fact. Hence one need feel no surprise to see Balzac attempting to raise literary *camaraderie* to an infinite power. His *Cénacle* was, of course, a secret society, it being a characteristic of his su-

perabundant vitality and joviality to envelop himself, his whereabouts, access to his room, his travels, in the charm of mystery. The first meeting of the acolytes was appointed by him at a restaurant upon the Quay Entrepôt, at the end of the Tournelle Bridge. The sign of this was a quadruped; and Balzac, who might often be seen walking slowly along the streets, with his nose in the air, searching on the signs for names wherewith to baptize his characters, thus conceived the idea of naming his associa-

tion the *Cheval Rouge*. The members were referred to as "horses;" the place of meeting—which was never to be the same, to avoid suspicion—was called a "stable." The "horses" were notified when and where to come to the "stable" by a billet delivered by a trusty person—the mysterious card of invitation being stamped with the figure of a red horse. The aims of the *Cheval Rouge* were set forth at the first meeting by Balzac in a speech of intoxicating, resistless eloquence—the "horses" were to lend each other aid on all occasions, and to labor with all their might for the fortune or the success of the particular "horse" requiring succor. Of this succor there was to be adequate future return. If one of the "horses" had just put forth a book or enacted a drama, all the other "horses" were to signalize, extol and glorify him in articles, notices and conversations. On the contrary, if any "horse" showed hostility to any other, he was to be kicked by the whole stable. The results of such an organization were obvious. They would take possession of the journals, invade the theatres, provide themselves with decorations, seat themselves in the chairs of the Academy, become the peers of any in France.

All this was perfectly clear to the mind of Balzac; he was already in actual, demonstrable possession of it, just as he was of the four magnificent Arabian horses that were never bought; just as he was of the four hundred thousand francs accruing from the fruit of the ananas trees that were never planted; just as he was of the masses of gold, diamonds and carbuncles buried by Toussaint L'Ouverture that were never found; just as he was of the thirty productions, catalogued by him among his works, that were never written. Alas! that the history of the *Cheval Rouge* should be told so easily on a page—that order of literary knighthood in which the souls of all the members existed as one—where self-sacrifice was to be exactly equaled by self-aggrandizement, and the most exalted philanthropy was made to harmonize with ideal selfishness. After a few meetings "most of the 'horses' lacked money to pay for their oats in the symbolic manger," writes Théophile Gautier, who was one of them. "Each now replunged alone into the *melée* of life, fighting his way with his own arms: and this it is that explains why Balzac was not a member of the Academy, and died a simple Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

VIII.

But how can one revive recollections of poetic, political and religious circles drawn during these times around men of genius, without speaking of some of the famous *salons*, the first law of which is that the presiding spirit shall be woman? Monarchical, not republican France, supplied the natal and vital atmosphere for the *salon*. Its empire began with the Hôtel de Rambouillet in the first half of the seventeenth century, there being before that time no society apart from the court, no receptions for distinguished *littérateurs*, no social *réunions*; and it passed away with the empire of women. Much complaint might be heard during the period of which we write of tediousness, puerility, frivolity—might be heard, says a distinguished woman of the time, while one sat in a *salon*, between such men as Lamartine and Victor Hugo. But the judgments of contemporaries are

notoriously unrighteous. This was a generation that saw in Paris the only *salon* of pronounced theological tone in Europe—that of Madame Switchine, whose soul was as white as the Russian snows amid which she was born; a *salon* where conversation was maintained on a level that might have taxed the soul of St. Augustine; a *salon* where the hostess ruled her guests, the most distinguished personages of the age, with the spiritual authority of the Pope; and having dismissed them at the hour of twelve, performed her devotions at a private altar and then retired to write in a style worthy of the "Imitation." Such a *salon*, which Sainte-Beuve, pagan that he was, said was no *salon*, but a religious circle, a *succursal* of the church, a vestibule of Paradise—such a *salon* Paris might, on the whole, little appreciate and speedily forget. But two other *salons* there were,

famous, closely connected with the Romantic movement, and exercising a profound influence upon the first intellects of the

age. With the mistress of the one, Time has not dealt most kindly, but for the Julian star of the other there is no eclipse.

IX.

Has the world so soon forgotten Delphine Gay, the first wife of Girardin, whose loveliness, when for the first time beheld by Lamartine as she stood near the falls of Velino, transported him with a rapture that might have been Plato's in realizing his dream of ideal beauty; whose appearance at the theatre, on the evening of the first representation of "Hernani," was greeted by a triple salvo of cheers from a group of poets, painters and sculptors; whose wonderful gifts of recitation charmed all hearts in the literary and artistic circles of the Restoration; whose brilliant contributions to *La Presse*, the leading Parisian journal of the time, became the models for innumerable imitations; whose poems received the praise of the finest critical spirit of the century; whose dramas the inspired Rachel felt herself honored to interpret; whose glory made the circuit of the globe, and whose death was followed by a universal outburst of homage and regret? A true French woman was Madame de Girardin; a true Parisian *salon* was the one over which she presided. She had beauty, wit, vivacity, irony, poetic passion, womanly goodness and tenderness, sincerity of enthusiasms, eloquence. She was even a Christian! She fascinated, she dazzled, she frightened, she moved to laughter, she moved to tears. For a race that thinks in order that it may talk, and by talking is assisted in its thinking; for a race whose high-water mark of happiness is found in the intoxication of mind that follows unexpected and brilliant sallies, she possessed a supreme attraction—the power of drawing out the wit of her guests and of finally sending them home in secret raptures and amazement at their own exploits. It was she who so often could attract to her *salon* Balzac, so avaricious of his time; it was she who drew exclamations of wonder

from George Sand; it was she who held Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, and Dumas fascinated until the hour of two or of three in the morning, sending them away in moonlight or in rain; it was she who, though dissenting from the ambition of Lamartine to become President of the Republic, still burned incense to him in her liberal *salon* and indulged him in burning it to himself; it was she who, even after the appearance of her fatal malady—cancer of the stomach—had transports of inspiration which Méry has described as given to none to rival.

If Mme. de Girardin be not long remembered for her writings, for her reputation in France of being the most intellectual woman of the nineteenth century, for her exalted womanhood, for her presiding over a *salon* that was the favorite resort of the most celebrated men and women of the time, or for the distinguished personages whom she numbered among her correspondents and friends, she must be remembered for the incalculable influence that she exerted over the leading spirits of the Romantic School, in the warmth, color and intoxication of whose atmosphere her own rich genius had been nourished into maturity. We cannot look closely at this influence whether exerted during her lifetime, or surviving in the verses of Hugo and the tears of Théophile Gautier after her death, without being tempted to compare her to the fabled fountain, that would extinguish a lighted torch, when held near it, but would lend a flame of its own to one that had not been kindled. Mme. de Girardin quenched all torches, only to enrich them with the more heavenly radiance of her own brilliant, ardent spirit. And who can say how much that now delights us in the writings of others who are immortal is an emanation from her who has been so soon forgotten!

X.

George Sand was little fitted to become a queen of the *salon*. She lacked beauty, she lacked the Frenchman's adoration of *toilettes*, she lacked brilliant conversational powers, she lacked the ambition to sway and to shine, she lacked Gallic ease in the presence of strangers, she lacked demonstrativeness that expends itself in delicate personal consideration, so dear to the self-loving and kindly French nature. Devoid of beauty she could not have been, since Heine, who was not one of her greatest admirers, compared her head to the Venus of Milo's, saying: "It bears the stamp of ideality and recalls the noblest remaining examples of Greek art." But her figure was too short, and then there were the—pantaloon and the—cigarettes!

When Madame Dudevant first came to Paris she did not establish a *salon*, but went to live in very modest fifth-story lodgings on the Quay St. Michel. Her first society was a little group of contributors to *Figaro*. These she treated as comrades, shared their studies, adopted their recreations and modes of life, ate with them at cheap restaurants, with them visited clubs, studios, and theatres of all grades. Strange comrades they must have been, if they did not find something pungent in the idea of good-fellowship with the wife of a baron and mother of two children, dressed in such guise as to enable her to pass as "a collegian of sixteen." But the world ought to forgive George Sand's pantaloons. She was first led to assume boys' clothes for the better prosecution of outdoor sports, when in unmothered girlhood she fled from a lonely house for rambles over a country of bad roads, flooded lanes, miry fields, and marshy heaths. She next took refuge in masculine garb, when on coming to Paris poor, unprotected, a stranger to the world of art and letters that she aspired to enter, she found the dress of her sex not only a heavy expense, but a fatal hindrance to her going alone and unmolested at all hours to theatres, restaurants, boulevards and reading-rooms, whence she had to draw, and to draw quickly, her cosmopolitan education. At first it was the means by which she reached

Nature; next it was the means by which she reached Art; finally, it gave completeness to her position as a thorough-going revolutionist, and a renunciation of it would have implied a blush at what had become recognized as a part of her characteristic personality.

Her early literary successes soon drew around her a curious, an interested, an admiring group. A genuine Frenchman has put it upon record that never was there a circle so lively, or one that cared so little for the rest of the world. And well might that be true. This remarkable woman had in her veins the blood of the old war hornet, Marshal Saxe; she had been raised by a grandmother who was a disciple of Rousseau; she had found in domestic unhappiness provocation for revolt from the wretched position of her sex in the social system of France; she had been caught in the wide-flowing current of a literary revolution; she was passing successively under the influence of Lamennais, with his doctrines of anti-Catholic and humanitarian Christianity; of Michel, the propagandist of radicalism; of Pierre Leroux, communist and iconoclast; of Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, the most untamable and catholic spirits of the Romantic School. Naturally enough in her *salon* no *veto* shook its finger; no *ne plus ultra* bounded the wide range of ideas; no *credo* unexpectedly made the sign of the cross—they call her "George," they smoke cigarettes, there is sketching, there is dancing. They assume disguises, they meet in little committees and devise all manner of entertainments. One day an æsthetic dinner is given, and Alfred de Musset takes the part of a servant-girl freshly arrived from Normandy, shaves off his mustache, dons the short petticoats, the ribbed stockings, and hangs around his neck the *Normande's* cross. At dinner how awkward the new servant! Things are dropped, plates put on the table wrong side up, knives brought instead of forks, and, finally, the water is emptied out of a decanter upon the head of a guest. Then Alfred, taking his seat in the peasant-woman's costume, has his dinner with the rest.

Then comes a period of change. Innocent freedom and mad folly disappear. More novels are written, more glory comes; the famous woman's peculiar name, peculiar costume, peculiar history, peculiar literary ethics, transcendent genius, bring many, many more to seek her acquaintance. Above all things there is in her *salon* the breath of mysteries—some of the guests may be lovers! Her exquisite hands and feet, her beautiful curling hair, her dark eyes, fine and expressive, her soft muffled voice and manner of frank sincerity and simplicity suggest the charm that closer intimacy may render fatal. Better not to love this woman at all; if you must love, better to love in silence; otherwise, for your much speaking, you will get yourself represented as a hero in one of her romances; for the mistress gives the history of her affections in her books. And a remarkable history it is, for she is from first to last loved by a remarkable group of men. First, there is young Jules Sandeau, in whom, fine fellow! love, being hopeless, dies in giving birth to friendship. Then come Neraud. And who is Neraud? At first Neraud is a little copper-colored man who undertakes to give her lessons in botany and entomology, having a wife, two children and *two* passions, science and politics; by and by Neraud is a little copper-colored man with a wife, two children and *one* passion—Madame Dudevant—having himself taken lessons in love. Discovered in this character, the little copper-colored man, forsaking his exogens and

lepidoptera, and remembering only Petrarch and Laura, goes off to the rocks of Vaucluse to die. "He will not die," says Madame Dudevant, "as long as there are flowers and insects." And this seems to furnish us the key-note to her feeling toward every man that loved her. Anon, it came Alfred de Musset's turn—Alfred de Musset, the adored of women—but had he not his verses? and then it came Frédéric Chopin's turn—Frédéric Chopin, the idol of Paris—but had he not his piano? If love ever bandaged the eyes of George Sand, he untied the silken meshes so softly, that she failed to recognize that she had ever been blinded.

Immortal names lie thick about the name of George Sand. While she occupied a suite of rooms in the Hôtel de France, where also her friend, the Comtesse d'Agout, resided, she there met all the artistic celebrities of the times. What meetings must those have been, where were assembled Hiller, Liszt, David Stern, Eugène Delacroix, George Sand, the Polish poet, Mickiewicz, Meyerbeer, Heine, and Frédéric Chopin! It is in such company that I like to think of her, or at Nohant with a few great souls. I like better the evenings when the piano is brought out under the trees, and Liszt and Chopin alternately pour divine harmonies into the ear of Night, than the earlier evenings when she receives artists as brothers, smokes cigarettes with them, insists upon being called "George," and gets herself called by Heine not a blue-stocking, but a red-stocking.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

NANCE.

"WELL, Nance, it's done!" A weary-faced woman, who was rapidly shaping dough into loaves upon a rickety table, and hustling them into a broken, rusty oven, stopped her work and looked at her husband rapturously.

"A new mill! And now, Hudson, I don't see nothin' to hinder ye from gettin' long right smart. I'll help ye."

Hudson Norris's coarse, impassive face showed no thrill of pleasure in the faithful words of the eager woman.

"It's been a long job," he said; "I've

thought, here'n there, we wa'n't never a-goin' to get it done; but the last nail's driv', an' I've got trade enough to keep things a-goin' pretty lively for one while. There's ten new hands a-comin' next week, Nance. You'll have to step 'round pretty smart."

"Yes, yes, I know," rejoined Nance, as she looked at the two-months' baby, just then stirring in its rude cradle, and at the two ragged little urchins that were playing just outside the door of the canvas cabin; "I know there'll be work, but I'm pretty

strong now. If you're a-gettin' on, Hudson, that's the main thing."

"Yes, that's the main thing," echoed the man, absently, drawing hard at the pipe which he had been filling as she talked.

"The trouble is," pursued the woman, more to herself than to her phlegmatic spouse, "the trouble is, the baby's sorter ailin'. I can't bear to hear him a-cryin', an' I *can't* stop to see to him!"

The last loaf was in the oven now, and the tired woman, not stopping to cleanse her hands, nor even to brush the flour from her poor apron—for Nance had had little training in neatness—sat down and took the scrawny baby in her arms. It had begun to cry—a weak, pitiful little wail, that struck heart-breakingly upon Nance's mother-ear.

"Good Lord! can't you make the brat shut up?" exclaimed the father, harshly, after the little wail had continued for several minutes.

Nance looked up appealingly, but she did not speak, and her husband rose and strode heavily to the door.

The afternoon was just beginning to wane, and the scene without was very fair, the clear California air seeming to enhalo everything, and to bring distant objects near. The Sierras, miles and miles away, rose, notched and snow-crowned, against the deep-blue autumn sky. Here and there upon their white background curled the smoke of a settler's cabin. Groves of fragrant evergreens dotted the slopes near-by.

A brawling mountain stream sparkled in the October sunlight within a few rods of the canvas cabin, and, beside its well-built dam, stood the mill upon which Hudson Norris was founding ambitions for the future, of which his care-burdened, untaught wife did not dream. As he stood there looking out, the grandeur of the distant mountains with the shadows of the flitting clouds upon them, the glory of the sunlit spaces, the inspiration of the rushing river—these were lost upon his sordid soul. He saw but the unpainted timbers of the new mill, around which a few laborers were still lingering, picking up their tools, and admiring the finished work. In the impatience of his thought the wheel was revolving, a score of men were moving at his

bidding about it, and money, friends, reputation were flowing in upon him.

The woman, who had risen in her efforts to quiet the baby, came up beside him and looked out. The splendor of the shining snow in the distance caught her weary eye.

"Oh, Hudson!" she said, moving from side to side to quiet the little one, as she pointed her worn finger toward the hills, "look there!"

"Good Lord! there's enough to see without lookin' off to the ends of the earth," returned the man, roughly. "If I look at my mill, an' calculate on *that*, it'll be all I can do. A mess *you'd* make o' things if they was left to *you*!"

"I know it," said the woman, meekly. "I ain't got a head for business like you, Hudson—there, there, baby—there, there!" And without saying a word to defend herself, Nance turned within, laid the moaning child in its cradle, and attended to the bread in the rusty oven.

Two days later there was a funeral in the little cabin, and out in the little garden-patch a grave was hollowed for the baby. Nance's heart ached as though it would burst her patient breast, as Mr. Reynolds, the miner-preacher, who presided over the little flock in the vicinity of Hudson's mill, spoke a last prayer over the tiny pine coffin, and when she went to bed she wept, and wept, far into the night. Hudson had bidden her "go to sleep," rather gently at first, for the death of the child had touched him; but as the hours wore on, and her grief—so unreasonable to him—continued, he had grown rougher.

"D—ye!" he growled, unable to sleep, though her tears were noiseless and she lay very quietly, "ain't ye got no sense at all? Ten new men a-comin' next week, an' that howlin' little critter out o' the way. You oughter thank the Lord, 'stead o' carryin' on like this."

Poor Nance! It was hard not to be allowed even the privilege of mourning for her dead!

But the ten new men came; and in caring for them, and for the ten whom Hudson had previously employed in the rude old structure, which had just been replaced by the more ambitious new mill, Nance had, indeed, little time to regret her loss. All

day, and day after day, her patient feet trod back and forth in the narrow cabin, preparing her boarders' food, making their primitive beds and caring for her thin, unhealthy children. She had never been to school at all. Hudson could read and write, accomplishments which only increased the profound respect in which Nance held him; but he had not used to care that she was so illiterate. Now, however, as the dreams which he had dreamed when he enlarged his mill began to come true, he began to think more of Nance's deficiencies, and to regard her with even more of contempt than he had always had for her since the hallucinations of courtship had vanished.

One day, two or three years after he had finished his mill, he came in with a piece of paper folded in his hand.

"Want to hear some news, Nance?" he said.

"Some news?" inquired Nance, with languid interest. Another child had come and faded away since the mill had been finished, and Nance's face had grown slower to lighten than it had used to be. But her heart was as true as ever to her husband.

"Yes—look at that and see how you like it."

He spread before her an architect's plan—the plan of a dwelling-house.

"What is it?" asked Nance, staring incomprehendingly at the paper.

"By G—!" roared her husband, utterly exasperated by her ignorance and stupidity. "Ain't you got no sense at all! It's a house—the way the rooms is fixed 'n' all that! I'm a-goin' to build a new house, 'n' if you've got gumption enough to move into it, you can live there when it's done."

Nance did not pay any attention to his roughness nor to his profanity.

"A new house!" she repeated, her tone changing, and her face growing almost radiant. "That's splendid, Hudson! I'm glad enough. How I have patched this old, leaky thing! Well, well!"

Her pleasure subdued his impatience.

"I'm goin' to begin it right away," he continued in his usual impassive tone; "I saw some parties about it when I was down to 'Frisco last month, an' to-day them plans come. The timber 'll be cut

'n' hauled right away, 'n' I reckon we'll get moved before winter."

The house, being a bare and simple edifice, sprang up as if by magic, and Nance felt one of the few joys of her colorless life, when they "set up" in the new home. Then a half-dozen more years sped swiftly away. Several other puny, feeble little creatures were born to Hudson and Nance; but they and one of the two eldest boys, who seemed to have been gifted with but little more vitality than the rest, sickened and died, and, at last, only one boy, little Pete, was left to them. Night and day now the mill-wheel was spinning round, and Hudson was getting rich.

"There!" he said, coming in at the close of a summer's day, and flinging down a copy of the county newspaper triumphantly on the table before Nance, "Read that, will you?"

Nance picked up the paper dumbly. She looked at the printed page, a flush crept over her wan cheeks, and then she dropped it, and putting her hardened hands to her face, she burst into a passion of tears.

"I can't read it, Hudson—you know I can't!" she sobbed; "you ain't a-flingin' it at me, are you?"

She removed her hands and looked up at him piteously.

He had stood still, gazing fixedly at her. The unexpected intensity of her mood had, for once, paralyzed his over-weening self-consciousness, and for a moment he could not speak. Then he shook himself a little, and answered ungently:

"Oh, quit yer cryin', Nance; anybody'd think you hadn't got twenty men to see to by the way yer idlin' round here."

"But," said Nance, returning to the other subject, the one that lay nearer her heart, perhaps, than any other, excepting her husband's advancement, "I can't read, Hudson, an' you won't let anybody know it, will you? An' you won't fling it at me any more?"

Something in her pleading tone seemed to enrage the vulgar fellow.

"Tell anybody!" he shouted. "D'ye think I'm such a fool as to tell anybody that my wife can't read? Lord, no! A pretty wife you are for a man that's talked of like *that*"—pointing to the paper—"in

the *Morning Star*! A fool I was to marry you, and a fool I am to stick by you!"

Hudson Norris walked angrily away to his mill, while the tears began to flow still faster down his wife's pale cheeks, and her spirit almost forsook her. A great fear entered into her loving soul, from that moment and she tried more eagerly than ever, if such a thing were possible, to please her husband.

After he had gone, she called to little Pete, and made him read to her the article in which his father's name was mentioned. That Pete could read almost as well as Hudson could, was a great comfort to poor Nance, but still it did not quite make up to her for her own ignorance.

Her heart beat fast with pride as the editor spoke of Hudson's enterprise, his shrewdness, his prosperity and the prospect of his near political advancement. She admitted to herself the justice of his words to her. No, she was not a fit wife for a man who, like Hudson, had been to San Francisco many times, and who even went to New York and New England occasionally, who could read and write and take his place so creditably among men, that he was even talked about in the newspapers—oh, if she only knew more! And patient, honest Nance wiped her eyes, as, with a heartache deeper even than that with which she had buried her children, she rose after Pete's reading, and went back to the treadmill in which for nearly twenty years now she had toiled for her husband. "Not stick by her!" What cruel words! Hudson could not have thought of what he was saying!

A few months after this occurrence Hudson Norris went East on business. The weeks flew by, until considerably more than the time he usually required for such a trip had passed, and still he did not come. Nance began to feel a little uneasy, but she expressed no misgivings, and, indeed, did not allow herself to worry, until one day a letter came to her directed in the large, sprawling handwriting, which, though she could not read it, she recognized at once as that with which Hudson was wont to cover the papers in his desk and lying about the house.

The letter reached her one Monday morning as she was standing over her wash-tub.

She gave the boy who had brought it a "bit," put the letter in her pocket and went on with her scrubbing, thinking excitedly meanwhile. What—what was in the letter? Whom could she trust to read it to her? Little Pete could read, but he could not write nor read writing. Whither should she go?

She bethought herself at last of Mr. Reynolds, who lived not far away. He had buried her children; he had kindly tried to comfort her as one by one her fragile idols had fallen away. He at least would not speak to anyone outside of her ignorance.

She wiped the suds from her hands, donned her faded sun-bonnet, and hurried over to the minister's house. He heard her request, took her into a room apart, and broke the seal of the mysterious missive.

"I have sold the mill," began the brutal letter, "and I'm going to live in 'Frisco. You ain't a fit wife for me, and I've made up my mind to leave you. You can shift for yourself, I reckon. You know how to work, and you can get along somehow."

The minister stumbled slowly over the heartless words. He would rather have cut his hand off than have read them to the patient-eyed woman before him, hanging breathlessly, painfully upon every word. The man choked up and could not speak as he concluded. His indignation and pity for the poor creature before him completely overmastered him. For a moment she sat as if stunned. Then she rose with a quiet dignity, smoothed down her untidy dress, and said calmly, as if confessing a sin:

"I know I wa'n't no kind of a woman for Hudson. He's smart—Hudson is—can read an' write an' manage business. He ain't to blame. It's all my fault, but—but—" here her voice began to tremble and then her composure forsook her entirely—"but—there's Pete—you don't think he'll want to take my little Pete, do you?"

The poor woman, overcome at the prospect of a double loss, dropped back into her seat and began to cry violently.

"I dare him to try!" exclaimed Reynolds, finding his voice at last.

"The scoundrel! the wretch! 'Shift for yourself,' indeed! He'll have to provide

for you, Mrs. Norris. The law'll make him, and I'll see that the law is enforced."

The "Mrs. Norris" seemed to grate upon Nance's ears. Nobody had ever called her "Mrs. Norris" before.

"Nance," she corrected him humbly. "Everybody calls me Nance."

She rose without any other remark, expressing no indignation at her husband, nor any wish that he should be forced to pay his just dues to one who had spent the best years of her life in slaving for him. But Reynolds did just as he had said, and gained a reluctant promise from the unprincipled fellow that he would not rob the mother of her child.

"I'll take the best care of him I can," said Nance, when this good news was brought to her. "I'll make a gentleman of him that Hudson won't be ashamed of. He needn't be afraid that I'll make him like *me*." Nance's scorn of herself was enough to make one weep, who knew how she had loved and toiled and sorrowed!

A comfortable home was purchased for Nance in one of the pleasantest parts of the scattered little village. Hudson was compelled to send her a scanty allowance quarterly, and she eked out enough of an income by letting the upper part of her house to support Pete and herself without difficulty.

A young couple named Morse, from the far East, happened to be Nance's lodgers—the husband a quiet, hard-working young fellow, who kept the books for the new mill-owners, and the wife, a neat, pretty, well-bred girl, the daughter of a New England farmer. Emma Morse was the first real lady that Nance had ever seen. *She* had not been brought up in log huts, nor in canvas cabins, and though she did her own house-work, it was performed with a neatness and a daintiness, of which poor Nance had never dreamed. She regarded her lodger as a phenomenon, and stared at her and at her orderly kitchen whenever she got a chance. Little Mrs. Morse, on her side, was quite horrified at Nance's slatternliness, and, not recognizing at first her good qualities, kept out of her way as much as possible. Little by little, however, a word here and a word there taught the trim little lady that Nance had a soul as fine and gen-

tle as her own, and that it was her "bringing-up" which had prevented her development as a tidy housekeeper. She accordingly began to encourage Nance to come up and see her sometimes, and spoke kind words to her, which were to Nance's sore heart like cool rain upon flowers wilted with fervent heat. She ran up nearly every day to talk with her little lodger, and asked her all sorts of questions, which, beginning to divine Nance's true attitude toward the world, Mrs. Morse did not resent.

"Lived out when you was a gal, I s'pose?" she said, as she watched her little lodger daintily washing the dishes one day after her dinner.

"No, I haven't ever 'lived out.' I never did house-work very much anyway," responded Mrs. Morse, pleasantly.

"You don't mean to say so!" said Nance in wonder, "and do work so ship-shape too! It beats all!"

Another day she happened in when Mrs. Morse was making a dress.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you did dress-makin' when you was a gal!"

"No," returned Mrs. Morse, merrily, "I never 'dress-maked,' Nance. You haven't got me right yet."

Only once more did Nance hazard a guess as to her puzzling lodger's early life. She found her one morning busy with pen and ink in answering letters, and declared, triumphantly, "I bet you was a school-marm before you was married!" but Mrs. Morse had never taught school, and Nance gave her up as not to be accounted for.

But they grew to be very good friends. Little Pete, now a boy of fifteen, but small for his age, loved to crawl up-stairs to the neat, prettily-furnished rooms of their lodgers, so different from the bare untidiness below, which Nance would gladly have remedied if she had known how; but she had no one to tell her, for Mrs. Morse did not dare, and Nance was too slow and dense to profit much, in a practical way, by the example the busy little bride set her.

"It's prettier up there," said Pete to his mother one day, pointing upward to their lodgers' rooms.

It was true that their little living-room, in which his mother had her bed, and where the dishes often stood unwashed

from morning till night, was not particularly inviting, but Pete, who loved his mother dearly, had not realized that there might be a more agreeable order of things introduced, until he had visited Mrs. Morse's pretty rooms, and had sat, awe-stricken, in her little wicker chair with its dainty bows of blue ribbon.

"I guess pa'd like to see things slicked up some if he should come home," continued Pete. "It's mighty nice up there. She puts the dishes away an' sweeps up every time they eat."

This seemed a terrible waste of time and energy to Nance. But as she had so much more time than in the old days she concluded to try and make a few homely changes, particularly if Pete thought it would please "pa;" and the very next day, by way of beginning, the bed was moved into another room, while a slow but steady improvement took place from that time in Nance's very rudimentary housekeeping.

One day she told Mrs. Morse her story, and the happy little bride shed many tears over the pathos of the hard tale, in the course of which Nance never once blamed her husband; it was "all her fault," she was "so or'nary, and not a proper wife for a man like Hudson!"

"There's something that I think might fetch Hudson, maybe," she said, in concluding, "if—if I could read and write, you know. He learned when he was little, but I never had a day's schoolin' in my life. I'm ashamed to ask Pete. I'm that slow and dull—I'd be ashamed to have him know how stupid I am—but I'm a good washer. If you'd give me some lessons I might do your washin' an' ironin'."

Little Mrs. Morse was only too glad to attempt the task of instructing poor Nance, and she found her a most diligent if not a particularly quick-witted learner. The poor stiff fingers, worn almost to stumps in her husband's service, soon tired of the new work set them to do. But Nance would not stop for the pain, and simply pausing to rub them now and then she would begin again. There was so much at stake!

Invariably after a lesson she would linger a few moments to talk of "Hudson," his good looks, his "smartness," how fond he had been of her when they were first mar-

ried, and how surprised and pleased he would be when he found that she could read and write. After she had become tolerably proficient, he came on two occasions to the house to see Pete, but the wife never dropped a hint of what she was doing. The second time he had happened to come when Mrs. Morse was sitting at her sewing in his wife's room.

"There," he said, as she closed the door and hastened away as soon as she could with politeness withdraw, "that's the kind of woman for me. It's the kind"—and he looked at poor Nance with a scowl of brutal disapprobation—"that I ought to have married, an' should have if I hadn't been a fool!"

Nance did not resent his words, but she looked at her little neighbor with a new admiration, and determined that in everything she would model herself after what "Hudson liked."

The reading and writing lessons were kept a profound secret from Pete, as well as from his father. Pete was to have a lovely surprise when ma could write a copy for him instead of his teacher. But one day the boy complained of being ill.

"Say," cried poor Nance, climbing with tottering steps the stairs that led up to her lodgers' rooms, "Say, will you come down 'n' set a spell with Pete, while I go for a doctor? He's that trembly 'n' hot, I'm scairt of him."

Her face was ashen and her patient eyes had a wild, unnatural look.

A few moments later the doctor came. Nance had lost so many children that she was easily frightened, and her kind neighbors hoped that she had over-estimated the seriousness of Pete's condition, but he was very sick from the first, and grew steadily worse. There was a blight on all Nance's little ones. Pete had only been a little stronger than the others. His time had come, thus early, to die, and he knew it.

"Ma," he said, as he lay, watching Nance moving nervously about the room, "come an' set side o' me awhile. Don't you fret 'bout bein' like Mis Morse or anyone else. You'll be all right *up there*. Teacher said so. I guess they make us all over or turn us inside out or something like that. You're all right inside, ma. An' don't you

cry 'bout me. If I didn't go to heaven, maybe pa'd take me. I never told you, 'cause I wasn't goin' to worrit you, but he talked like it last time he was here. 'Pete,' he says, 'if I take you, I'll make a gentleman of you.' 'That's what ma's doin,' I said. I answered him up stiff, I tell you! I let him see I'd stick up for you. But—he might ha' done it, so it's best just as it is. But it's been very nice here, ma, an' I love you." The woman bowed her head beside him, while he stroked it gently. How could she who had borne so much, bear a sharper sorrow still!

There was a long silence, but at last Nance lifted her pale face with a half-smile upon it and spoke:

"Pete," she said, "I didn't mean to tell you quite yet, but I can read an' write, quite good, Pete."

A light broke over the boy's countenance. How well he appreciated her hopes and her struggles!

"Now you can't, can you!" he cried weakly. "Did Mis Morse teach you? Ain't it splendid! Do some for me."

He begged to be propped up in his bed so that he could see her "do some," and she followed his wishes. Then she took a pen and paper and wrote slowly but plainly, "Pete Norris, Nov. 19, 18—."

"That's prime!" said the boy, with a sincerity of congratulation which alone repaid her for all her arduous labor in learning. "Now, could you write those words that the disciples said—that Mr. Reynolds talked about last Sunday—'There is a lad here?'"

The woman wrote again, but more slowly than before, for her eyes were blurred with tears, and the first enthusiasm of her pleasure in Pete's happy surprise was dying away as her awful grief drew nearer.

"That's it," he said drawing a long breath as she finished the words. He took the paper in his hands, looked at it lovingly, and then continued, with an arm around his mother's neck: "Christ don't seem to have said much 'bout the 'gentleman' that pa talks so much 'bout, but I'm a lad, and he talked about the lads."

That was the last conversation which the two had, for Pete grew weaker very fast, and in a few days the end came. Hudson

was at the East, and the word which Nance sent him of Pete's illness and again of his death, never reached him. But Nance was constantly expecting her husband now, and in her anxiety that all should be right "when Hudson came," she had no time to give way to the dull agony that weighed upon her heart.

At last, a few weeks after Pete's death, and when Nance had almost given up hoping for his return, he came. The short winter day, which had been a peculiarly depressing one, was drawing to a close. Nance, her spirit all gone, did not rise as he came in. His first inquiry was "Where's Pete?"

"In the graveyard," answered Nance, stonily.

"Gone to the graveyard at this time o' night!" said the man, roughly, "Go and fetch him this minute."

"I'd have to dig—he's *in* the graveyard." Nance's tone was full of tearless despair.

The great, burly fellow staggered as though he had been struck. The child had been very dear to him—he did not know how dear until now. He dropped into a chair, while Nance, recalled to herself by her husband's altered manner, gave him some of the details of the boy's illness and death.

"I wrote to you all about it—didn't you get my letters?" she had said, before telling the sad story.

"No," he had answered abstractedly. He did not notice the fondness with which she had dwelt upon "I wrote" and "my letters." He supposed, if he took the trouble to suppose anything about it, that she had asked someone else to write for her.

He staid for two or three days, most of the time lost in sullen reverie. In a dozen ways she tried to attract his notice to her new accomplishments.

"Here's a copy of the letter I writ to Pete's teacher," she would say, or, "Here's a book Pete 'n' I was readin', an' I writ his name in it," but all was unheeded. Perhaps the depth of feeling that seemed, for once, to have rendered the man so oblivious of all the outside world, was an indication that he knew he was only receiving just punishment for past sins. Perhaps, too, he

felt the sore need of asking forgiveness, but he did not do it. Confession and pleading could never have seemed to Hudson Norris anything but out of place to one so humble as his wife.

After he went away Nance hoped and prayed but for one thing—his return; but months passed away and he did not come. Pete was gone, and his gentle, loving wife seemed to have no charms for him. She was nearly fifty now, and old and wrinkled before her time. Her step, too, was beginning to get heavy and slow. She sat for hours poring over her Bible. She loved particularly the chapters in the Revelation which describe the glories of the Celestial City. That was where her children were. Pete was there, and one day she should join them—a different woman from what she was now. Pete had said so. She longed to go. Life held no joy for her now. Nothing seemed to rouse her from this utter apathy in regard to earthly things, until one day a stone, which she and Hudson had gone together to order, was put up at the head of Pete's grave. Mrs. Morse went with her to see that all was properly done. She sat down beside the grave and read the inscription, just the words she had written so painstakingly, with his bright eyes upon her.

Suddenly she started up.

"I forget he ain't *there* until I see *that*. Why, it's true 'n' it ain't true. He's my little lad yet, an' livin' an' watchin' me—an' how proud he was o' my writin'! I'm forgettin' how, 'cause I don't write any more now; an', Mis Morse, I'm goin' home, an' I'm goin' to get to my lessons again, if you're willin'."

Then she seemed to begin to take some interest in life again, but she had ceased to speak of her husband. Her friends thought that the old hope was dead, but how little did they understand the heart of a woman!

One day she ran hastily up the stairs to her lodgers' rooms, the village newspaper in her hands, and her face all aglow.

"Could you help me write a letter, Mis Morse?" she asked, half-ashamed, but quite in earnest; "I want to write it very nice, you see. Hudson's failed. It says here in the paper that he's lost everything down

there in 'Frisco—clean beat out. Poor Hudson!—but there's always room for him here."

Her listener's soul rebelled at the thought of Nance's showing any kindness or mercy to a wretch like her husband; but no one could have had the heart to put out the light in her eyes.

This was her letter: "Dear Hudson—I hear you ain't busy jist now. If you care to try a spell up here, I think it would rest you. You know I always love to have you come, and you might be better for a rest. Always your loving wife."

Everyone has seen the wonderful transforming power of love in a young girl's face, and watch the thousand unconscious little ways in which she strives to beautify herself and her surroundings for the one to whom she has given her heart; but to see all this in a hard-featured, work-worn woman is a strange and most pathetic sight. Those who observed Nance, however, in the joyful expectation that followed the sending of her letter, saw just this sight. And their respect for human nature could not but rise as they beheld it.

Would the love which she so confidently proffered him be tossed aside and trampled upon, as it had been in the days gone by, or was there really a heart in Hudson's cold breast?

A week later he came, sending a postal card before him, to announce his advent. All her neighbors knew that he was coming, for Nance wore her afternoon dress in the morning, and went about with a smile upon her lips, and a suppressed excitement of manner. If Hudson had been a prince returning after a long absence to a faithful subject, whose interests he had always cherished, he could not have been received with greater joy and pride. And Hudson had been humbled now to a point where Nance's demonstrations were not utterly without value. His new-made friends had failed him when he lost his money, and he had begun to appreciate a love which was founded on something deeper.

"You're a good woman, Nance," he said, as he came in and saw the table neatly spread with the choicest products of her industry, and noted the marks of thought and care in her dress and in the neatness of

the little room. "You were good to send me that letter."

"I wrote it myself, Hudson," exclaimed Nance, with abounding joy and pride. "I've tried to make myself more such a wife as you'd like to have, an' I thought maybe when you came back, you'd find I had improved enough, so't you'd stay with me, Hudson. I'm strong yet, and I'd rather board twenty men just as I used to, and if I only had the children back to tend to, too!"—and Nance gave a great sob—"I wouldn't mind the work if you was with me, too. I'd a good deal rather, than live like a lady with nothin' to do, an' have you gone! I've always thought such a sight o' you, Hudson."

Nance ended with a heaving breast and shining eyes. Her husband looked at her as if she was something beyond his comprehension—as, indeed, she was. He opened his mouth to speak, but somehow he couldn't say anything.

Then he put his arm around her and kissed her worn face with a gentleness he had never shown before.

"Ye-es," he said at last, trying hard to speak as usual, "I reckon I'll stay—quite a while, anyway."

So Nance took some boarders and got washing to do, and Hudson found things more comfortable than he had ever known them anywhere before. He gradually discovered that it wasn't necessary for him to do much beyond an odd job now and then, since Nance was so willing and able

to support him; and she—day after day her pale face was radiant. She filled Hudson's pipe, bought his beer, and was happy that she was graciously allowed to do so much for him.

She did not have time in these days to go often to see her lodger, but one afternoon, when Hudson had been with her a year or more, and there seemed little doubt that he proposed to stay, she found her way up to the pretty sitting-room and dropped into the wicker-chair with its bows of blue ribbon.

Mrs. Morse could not be very cordial. She was really offended with Nance for her lack of spirit in treating with such "distinguished consideration" the man who had so cruelly wronged her. She half thought that she would seize this favorable opportunity to acquaint Nance with her views.

A letter, which the pretty little woman had just finished writing, lay ready stamped and sealed upon the table. Nance looked at it half reverently, and then said, fingering it a little, "Oh, Mrs. Morse! what a thing writin' is!" and then as she went on, there came a happy quiver into her voice, which banished whatever thought her hostess had had of breaking poor Nance's beautiful dream, "I always said that if I could once learn to write I'd get Hudson back! I told you that would fetch him and"—with inexpressible pride and satisfaction—"you see it did!"

HOPE LEDYARD.

ON A SIAMESE PAGODA.

"YOU'LL find the 'Wat Cheng' a very good sample of Siam," says Captain L—, the King's British hydrographer, as we look out from the veranda of his snug little house upon the huge many-colored mass of the oldest of Bangkok's countless temples. "When any building falls to ruin in this country they never think of repairing it; they simply go and build another."

"Which is doubtless a very popular system with those worthy ecclesiastics down yonder," suggest I, as a group of men with the shaven crowns and yellow robes of Buddhist bonzes (priests) come lounging

past. "If the Siamese Church is ever disestablished it will be 'rough on them.'"

"Yes, they would have to mortify the flesh in good earnest *then*," says the Captain, with a chuckle. "But there's not much risk of that just yet. Every Siamese, you know—even the King himself—must join the priesthood for a certain time, and mount the yellow robe and shaven head like the rest of them; so the clerical interest is not likely to collapse while *that* custom lasts. Fancy the Prince of Wales having to turn curate for a month or two, and then coming back to court just the same as

before! Well, I'm sorry I can't take you over the temple myself; but my daughter will do it all for you quite as well as I could, and very likely better."

It is not a long circuit from the gate of the Captain's garden to that of the famous temple, but even that, short distance shows us a few sights which would be sufficiently amazing in any other part of the world. A native house is gravely coming up the river by itself, the father steering it with a long oar, while the children watch its progress from the steps of the ladder leading down into the water from the veranda. Under the shade of a huge banyan tree, half-a-dozen bare-limbed, dusky Siamese boatmen are playing a kind of aboriginal lawn-tennis, using their feet instead of their hands to keep up the ball. Just beyond them, a small native child, with nothing on but the ornamental wreath which encircles the bristly tuft of black hair surmounting its otherwise shaven head, is admiring a magnificent butterfly, almost as large as a sparrow. A little farther on, a group of amphibious youngsters are playing in the thick, greasy, soup-colored water, as Western children might play on land, while just across the river we espy a flotilla of light canoes, laden with fruit and vegetables, and *manned* by Siamese market-women, who keep up a perpetual clamor of bargaining as shrill as a chorus of angry parrots.

But the moment we pass the deep, low-browed gateway (one of the simple, square-topped kind so common in Siamese public buildings) all this bustle of busy life vanishes as if it had never been. With one stride we go from the Present to the Past. The mighty ruins that start up through masses of clinging foliage in the gloomy depths of the Java forests could hardly look more lonely and forsaken than this strange old fortress of Eastern superstition. Upon every foot of its damp, slimy courtyard, its gaffed, crumbling walls and storm-worn pillars, its dark, tomb-like galleries, its voiceless cells and shattered images, lies the brand of grim and irrevocable desolation.

"The gateways of the Barmecide are choked with fallen leaves,

And in the halls of Azamat her web the spider weaves:
The jackal and the serpent now their midnight vigils keep

Where Nadir, lord of East and West, once reveled and drank deep."

"Look here," says Miss L—, pointing to a niche in the inner face of the wall close to one of the gateways, in which, amid a heap of dust and rubbish, lies broken and defaced the gilded head of an idol. "Do you see that hole between the stones in that niche, like the mouth of a letter-box? Well, formerly rich people who came to pray to the image that used to stand in the niche dropped money into that hole for the poor, and the poor used to come and take it, thinking the idol sent it to them. But by and by, when the place grew old and began to be forsaken, there was an end of these contributions; and the minute the poor folks found that the idol had left off sending them money, they knocked it down and broke it all to bits."

Rather a strong reform measure, certainly, for such orthodox churchmen; but other men beside these "ignorant Asiatics" have been known to break *their* idols quite as readily, when nothing more was to be hoped from them.

Thanks to the torrent rains of September—for, with our usual good fortune, we have arrived in Siam at the very height of the rainy season*—the paved courtyard is now an absolute pond; and, in order to reach the great central tower, we must either wade boldly through this impromptu Slough of Despond or go round to the other side by way of the colonnades. We prudently decide upon the latter course, but first pause a moment to take a more detailed view of the great structure, from our standpoint at the corner of the quadrangle.

At the first glance, we have only a confused impression of colossal and barbaric splendor. We seem to be standing at the foot of a mountain of living rainbows, flashing, quivering and flickering incessantly like falling water. But little by little the details grow upon us, till we can grasp the general outline. Four bell-shaped towers, inlaid with colored porcelain, stand like sentinels around a vast pinnacle that shoots straight up more than 200 feet into the air, covered from base to summit with a wild profusion of bright tints and fantastic ornaments, which dazzles one's eyes to look

* The heavy rains usually cease about the end of October, the greatest heat of the dry season being in April and May.

on. Four steep stairways climb up into the light from the ghostly gloom of the courtyard, over the pyramidal sides of the great pagoda, which, surging up into the cloudless sunlight from the cheerless dimness below, seems like a vision of Bunyan's Celestial City towering in all the glory of its eternal splendor above the black shadows of the River of Death.

But, although the general outline may be grasped, the vast accumulation of details baffles all description. The very gates are a forest of inlaid pillars, sculptured cornices, bright-colored projections, pointed arches, scale-shaped tiles of green and gold, as bewilderingly luxuriant as the tropical woods which they imitate. Above these rise countless terraces, ledge beyond ledge, as if they would never end, each in its turn repeating the same barbaric wealth of quaint carvings and gaudy colors. Ever and anon the endless procession is broken by a row of wild figures in peaked caps and particolored robes—supposed to be angels, but looking much more like devils—whose uplifted arms, pressed against the cornice overhead, appear to support the whole weight of the mighty mass, while their black faces and tusked mouths seem bursting with the strain. High above these grim Caryatides, Indra, god of the sky, mounted on his three-headed elephant, looks down on them from his shadowy niche with stony, eternal calmness, while beyond him the great tower soars up into the sunlit sky like an embodied prayer.

"What are these?" ask I, suddenly perceiving, as we turn to go forward, a number of rushes strewn along the pavement of the courtyard, like a revival of the "rush-strewn halls" of dear old Walter Scott.

"Native cigars," answers Miss L—, laughing, "or at least the material for them. They dry these 'buri' in the sun, and then roll them up and fill them with tobacco. I dare say you've seen the Siamese boatmen carrying them behind their ears, as clerks carry their pens."

"And between their toes, too," rejoin I, "when they were standing up to row. They must have heard of the school-boy who, not being able to think of any other excuse for smoking, said he smoked to *cure his corns*."

Picking up a few of these precious reeds, we pass on into the labyrinth of small, gloomy cells running around the four sides of the great quadrangle. Ghostly places indeed they are, such as Dante himself might have loved to people with half-seen spectres in every attitude of torment. And this grim effect is increased tenfold when a stray sunbeam, falling through one of the countless chinks in the crumbling wall, shows us the fragments of gilded idols, glimmering ghost-like through the darkness amid heaps of ruin.

"It wouldn't do for us to go through these places at night," says my charming cicerone, "for they're a regular haunt of all kinds of thieves. You see those flat stones laid out in a row in that corner yonder? Well, that's where one of them has been laying out his bed; and here, where these ashes are, they must have cooked their supper."

A startling idea, in truth, this literal transformation of "the house of prayer" into "a den of thieves." But such things are quite every-day matters in the far East. One glance around these dismal dens calls up a thousand goblin fancies of unwary strangers decoyed hither, by treachery, or straying in by chance—the victim's first start, as the spectral moonlight suddenly reveals the cruel faces around him, with their sharp, white teeth and glittering eyes—the sudden spring from behind, the strangling clutch of the lean, brown hands at his throat, the momentary spasm of hopeless struggle, and then the gurgling gasp which tells that all is over. I have heard abundance of such tales among the Thugs (stranglers) of Central India, and this is just the place to recall them with a rather unpleasant vividness.

"Have you ever read a Siamese sermon?" inquired Miss L—, pausing suddenly at the door of one of the cells. "There are plenty of them for you to choose from."

There, sure enough, lie a pile of long, narrow strips of dried banana-leaf (very much like the rushes on the pavement outside), inscribed with those tall, angular, Siamese characters, which strongly suggest a new system of shorthand. I pocket one, of these "sibylline leaves," add to it a tiny-wooden Buddha which I find lying neg-

lected in a corner, and move forward once more.

But it is not long before we halt again, for from this point onward the chambers are in better repair, the frescoes on the walls very tolerably preserved, and the decorations sufficiently characteristic to be well worth looking at. In one cell we find a figure of Buddha reclining as if in sleep beneath an artificial tree, supposed to represent the famous Poh-tree (called in Hindustan the pefal) under which the great Asiatic teacher is said to have attained supreme wisdom after his final conflict with the powers of evil. A little farther on, a number of kneeling forms are gathered around a huge coffin, through the broken side of which protrude the feet of Buddha, as if bursting from the shackles of the grave.

Most of the frescoes are of the quaint, wall-paper fashion familiar to all who have visited Buddhist temples; but toward the end of the corridor we come upon a number of torture-scenes worthy of Gustave Doré himself. One can fancy with what relish the renowned illustrator of the "Inferno" would have elaborated into fuller and more artistic horror these hideous pictures of skinless bodies newly flayed alive, victims writhing on the impaling stake, blood gushing thick and fast from the stabs of barbed spears, and half-consumed limbs wriggling amid the flames that devour them.

It is quite a relief to turn from these horrible fantasies—which look more frightful still in the ghostly dimness that surrounds them—to the fresh air and glorious sunshine that attend the crowning treat of our morning's work. For now comes the ascent of the pagoda itself, to the farthest accessible point. The stair is so steep and slippery, that I feel as if scaling the Great Pyramid once more. But the view from the highest platform would well repay a much greater exertion. All along either bank of the wide, smooth stream, which amply deserves its name of "Mother of Waters" (Me-Nam), there start up from the dark foliage of the tropical forest the peaked roofs of bamboo huts, and the white walls of stately houses, and the spear-pointed pinnacles of Buddhist shrines, and the gold-green roofs of Siamese temples. Boats

of all sizes, from the tiny canoe paddled by a doll-faced woman with a basket-work hat, to the gilded barge with the crimson flag and White Elephant of Siam fluttering at her stern, flit like fireflies over the mighty river, which is the Broadway of Bangkok, as the creeks and canals are her side-streets; and beyond, far as the eye can reach, extends a shadowy perspective of low green rice-fields, tangled thickets, stately cocoa-palms, slim, graceful arecas, pillared banyans, shooting down innumerable suckers into the earth from their vast spreading boughs, plummy fan-palms, tall, tapering bamboos and broad-leaved bananas, without order and without end.

Yet even now we have not seen all. As we reach the pavement again, a tall Siamese, starting up beside us as suddenly as if he had risen through the earth, volunteers to show us the "sacred footprint," which appears to be so sacred as to require a whole temple to itself. Accordingly we pass out through a side gate, and find ourselves in a small paved court, overgrown with weeds, and littered with overthrown and broken statues, among which, like the last survivors of a deadly battle, stand two giant figures of dark-gray stone, armed and arrayed in the quaint fashion of ancient Chinese warfare, and seemingly ready to crush us to the earth should we dare to approach the deep, shadowy gateway behind them.

But the gate is unlocked and in we pass, seeing before us, as we enter, a small pavilion supported on white inlaid pillars. It contains nothing, however, save a big, flat stone, marked with the famous "footprint of Buddha," which meets one at every turn in the far East, with all the toes of equal length, the mystic wheel in the centre, and other sacred emblems engraved around it in due order. And so, having seen all, we turn to depart, with one last glance at the wonderful pagoda, which stands glittering in the noonday sun, like an embodied realization of the British alderman's assertion, that "wonders will never be done ceasing."

With all its magnificence, however, it is (in my judgment at least) far less impressive than another Buddhist shrine which is now almost forgotten. Far away in the heart of Northern India, where the Ganges rolls in

its might past the thousand temples of modern Benares and the wide wilderness of ruins marking the site of its ancient predecessor, I have stood beside the shrine of Sari-Nath, built during Buddha's own lifetime on the spot where he had preached the doctrines which are now held sacred by three hundred millions of men. No gaudy colors, no brilliant decorations are to be seen there; nothing but a solid dome of massive gray masonry, worn with the storms of more than two thousand years, rising far above the sea of tall jungle-grass and

prickly scrub which now covers what was once the noblest city of Hindustan.

But to those who have eyes to see, the grand simplicity of Sari-Nath is as far above the garish ornamentation of the Wat Cheng and its brethren as the heroic self-abnegation of Buddha himself, "who loved all things that lived," was above the gorgeous and ceremonial superstitions with which later ages have overlaid one of the purest and noblest of all merely human efforts to grasp the eternal truth of God.

DAVID KER.

THE MOCKING-BIRDS!

Oh! all day long, they flood with song,
The forest shades, the fields of light;
Heaven's heart is stilled, and strangely thrilled
By ecstasies of lyric might;
From flower-crowned nooks of splendid dyes,
Lone dells a shadowy quiet girds,
Far echoes wakening, gently rise,
And o'er the woodland track send back
Soft answers to the mocking-birds!

The winds in awe, no gusty flaw
Dare breathe in rhythmic Beauty's face;
Nearer the pale-gold cloudlets draw
Above a charmed, melodious place;
Entranced Nature listening knows
No music set to mortal words,
Nor nightingales that woo the rose,
Can vie with these deep harmonies
Poured from the minstrel mocking-birds!

But vaguely seen through gulfs of green,
We glimpse the plumed and choral throng;
Sole poets born, whose instincts scorn
To do Song's lowliest utterance wrong;
Whate'er they sing, a sylvan art,
On each wild, wood-born note conferred,
Guides the hot brain, and hurtling heart;
Oh! magical flame, whence pulsing, came
This passion of the mocking-bird?

Aye! . . . pause and hark! . . . be still, and mark
What countless grades of voice and tone
From bosk and tree, from strand and sea,
These small, winged genii make their own;

THE MANHATTAN.

Fine lyric memories live again,
 From tuneful burial disinterred;
 To magnify the fiery strain
 Which quivering trills, and smites the hills
 With rapture of the mocking-bird!

Aye! . . . pause and hark! . . . be still, and mark
 How downward borne from Song's high clime—
 (No loftier haunts the English lark)—
 They revel—each a jocund mime—
 Their glad sides shake, in bush and brake,
 And farm-girls, bowed o'er cream and curd,
 Glance up to smile, and think the while,
 Of all blithe things that flit on wings,
 None match the jovial mocking-bird!

When fun protrudes gay interludes,
 Of blissful, glorious unrestraint—
 They run, all wild with motley moods,
 Thro' Mirth's rare gamut, sly and quaint;
 Humors grotesque, and arabesque,
 Flash up from spirits brightly stirred;
 And even the pedant at his desk,
 Feeling in turn *his* spirit burn,
 Laughs with the loudest mocking-bird!

Oh! all day long the world with song
 Is flooded, till the twilight dim;
 What time its whole, mysterious soul
 Seems rippling to the conscious brim;
 Arcadian EVE through tranquil skies
 Pastures her stars in radiant herds;
 And still the unwearied echoes rise,
 And down a silvery track send back
 Fond greeting to the mocking-birds!

At last—fair boon!—the summer moon
 Beyond the hazed horizon shines;
 Ah! soon through night they wing their flight
 To coverts of Æolian pines;
 A tremulous hush! . . . then sweet and grand
 (From depths the dense, fair foliage girds)
 Their love-notes fill the enchanted land;
 Through leaf-wrought bars they storm the stars
 These love-songs of the mocking-birds!*

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

* NOTE.—Occasionally on moonlight nights the mocking-birds, in considerable numbers, frequent the same copse or forest covert, and their combined notes are then so piercingly sweet, that they seem to mount—a *storm* of harmony—into the upper air! Sometimes, the *birds themselves*, in a strange, circling flight, may be seen passing upward.

MY DIARY IN LONDON.

II.

THURSDAY, January—, 188—.

MY present ideal existence is an oasis in the desert of Sahara, with the sky for a roof, a hammock for a bed, dates and other fruit for food, and the surrounding air for raiment. Then would I be clothed in my right mind. No repairs, no washing, no dressmakers, no cooks! Then could we recline on velvet turf, twang the sportive banjo, and live such idyls as never poet wrote. Did we attain this bliss, however, we should not long enjoy it, for straightway would M. de Lesseps fall to irrigating the Sahara, rendering it habitable, and down would swoop the common variety of emigrant.

After settling the rent question, Uncle Sam relieved his feelings. Turning to the mild, gentlemanly agent he said: "Your client is an unmitigated fraud, and if she were not a woman I'd—I'd—well, never mind what I'd—but, by Jove, I'd do it! She's obtaining money under false pretenses. *Where* are her plate and linen?" Realizing the truth of Uncle Sam's criticism, the agent preserved that silence which is the better part of discretion. "And now," continued the irate Uncle Sam, "she piles Pelion upon Ossa. Though we've been obliged to provide our own cook in order to avoid starvation; though this cook was engaged with Mrs. Jones's approval, this champion gouger charges us for the past week, as though *her* cook had been doing the work and *we* had been put to no extra expense. I won't pay the bill! She must deduct our cook's wages."

"I don't think I can arrange this matter without Mrs. Jones's presence," murmured the agent. "May I ring for her?"

Mrs. Jones, who had taken possession of the dining-room, preparatory to departure, now made a grand entrance, supported by a ferocious-looking man, whom she called "Count." Evidently she knew she deserved personal violence, and brought a protector. The agent mildly stated the

condition of affairs, whereupon Mrs. Jones burst into tears. "That's always the way," sobbed the tender plant. "I'm imposed upon as usual. It's because I'm a woman. Men always take advantage of my sex." And off she went into convulsions.

"Let her convulse," cried Uncle Sam. "I never imposed upon a woman in my life. How dare she accuse me of any such attempt! I'm not to be fooled by this water-cart business. I refuse to pay the bill."

Mrs. Jones suddenly revived and looked imploringly at the Count; but the Count was so fascinated by the ceiling that his eyes seemed glued to it. Finding no help from this aristocratic quarter, Mrs. Jones turned to the agent and asked him to protect her. The agent was not inebriated at this request, and hemmed and hawed. Finally, the spirit of compromise took possession of him, as it invariably possesses those who know they have a bad case and want to make the best possible terms.

"Really I—I hardly think this case concerns me, but if Mrs. Jones will consent to pay one-half of the new cook's wages perhaps it will be satisfactory to all parties."

"It won't be in the least satisfactory," replied Uncle Sam, "but rather than degrade myself by further words, I'll accept this proposal. It isn't the money, it's the swindle I object to."

At the word "swindle" Mrs. Jones gasped and rolled her eyes at the inky Count, who still was absorbed in the ceiling. Nor would the agent look at him. So Mrs. Jones again fell back upon tears, and burying her ugly face in her handkerchief, burst forth:

"Oh, oh, oh! What an unfeeling world this is! It is no place for widows. Take the money! Oh, my heart, how it palpitates! Count, take me away."

The Count languidly offered his arm, and, giving Uncle Sam a withering look, Mrs. Jones swept out of the room. The agent settled the accounts. Mrs. Jones, he and

the Count went off in a cab, and we were left in possession.

"I *never* felt so humiliated," said Uncle Sam, "but I'd have died rather than let that wretch have her own way in everything."

Both Aunt Fanny and I upheld him, and we sat down to dinner. When the period of carving set in Uncle Sam became purple.

"What's the matter?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"Matter! look at that knife. As dull as moral philosophy! It wouldn't cut butter! Why has it not been sharpened?"

"Please," said the maid, "there isn't anything to sharpen it on, and there's only one carving-knife. The cook says she don't know whatever she's to do."

We ate our birds mangled, with a *sauce piquante* of choice epithets from Uncle Sam, who could scold nobody, because he had signed the lease! Our salad was served hot.

"Why is this?" I asked.

"Please, mum, you've had the soup in the salad bowl, and it's been washed in hot water."

Uncle Sam groaned, and I burst out laughing, for really I couldn't help seeing the comical side of our dramatic situation.

"We'll never be able to ask anybody to dine," said Uncle Sam.

"None but Bohemians," I answered. "They won't mind picnicing, and eating with their fingers in case knives and forks give out."

That night the cook and I had a long confabulation. There was no gridiron, no toasting-fork, nothing to mince meat in, no jelly mold, no preserve dishes, no brushes whatever, and the drawing-room scuttle had a hole in the bottom. This is the list of purchases I made next day:

	£	s.	d.
Linen.....	17	0	0
Brass scuttle.....	2	2	0
Mincing machine.....	1	5	0
Gridiron.....	0	2	6
Toasting-fork.....	0	1	6
Glass dish.....	0	5	0
Brushes of every description.....	0	17	0
Tub for washing dishes.....	0	4	6
Total.....	£21	17	6

Here's a nice sum to pay out for the privilege of going into a furnished house fully stocked with plate, linen, etc., etc., and this is only the beginning.

Sadness reigned throughout the house soon after our installation, owing to one of those accidents without which no family is complete. In a moment of temporary aberration, which I have since learned to call by another and stronger name, our treasure of a cook dropped our only vegetable dish upon the hard, unfeeling floor, and a myriad pieces tell what might have been. It is an unexpected and cruel blow, shattering our final hold upon respectability, for how can we maintain our position in society with the knowledge weighing on our souls that potatoes, as well as other esculents, are served in soup-plates?

Soup-plates to right of us,
Soup-plates to left of us,
Soup-plates in front of us!
Some one has blundered.

This eccentricity in the dinner service is specially trying to us, for the reason that we, like most Americans, are fond of vegetables. The English, on the contrary, confine themselves almost exclusively to a meat diet, which, combined with their devotion to malt liquor and heavy wines, accounts, I think, for the prevalence of gout and rheumatism.

The richest families are content with potatoes and some representative of the cabbage, for their ordinary dinner. One day it is potatoes and cabbage; the next, potatoes and Brussels-sprouts; the day after, potatoes and cauliflower. If we loathe one thing more than another it is the entire cabbage family, and when we first took up our abode in England, we absolutely pined for the vegetables we left across the ocean. It was not for long; Yankee ingenuity came to the rescue.

"Why not try hermetically-sealed tins?" said the Yankee unto himself. "Why not open a market for the product of our farms as well as for our manufactures? There are preserved meats; why may not there be preserved vegetables?"

Jonathan acted quickly on the thought. Asparagus that can be eaten full length, tomatoes, sweet corn, Lima beans, sweet potatoes, okra, pumpkin, are sent here in excellent condition, and sold so reasonably as to come within the possibilities of most pockets.

Do we want incomparable cranberry

sauce? We buy it for two shillings a jar. Is it apple-sauce we long for? We rush to the "stores" and buy "evaporated apples." And you'd be willing to take your oath you were eating fresh apples, so well has the fruit been prepared. If peaches or pears are wanted, I purchase them in American tins, and we, like Oliver, ask for more. Occasionally Uncle Sam cries aloud for "baked beans and codfish balls," and, then again, for "pumpkin pie." I can buy the first two, ready for the table, saving that they need to be warmed, while the pumpkin flour can be had in tins, with complete directions for cooking. Hominy is as cheap as at home, and is a cooling substitute for oatmeal, which is too heating for delicate stomachs. I can buy terrapin soup and such capital pressed corned beef and ham that we never dream of eating any other kind. It is wonderful how these American products simplify cooking, and enrich while lessening the expense of a good table, and I am amazed that the English do not take more kindly to them. The demand is only beginning; where it will end, nobody can tell.

As for American meats, I don't know what we'd do without them.

Butchers' bills in this country are simply appalling, and how the poor can afford to eat meat at all is more than I understand. Our regular butcher refuses to sell American beef; but we've a clever poulterer, whose head is wonderfully "level." "If you want American meat, madam, you shall have it. I am tired of paying twelve and fourteen pence a pound for beef, and I dare say I can make a market for a cheaper article, provided it is not inferior to the English." Our poulterer was as good as his word, and to-day he is supplying a number of West-End families with American meat. In the beginning we got splendid beef for eightpence per pound; now, we are obliged to pay tenpence.

"Why this charge?" I asked yesterday.

"Well, you see," said the poulterer, "that the prejudice against American meat is gradually subsiding; moreover, the supply is lessened for the present. Then the agents, who have as yet made very little money out of the experiment, are waking up to the fact that their meat is every bit as good as the English, and they'd be fools to under-

value their article when they can get higher prices. The end will be that the English meat will not come down, but American meat will be sold at similar rates, and householders will be no better off than now."

This is not very encouraging, but facts rarely are.

Meanwhile, I buy beef for tenpence a pound, mutton for eightpence half-penny, and nobody is the wiser, the general verdict being "capital!" Our treasure of a cook at first refused to touch the transatlantic products, animal and vegetable, declaring them to be "cheap rubbish." She preferred home-made pork; but latterly the joints have disappeared so rapidly that I've an idea the Treasure supplies her lady-mother with them. Christmas-time we had chickens and turkeys from America. Then came Virginia quails and prairie-fowls all the way from the wilds of the West, and now we rejoice in fresh American oysters at eightpence a dozen. Often at the "stores" I've been able to buy them at fourpence a dozen! But even the beneficent bivalve is going up because it is going down with the public. "Our people are buying them instead of the natives," exclaimed my fishmonger yesterday; "and hereafter they will be a shilling a dozen." This is merely an inevitable reaction. A few years ago whatever was American was considered worthless by Europeans. We have perseveringly gone on doing our best, and are now beginning to reap a well-deserved harvest.

MONDAY, February —.

I'm beginning to have a profound respect for a woman who presides with dignity over a household, is mistress not only of her temper but of her cook's, and proves herself equal to the strain of a thousand details upon which family comfort depends, yet the importance of which is rarely appreciated. The woman who rules a house perfectly, is equal to ruling an army or a kingdom. The same executive ability, the same magnetism, the same readiness in emergencies, the same discretion are required in the one case as in the others, and if I ever become a good housekeeper, I shall aim at the Presidency of the United States, provided, at that remote period of time, we women

are allowed to vote and hold office, which we cannot possibly disgrace more than men.

A nos moutons—which, however, is fish. We had none for dinner the other day. What *was* the matter? had the cat eaten it? (We've a splendid grimalkin that surreptitiously devours fish, flesh and fowl—at least, the Treasure says so).

"Oh, no; it wasn't the cat," said Jane, the maid. "Please, mum, the soot has fallen down the kitchen chimbley on to the fish as it was a-setting on the fire waiting to be dished, and it's that black, mum, the cook says you'll never eat it in a thousand years."

"I should think not," exclaimed Uncle Sam. "What business has the soot to fall down the chimney? Wasn't it agreed that Mrs. Jones would have the chimneys swept?"

It had been so stipulated, but, of course, Mrs. Jones had not kept her word. She belongs to that "Grand Army of Bummers" as Uncle Sam calls adventurers, who never keep their word if they can possibly break it. I look upon such people with great curiosity, for it must require an immense deal of talent to live without paying one's bills or honoring one's promises. *I don't* understand how it is done. We pay cash for everything, and I'm sure if we didn't we'd be turned into the street. Even our laundress wants her money the moment the linen is delivered, whether she has lost things or not.

So ingrained is the system of giving credit in this country, that, glad as tradesmen are to waive cash, they, as a rule, entertain much less regard for such clients than for those who run up enormous bills of one, two and three years' duration. In fact, the former are made to suffer for the short, or, at least, *long-comings* of the latter.

"Why do you charge us so exorbitantly for a brougham?" I asked our carriage-man the other day. "We pay weekly, and yet your prices are as high as though you waited a year for your money."

"Well, you see," replied the man, "we can't afford to discount. We've a great many grand patrons, to whom we are obliged to give long credit, and we must charge cash customers high prices in order to be able to trust the others, by whom we make

a lot of bad debts. It do so put the gentry out to be asked for money."

Behold English retail business in a nutshell. Tradespeople are so much under the influence of caste that they feel honored by giving Lord Tom Noddy credit, with the possibility of never realizing a penny, and wreak their living on those who are too honest to order what they cannot pay for. Cash patrons are poor, miserable "white trash," as the American slaves used to call those Caucasians who were sufficiently degraded to work. They may leave at any time for the North Pole or the Equator, and no one be the loser; but Lord Tom Noddy is an established institution, dating from the time of William the Conqueror. His creditors have an abiding interest in his welfare. His movements are carefully watched; his health concerns many families. If he be ordered to the North Pole there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. Pray how does he pacify his fawning creditors? By ordering a superb outfit—rolling up more promises to pay!

"Pay my tailor!" exclaimed a young swell the other day. "Why, do you know how I've paid him this year?—By ordering more clothes. He was as pleased as though I'd handed him Bank of England notes."

We have no such ruinous system of credit. With us, cash, not blood, is the best fellow, and no one keeps up his head in society for any length of time who cannot look his butcher and baker in the face without fear, and without reproach. An American tradesman has no more regard for the Lord of the White Elephant than for plain John Smith. What he wants is a receipted bill, and the bluest blood that ever flowed in human veins will not compensate him for the absence of pecuniary satisfaction. British tradesmen have themselves to thank for their rotten condition—never worse than now—and for the consequent establishment of co-operative stores. I rarely go to the "stores" that I do not lose my temper, and ache from head to foot from standing and waiting until the perfectly indifferent young men get ready to serve me. They can't help making me wait, because they are overworked, and cannot multiply their hands and feet. First, I must write an order; then I must wait until the cashier can

set down "the dem total," which Mantalini so feelingly abhorred. Then I pay this "dem total," after which I am permitted to go in search of a superintendent, who gives the order to whomsoever is least engaged. This may mean six orders deep in advance. "Will I take the parcel with me?" "Yes." "Have I other orders to give? It will be quite half-an-hour before the parcel is ready." So I wander upstairs and downstairs, seeking what I may devour in order to kill time—and almost myself. I finally appear laden with small packages, and after waiting more than twenty minutes longer, obtain my spoils. A gong is sounded, and in the course of five minutes a porter arrives.

"Do I want a cab?"

"Yes."

Shouldering my purchases, the porter sallies forth, hails a four-wheeler, literally *bundles* me into it, and I go off to unbundle on reaching home.

FRIDAY, February —.

It is sad but true, my little remaining faith in the human race has vanished, for Juliet, our cook, our treasure, has proved false. Henceforth, let anyone talk to me, if he dare, about the gratitude of mankind! No tongue can tell, no pen can picture, what we have done for Juliet, and to think—the recollection of recent experience makes me ill. Indignation, combined with disappointment, has left corroding marks upon my brow and given birth to a gray hair! I asked Aunt Fanny yesterday whether she wished me to go to an early grave.

"You must be mad to put such an absurd question," she replied.

"Well, then," I continued, "I give you notice I shall no longer worry about the house. All I promise is to engage servants that are total abstainers. I draw a line at drunkenness. Lying and stealing in moderation and shirking of work I shall not resent, whatever you choose to do. Life is too short to be devoted to reforming everybody but one's self."

Aunt Fanny accepted the situation, and has even gone so far as to promise to stand at the helm when future household storms arise. So, little more will be heard from me of domestic muddles. I've been on a

"strike" and have returned to work on my own terms. And now for the cause of my deliverance, which, of course, may be readily conjectured.

I was sitting one afternoon by myself, Aunt Fanny and Uncle Sam having gone to a reception, when I was frightened by a heavy fall and a series of shrieks. Rushing downstairs I found the housemaid rushing up.

"Oh, mum, the cook is dead!"

Hurrying to the kitchen, I found Juliet lying extended on the floor. Demanding an explanation, the housemaid declared that Juliet had been drinking and, after threatening the servants' lives, had mounted the kitchen table to dance a jig—a performance abruptly terminated by a false step, which resulted in her present position.

"So she's killed herself, mum," said the servants in chorus. "We're not to blame."

"Who's killed, I'd like to know?" cried the Treasure, raising herself on one elbow. "The best thing for you to do, mum, is to discharge these girls. They're a bad lot. They're drunk. They've not been sober for a week. Killed, am I? I'll show you whether I'm killed."

Suiting the action to the word, Juliet picked herself up with great effort, and, staggering to the fire, seized the soup-pot and poured its contents into the fire.

"Now, who says I'm killed?" shouted Juliet, amid the sputtering and smoke, waving a big iron spoon over her head.

The servants again shrieked, and I for the first time stood face to face with a drunken woman. I had read that infuriated animals are quelled by being looked firmly in the eye, so I was inspired to try this treatment on Juliet.

"Put down that spoon," I said, "you're drunk."

"Drunk, mum! Who's been taking away my character? I never drank more than a pint of beer in a day in my life?"

"It is useless to lie to me. Your condition is disgraceful. Go to bed at once, and we'll settle this matter when you are sober."

"Indeed, mum, it's the hard work and being over the fire. It's fits, as I've told you."

"Go to bed and don't attempt useless deception."

"You wouldn't deprive a poor woman of her pint of beer?"

"Juliet, if you don't go to bed instantly, I'll send for the police."

At this crisis a huge policeman came down the area steps, thinking some one was murdered.

"Same old game," he muttered, gazing upon the raving Juliet. "I've been watching her for some time, and wondering whether you knew what she was up to. Why she's been put out of the 'public' in the next street several times recently. She's an old hand."

Our Treasure, our beautiful cook, "an old hand!" It was useless to think of reforming her. She had spent all her money, pawned all her clothing—even the dresses I had given her—for drink! The policeman brought several assistants, who carried her off in a cab. The next problem was, where to get a cook. I once more fell upon the newspaper "wants," and finding an advertisement that seemed to suit, drove to the place named. Fancy my amazement on finding that I'd been ingeniously lured to a notorious servants' agency, against which I'd been warned! The advertisement read as though the girl were in service at the fashionable address given. Being caught I went in. One supercilious young man was warming his back by the fire; another was tilted back in a chair before a desk. Neither changed his position. "What did I want? Oh, a cook. What kind of a cook? Oh, ah, the one advertised 'Sarah.' Well, yes; ah, five shillings, if you please."

"But I've not engaged her. I don't know that she will suit."

The proud gentleman by the fire smiled pityingly.

"We—ah—nevere bring our ladies and servants together, ah, until payment of the customary fee, ah. It's good for three months, ah. Sarah is a very good cook."

Like a fool I paid the fee, the young gentleman at the desk condescending to make out a receipt, saying:

"When we state that Sarah is a good cook we don't guarantee her, you know—oh, not at all. She says she is. We take her word for it."

"Take her word? What then do you

mean by this morning's advertisement? You state positively that she is a first-class cook, and sober."

"Oh, dear, no! *We* don't state anything. *She* states. It's her advertisement; we only insert it."

The mistress pays five shillings, the maid pays half a crown; the agency advertises its address at the maid's expense, and guarantees nothing. Isn't that a capital arrangement for the agency? Enraged with the system, I yet took Sarah's address and departed. In reply to my note I received the following communication:

"Miss Sarah Buggins presents her compliments an cant think of no sivation with late dinnrs Sundry and no skitchun made."

I exhibited this elegant epistle to the young gentlemen of the agency, who thought it a capital joke. They grinned from ear to ear, until in a voice of thunder I demanded their attention.

"Very unfortunate, I'm sure, but perhaps we've something in the next room that will suit."

The "something" appeared in the shape of a hideously ugly and dirty girl, whose hands were in deep mourning.

"You are a cook?"

"Yes, mum."

"How much experience have you had?"

"One month."

"That will do," and "Something" retired.

"How dare you offer me such a servant?" I said to the clerks.

These beautiful cads began to think from my strong language that I must be a grand lady, so they apologized.

"Very sorry, we're sure, ah; but, ah, we do, ah, the best we can. Very nice person from Ireland, Miss O'Flanigan."

Miss O'Flanigan appeared. She was very tall, very red-headed and sickly in appearance.

"What wages do you ask!"

"The highest the best cooks get."

"Oh! then you are a professional cook?"

"No, I'm not, mum; I'm a dressmaker, but as business is bad in Dublin, I'm come over to London to go into service."

"And you presume to demand the highest wages, when you can't cook; you can retire."

Giving me a withering look, Miss O'Flan-

gad returned to the inner room, whence came a peal of laughter. Miss O'Flanigan had undoubtedly made some pleasing remarks about our interview.

"I'll have no more trifling," I said to the clerks. Either you'll endeavor to send me a sober, good cook or I'll warn my friends against your agency."

The clerks begged me to see other girls shut up in the pen. I refused.

"No; you can *send* me a cook."

They promised. A flaunting, impudent creature came the next morning, and on hearing my requirements declared I would not suit, as though *she* would! Again reviewing advertisements I again set out in search of the unattainable, and was lured unwarily to another agency, better than the other but unsatisfactory. "The truth is, mum," said the woman, "I can't find good servants. The women who come to me drive me mad. They often lie, they sometimes steal, and they usually drink to excess. I'll do the best I can." She did. She sent me an old woman, who was deaf and partially blind. After this boon had misunderstood half-a-dozen orders, put curry in the soup, pepper in the tarts, and back-hair in everything, we sent her away. Disgusted with advertisements, disgusted with agencies, I cried aloud for help. Where, oh, *where*, to find a cook!

SATURDAY, February —.

Whenever I am in doubt, I jump on a horse and indulge in a prolonged ride; in default of a horse, I take a walk. The inspiration of oxygen and motion so deftly brushes away mental cobwebs, as to convince me that obfuscation of the brain is merely imperfect circulation of the blood. Quick thought should mean good digestion. In the culinary crisis I took a walk, and as I stood on Westminster bridge, from which, in the sunset, there is almost a magic view of St. Paul's dome, I was startled out of a day-dream by a plaintive female voice:

"For God's sake, lady, give me a little help or I shall be tempted to throw myself into the water below. It has swallowed up far better than I."

Turning I saw a slight woman in seedy

black, with a delicate, pale face, on which was written despair.

"How can I help you, my poor woman?"

"Give me work, I am starving, and what is worse, my child is without bread."

"Where is your child?"

"Only a short distance from here. I locked her up in my attic while I came out to—beg, for no one will give me work. Perhaps I don't know how to find employment. I am new to London. It is so big and cruel. All are in such a hurry. They haven't time to heed a poor wretch like me."

Was this woman playing upon my sympathies? Should I take the advice of old Londoners, and give nothing to beggars?" Again I looked at that pale face.

"Take me home with you, and I'll see what can be done."

The woman looked frightened. "O, lady, it's such a miserable spot. You'll never dare to mount the dirty steps."

"We'll see. Lead the way."

I followed the woman to the east side of the bridge, bought some "hot-cross buns" of a boy who opportunely came our way, and in the course of ten minutes found myself before a broken-down house in a dingy alley.

"Here's the place, lady. You need not be afraid of the people. They are honest, if they are miserably poor. It's the dirt and the broken steps I thought you'd mind."

I motioned to the woman to enter.

Up four pairs of creaky, filthy, dangerous stairs into a low attic containing a table, two chairs, a mattress on the floor and a cradle in which lay a child two years' old, smiling in its sleep as though the little soul were visited by angels.

"First of all," I said, sitting on the firmer of the rickety chairs, "tell me your story as briefly as possible, and tell me nothing but the truth."

Throwing herself on the miserable mattress beside the cradle, the poor woman burst into tears. It was no acting. I waited until the paroxysm was over and then begged her to give me the light I needed. At last she spoke. I listened.

It was the old, old story. The faith that has broken women's hearts since the world began; the treason that will make for man a worse hell than ever Dante conceived. The sad creature before me was a mother

without ever having been a wife, deserted by the man she had loved, cast off by the God-fearing parents she had "disgraced."

It is always a marvel to me how Christians can call Christ their Redeemer, read the story of Mary Magdalen, and then consign their own flesh and blood to perdition. If I know the New Testament aright, the God-fearing parents, not the unfortunate child, are the "disgrace" to humanity.

"I could go out to service were it not for the baby; but how can I leave *her*?" asked the mother.

"Can you cook?" I asked suddenly.

"I've not had much experience, but I've a natural taste for cooking, and I'm sure I could easily learn if I only had a chance, and if the baby—"

"There, there, never mind about the baby. Here are some buns and some money. Get what is necessary and come with your child to my house this evening." Leaving the address, I hurried home, and at dinner recounted my adventure.

"Just like you!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny. "You're always falling in with unhappy people. What can we do for her, except give her money?"

"Give her a situation."

"In the name of common sense *what* situation?"

"Cook, of course."

"Are you crazy, my dear?"

"Not in the least. The woman is intelligent, far above the class out of which the average servant is made. She has tasted misery in its bitterest form. The Christian world brands her as an outcast. She has feeling enough to be grateful, and I firmly believe that she will be faithful unto death to whoever rescues her and her child from further poverty and degradation."

"But what *are* we to do with the baby?"

"That *is* a difficulty. But it can be overcome. Aunt Fanny, it is in our power to save a helpless woman. Think how we harbored Juliet Norton, an irreclaimable drunkard, and don't let's turn our back on one far above her. I feel in my bones that she'll make a good cook, and that our domestic troubles will be at an end."

Aunt Fanny melted. The reference to the feeling in my bones settled the matter. Uncle Sam's big heart soon converted him

to the new dispensation, and when Sarah Merkin arrived I was able to offer her the position of cook. We would advance her sufficient wages to enable her to board the baby in the country.

The look of gratitude on that woman's face was worth all the applause that nations ever showered upon genius. "May God bless you all," murmured the mother as she pressed her baby to her breast. "You have saved two lives, and I will serve you, oh so faithfully, you who trust me."

— SUNDAY, March —

Sarah Merkin came a few days later, after we had found a kindly soul in Hammer-smith to take charge of the child. She knew how to cook a plain dinner when she entered our kitchen. That was one month ago. Now she is becoming an expert in *entrées*. She passes her evenings in reading cook-books, and turns out new and unexpected dishes to the delight of the whole family. In a few days we intend to give a dinner party, hiring the china, glass plate and linen from Whiteley. Of course the other servants do not know Sarah's history, and never will. If they did, they'd tear her to pieces, as they feel her superiority and are jealous of her. She has no "followers," which is a mystery to them, and with peace of mind she is regaining her good looks. For the present it is thought best not to bring the baby to town. Sarah goes to her once a week.

— MONDAY, April —

Sarah has made such a heaven of house-keeping that we've taken the house for the balance of the year.

And this is the strange way in which we've found our model cook. Our great and only fear now is that Sarah will die suddenly. Our peace is too complete to last.

— TUESDAY, June —

Sarah still lives, but as small-pox is prevalent, we've had her and the baby vaccinated.

— THURSDAY, July —

We're all going to Scotland, leaving the house in Sarah's charge. During our absence the baby will come to town.

If all saunterings were as fruitful of good—but what's the use of moralizing?

KATE FIELD.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SCENE IN HAMLET.

TO more than one actor who has played *Hamlet* the *Grave-digger's* scene has presented more or less difficulty. Garrick was in the habit of omitting it entirely, and others turned it into a farce by making the *Grave-digger* take off one waistcoat after another until he had disrobed himself of some half-a-dozen. Even in our day, the tendency is to reduce it to a broad burlesque, as a sort of tempting morsel for the gods of the gallery, whose uproarious laughter and applause indicate their utter lack of appreciation of what, to him who reads Shakespeare aright, is the saddest scene in the whole play. Nor is it manager or actor alone who has misunderstood the real purport of the scene. More than one reader of Shakespeare has objected to such apparently incongruous mingling of the tragic and the comic, and more than one critic has endeavored to sustain that objection on the authority of the masterpieces of Greek drama, where tragedy and comedy are invariably kept distinct. The reason for the Greeks' rigid adherence to this rule had, however, not a dramatic but a political complexion. The fundamental distinction between ancient and modern society is that the unit of the former was the family, and that of the latter is the individual. In this distinction may be found a satisfactory explanation of the Greeks' aversion to the introduction of comedy into tragedy.

Their tragedies, colored by the condition of society contemporaneous with the author, are occupied with the affairs of families. The hero is subordinate to the "house." Individual wills and passions lose their personality in that play whose plot hinges on the justice or injustice of family to family. The drama received—to borrow a legal phrase—a *quasi* international coloring. Hence the sudden transition from mirth to grief or from tears to laughter, although perfectly natural in the quick and spirited intercourse of individuals, would have seemed strangely out of place in transactions which almost rose to the dignity of international concerns. In that society,

therefore, of which the unit is the individual, nothing in the nature of dramatic art forbids the intermingling of tragedy and comedy.

The use of comedy to heighten the effect of the tragedy immediately preceding it, was a favorite method of composition with Shakespeare.

I shall cite only one instance other than that under consideration, and that is the so-called *Porter* scene in "*Macbeth*." Coleridge speaks of it as "the disgusting passage of the *Porter* which I dare pledge myself to demonstrate to be an interpolation of the actor." If this be so, there is as much genius in that interpolation as in any part of the play. With *Macbeth's* despairing invocation to sleep still ringing in our ears, with the vision of his wife's unwomanly courage freezing our eyes, we are suddenly summoned to the careless, easy, indifferent world by the *Porter's* coarse humor. The contrast between this clown's spontaneous mirth and what we know must be the unquiet apprehensions of those within the castle, whose outer gate he guards, serves to intensify, not diminish, the tragic character of the preceding scene.

Bewildered and appalled by the terrible tragedy we have witnessed, it is impossible to understand how he can idly jest, while not a stone's throw off lies the most gracious Duncan, "His silver skin laced with his golden blood,"

We forget that his indifference is due to ignorance, not brutality, and, like *Macbeth*, we marvel and exclaim :

"Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

Note also what skilful use has been made of this alleged interpolation in another part of the play.

It is the same knocking which awakened the *Porter*, to which *Lady Macbeth* refers in the night-walking scene. According to the stage directions, that knocking was then heard after she had tried to quiet her hus-

band's fierce paroxysms of terror with the false prophecy:

"A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then!"

Afterward she discovers, too late, that water refuses to cleanse and all the perfumes of Arabia to sweeten the hands she erst-time imagined could be easily washed of the "filthy witness" of her crime.

That knocking, then, haunts her imagination. In both cases is the "knocking at the outer gate," associated in our minds with the *Porter's* grim humor. In the one case by its actual occurrence, in the other by what is even more ghastly—a memory, but in each case, intensifying the tragedy to which it plays so important a part.

As in "*Macbeth*" so in "*Hamlet*."

The *Grave-digger* may be coarse but he is perfectly natural, and his lack of "feeling of his business" is after all simply the spontaneous mirth of one whose occupation has dulled that "daintier sense" which belongs exclusively to "the hand of little employment." His merriment, moreover, is in striking contrast with the feelings of the intelligent reader. He may sing with a light heart, for he knows not the piteous history of her whose grave he digs. But we who read the play know the sad story of her life. We have seen her shrink and cower beneath the bitter raillery of *Hamlet*, have witnessed her wild grief for her dead father, have listened to the incoherent utterances of her madness, and heard from the lips of Denmark's sorrowing queen the story of her death. Is there in all of Shakespeare's plays a sadder history than that of the "fair *Ophelia*" who, once happy in a prince's love, has at last become the subject of a grave-digger's jest? Could the tragic story of her life have been presented with greater pathos by any combination of circumstances, in which tragedy and comedy followed less closely upon one another?

Moreover, it is in this scene that Shakespeare has most unequivocally revealed *Hamlet's* true character. Bear in mind the circumstances under which he enters the graveyard. The recent events of his life are still fresh in his memory—his cruel treatment of *Ophelia*, the mad excitement

of the play scene, the murder of *Polonius*, and the treachery of the king revealed to him by strange accident on the voyage from Elsinore to England. It is by such bitter recollections as these that he remembers Denmark. Since his return home, he has had no opportunity to purge his memory by more grateful scenes, and in a mocking mood he engages in idle conversation with the *Grave-digger*. He speculates upon the length of time a "man will lie in the earth ere he rot," traces the dust of Alexander in its strange mutations, till he finds it "stopping a bung-hole," and mocks at Yorick's grinning skull. His cynicism, however, lacks genuineness. He has nursed one master passion, until it is easy for him to sneer at whatever comes to his notice in the way of abstract speculation, or through association with his mother's shame and his uncle's guilt. But his cynicism has never so much as tarnished his love for *Ophelia*. And now his idle, mocking words come home to him with a new meaning by being connected with her. It is *Ophelia's* body which is destined to become food for worms; it is her dust which may "stop a hole to keep the wind away;" it is her skull, worm-eaten and fleshless, which shall at some time furnish the material for a laugh, as cruel as that which he himself had raised at the expense of the king's dead jester. A real cynic would not have been startled out of his equanimity even by such a dramatic circumstance. The sneer would have still continued on the lips of Jacques or Timon of Athens. With *Hamlet* it is different, because his cynicism is only half real, and yet so long has he worn the mask that no other combination of circumstances could have wrung from him the strange confession, "I loved *Ophelia*." What has this cynic, this mocker, this advocate of nunneries and hater of marriage to do with love? It required just such an accident to throw him off his guard, and permit us to behold behind the mask, so carefully worn, the countenance of a prince of kindly disposition and of loving heart, but whose every generous motive and impulse had been warped and twisted by black thoughts of revenge.

The words he himself once used when, on the platform with *Horatio*, he kept his weary

watch for the *Ghost*, contain the best analysis of his own character:

"The dream of evil
Doth all the noble substance oft debase
To his own scandal."

In the "Symposium" of Plato, Socrates is represented as telling Agathon and Aristophanes, that the genius of comedy is the

same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy should be the writer of comedy also. The union of the two was impossible under the conditions of ancient society, and it was left for an English poet to prove, in its widest sense, the truth of what was said by Greek philosophers.

HENRY F. RANDOLPH.

A CALIFORNIAN ACADIA.

SOME fifty miles north of the Golden Gate, the bold shore of California is broken by the deep estuary of Tomales Bay, now the home of a picturesque colony of Italian fishermen. At the entrance of Tomales, protected by a semicircular headland, lies a snug little harbor—something rare on this part of the coast.

More than three hundred years ago the mariners of the conqueror of Mexico had sailed by here, but left little record whereby we may determine just how far. In 1579 Sir Francis Drake's English expedition—half freebooting, half exploration—reconnoitred the coast and landed, as is generally supposed, in San Francisco Bay. Viscaïno, in 1603, and subsequently some other Spanish commanders, sailed hither; but after them, for more than a century and a half, if voyagers came, they left no mark, until 1775, when Spain began again to take an interest in the western coast of North America, and to foster its survey. One of these expeditions, sent northward on an indefinite voyage of discovery and aggrandizement, had as a subordinate officer Lieut. Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra. But the misfortunes attending the beginning of the expedition early threw into this man's hands the command of one of the ships, the "Sonora," which, presently, he found constituting the entire expedition, "Heceta," with the other vessel, having gone back. Pushing on through a brilliant voyage extending even to Alaska, the lieutenant returned by slow stages, examining the coast. Rounding Cape Mendocino, on the 3d of October, 1775, he found, a little way south of it, this comfortable anchorage at the entrance to Tomales Inlet, to which he gave his own name—Bodega.

In 1776 the presidio and mission of San Francisco de Assisi were founded, where now stands the western metropolis, the sword and the crucifix, wine and oil, going always together, in the method adopted for spreading the gospel by those old soldier-friars of Castile. San Francisco was then the outpost of Mexican advance, in Alta California, but, having the protection of its garrison, pioneers quickly pushed beyond into the valleys and forests of the Coast Range, advancing the frontier a hundred miles in the course of a few years.

Many years previous to this time the Russians, crossing from Siberia, had established a line of trading posts in Russian America, the headquarters of which was at Sitka. They knew perfectly well that Spain laid claim to territory northward to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, but longing to extend their commercial advantages, and also for some less bleak and more fertile region in which to cultivate supplies for their northern trading-posts, the Russian governor sent to ask whether he might be allowed to land upon the coast of California, and leave a few men who were to be employed in hunting wild cattle and in drying their flesh for the Alaskan settlements. This request seemed unobjectionable and was granted. Whereupon Alexander Kuskoff, and a shipload of Muscovites, appeared in Bodega Bay, colonizing there not only the crew but also a large band of Kodiak Indians. Their right to do this was very doubtful, but they were backed by a great deal of strength, and the temptation was certainly very strong:

"Behind they saw the snow-tossed cloud,
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embosomed,
And green with vines and corn."

The "vines and corn" were yet to be, but the foreigners lost no time in setting about getting them. Kuskoff, like old Peter Stuyvesant, had a wooden leg, whence his nickname "Pie de Palo," but by no means had he a wooden head. Landing diplomatically he was careful nevertheless to fortify himself securely almost before it was known he was there. More and more Russians followed quickly the first comers, and their houses looked so formidable that the governor of California protested. Kuskoff received most politely the remonstrances of Señor Arguello, expressed his doubts as to whether Russia had not as original a right there as Spain, had his specious explanation all ready of how he came to set foot on that shore and why he didn't depart, and showed the greatest willingness to refer to Sitka and St. Petersburg all the complaints, which, he argued, it belonged to the Czar and the King at Madrid to settle, and not to him.

But the days of wiring diplomatic correspondence round the world in an hour or two were not yet, and while the baffled Spaniards (who were busy enough with their French enemies at this time), waited four-and-twenty months or so between despatches, the Russians were by no means idle, gradually adding to their claim until they considered their own all the land for three leagues back, between Punta Barra de Arena and Punta de los Reyes—about one hundred miles in length.

To Bodega Bay they gave the new name, Romanzoff, but set up only warehouses on its shore, preferring to go half a dozen miles inland for the home-settlement, where a fort, also, was constructed.

Of this settlement every vestige has disappeared, but near the site of its great farms stands the flourishing village of Bodega.

It consisted of log-houses placed in a quadrangle and made very strong for defensive purposes, since both Indians and Mexicans were hostile in feeling if not in act, and were always to be dreaded. Through the Indians, indeed, the Californians could make matters very unpleasant for the hated (or at least distrusted) intruders, since the aborigines were thoroughly under control of the Spanish priests.

On the other hand, the Russians, as energetic traders, had a hold upon the cupidity of both Spaniards and Indians, which fact, no doubt, went farther toward their safety than all their fortifying.

Nevertheless the Russians felt so insecure where they were, that before long an expedition was recruited for exploring to the northward. Marching only a few miles through forests of the most noble timber, and across a succession of well-watered, black-soiled foot-hills, these wanderers came to the largest river of this region, a clear, rapid stream a hundred yards or so in width (at this autumnal season of low water), and followed it to its ocean mouth. This stream they named Slavianka—a word lost in sound, but not in sense, in our present "Russian river."

The banks of this river were clothed with heavy timber, some of the trees in the bottoms going so far ahead of anything ever seen in Europe, that when the men went home and told of it, years later, their friends all said they were liars, or at least that they told "travelers' tales," which means the same thing. These trees stood close together; rose as straight as a mast, sometimes to the height of 300 feet; were clothed with dense thickets of an evergreen, cypress-like foliage borne upon short scraggy limbs; and were covered by thick wrinkled bark, inside which the heartwood was red as cedar.

But these men were seeking cultivable land and pastures, not timber; and moving forward they came out where they saw the hills rising steeply from the river in huge rounded outlines of grassy height, unhindered by trees, or even bushes, save here and there a pretty copse, grown around a spring, or hiding some deep-sunken rill. Climbing these coast-hills, knee-deep in grass and blossoms, feeling the fresh salt breath of the ocean strong in their faces, and now looking off the top at the splendid breadth of shining sea, wrinkled and foam-flecked, as it trailed its flounces along the curve of the rough beach, or burst into sudden fountains over the head of some reef-rock, the notes of the Russian anthem—their spontaneous utterance—chimed into the roar of the surf, and with new inspiration they pushed across the rolling and breezy uplands.

Well might these uplands excite enthusiasm! For scores of miles the Coast Range forms the very shore, the foot of its strong front rank planted against the onslaught of the Pacific. Only the very tops of these mountain-hills are forest-grown, the long sweep of their unscarred western front falling away to the sea in emerald curves of turf.

The path of the explorers was near the shore, and has been followed by our stage-road—no easy task, since in many places the slope is so precipitous that cattle do not feed upon it, and it was needful to hew a trail. Sometimes the breakers roll fairly against this grassy wall, but usually it drops below into a jagged cliff, a hundred feet or more in height, or breaks off into detached rocks, slowly being knocked to pieces under the incessant bombardment of the surf. Many such islets and isolated rocks—worn remnants of larger captures by the raiding sea!—hold their heads blackly above the waves, which even in the calmest days rush at them and spring high above like puffs of snowy cannon-smoke, in their futile efforts to break them down.

This range is volcanic, and, when exposed to the weather, the rock splits by vertical fracture into pinnaced ruins, the crannies giving lodgment to dust and then to seeds. The speedy result is such a series of pictures as few other coasts can show.

Where the never-ending struggle of the aggressive ocean is being fought with the stubborn fixity of the land, the sternness and gloom along the line of battle are likely to depress the human heart. None would feel this more than a man like one of these Russians, accustomed to the foggy monotony of Alaska or the iron-bound and frozen front of Siberia. To this aspect he met here a contrast marked and enticing. He found only warmth and beauty. The wide green land stretched in pleasant undulations from the purple hem of the ocean to the turquoise of an unflecked sky. Just inside the dainty boundary of the surf-line rose barriers, whose slanting bands of white, black and red stained rock, were cross cut by strong lines of cleavage, mottled in sharp light and shadow and embroidered with a wild vegetation whose blossoms were at

their May festival. Plentiful beyond anything his mind had imagined, these flowers painted great patches of vivid color upon the crest of a headland or along the sloping face of a sea-cliff as though set artificially with an eye for the most intense effect.

It was a picture of warm, brilliant life, touched in brightest hues wherever the eye turned—azure sky (violet against the spruce-edged crest of the mountain), corolla-carpeted hillside, gorgeously adorned rocks, shimmering plain of water in royal garments of purple and ermine, and wearing a golden crown of sunlight.

Ten miles north of the mouth of Russian river, Kuskoff's explorers saw that the hills opened a little, yielding a square mile or so of passably level land; while a cove, protected by a reef, made a safe anchorage for vessels. Here it was decided to place their village, and all who could be summoned from the fields were set at work upon houses and defenses.

Three-quarters of a century have drifted by since then, and Kuskoff and Krebnikoff, "and all the rest that end in *off*," have been gathered to their fathers; but as I ride over there, I find how well these exiles builded, and I contrast their work with the flimsy structures of the American villages, as in New England the old Pilgrim houses are a reproach to the seaside villas planted garishly at their gates. The village was very like a strong military post, and could well have served that purpose had it ever been attacked.

About a dozen acres of the level surface of the bluff were enclosed by a stockade of squared logs set on end in a trench. This formed a bullet-proof wall twelve feet high. At each corner stood a bastion block-house, octagonal in form and two stories high with a conical roof. These block-houses were constructed of squared logs dove-tailed together, and nothing less than large artillery could have done them much harm. Their port-holes, serviceable either for musketry or for the carronades possessed by the garrison, commanded all the neighborhood, and could enfilade any party attacking the stockade from without. These bastions still stand, and one of them is in a very fair state of preservation, but only the old bar-staples and the tackle-rings

for the carronades remain to indicate their warlike purpose. In and out at the port-holes fly the doves of peace, cooing gently together, and the mossy old roof-boards shelter under the eaves intensely busy colonies of creaking cliff-swallows, snug in bottle-shaped tenements of adobe.

The stockade having mouldered well to ruins was rooted up a few years ago by the present owner of the tract. But its position is well defined, and a portion of it still does duty as fence at one corner, where, upon ground slightly higher than the rest, stands the old chapel. I never knew of an English or American colony, whether in Australia or Africa or our own West, feeling it needful to build a place of worship until everything else had been attended to, and somebody, whose business it was to remind men of their duty, had urged the necessity of such a mark of civilization. But here in this isolated Russian settlement, the majority of whose members, probably, were convicts, a church was built at the very start, which will stand firm in its frame for decades to come.

Passing through its broad vestibule, the audience-room is seen to be perfectly square, and large enough to hold perhaps a hundred persons. The floor, walls and ceiling are all hewn plank—these workmen had no saws; and the only attempt at ornament is a rudely whittled bead along the cornice and around the door. Over the centre of the room a bell-shaped dome opens upward through the ceiling, and is carried a considerable distance above the roof, where, from the outside, it appears as a low-crowned cupola. The interior of this bell (which would act as a sounding-board giving a very impressive tone to the priest's voice if he stood beneath), and the ceiling around it, were painted yellow, but the walls were white-washed. Two windows gave plenty of light.

Creeping up-stairs—and they were designed for the leanest of sextons—we find only a big chest and a pair of battered candlesticks as attic treasures. The candlesticks were whittled out of wood, stood nearly five feet high, were painted green, and the tin socket on top designed for a candle as big as a pikestaff, was still rough with the tallow which had dried there fifty years ago. There is preserved, also, a lec-

tern, whittled out of wood in imitation of lathe-turning, and painted green like the candlesticks.

This chapel—an imitation of the Sitkan church as nearly as might be—was for the use of the officers only. Perhaps we should never have known this, in the forgetfulness which has so quickly covered the history of this old post, as the olive moss mantles the ancient roofs, had not a pretty incident kept it for us. The people who dwell in that neighborhood now will tell you, that several years ago a French gentleman, who is supposed to have been a person of great wealth and distinction, asked for lodging, and spent a day in close examination of the surroundings of the post, and in questioning all who knew anything of its traditions. Perhaps he learned much himself, but in exchange he gave the farmers some news. Among other things he pointed out to them where outside the stockade, and upon the landward side of the bluff, the Russians had erected a large chapel for the worshipping of their subordinates and their Indian servants. When asked how he knew this, since nearly every trace of such a building was gone, he replied that he was acquainted, in St. Petersburg, with an aged priest of the Greek Church, who, in his youth, had officiated in this very chapel. This priest, learning that the chevalier was about to visit California, had begged him to continue his journey up to the scenes of this half-forgotten curacy, and to bring back a few sketches and some account of the place, for which the pastor had discovered an unexpected affection as soon as it had been left behind.

The amiable Frenchman evidently left a very comfortable impression upon the minds of the villagers. And we may readily suppose that the visit, made out of kindness to his reverend friend, resulted in not a little gratification to himself. In this pleasant fashion has the story of the big church for the common people come down to us.

Why has it disappeared so utterly, do you ask? The bluff where it stood bears a luxuriant crop of wild oats, which the Indians were in the habit of burning each autumn. One of the fires went beyond control (or perhaps they did not care to con-

trol it, the owners having departed and the fear of any desecration having become weakened), caught in the frayed timbers of the church and swept it out of existence. The only wonder is that all the buildings have not been destroyed in the same way; the explanation partly lying in the fact that the redwood timber, out of which the stockade and all the rest is built, is slow to take fire.

Inside the stockade, the headquarters-house and residences of the officers, the barracks of the soldiers, the amusement-hall, the workshops and stables were placed, leaving an open space or plaza in the centre. Most of these buildings still stand, and are in use, the old store and officers' quarters being the tavern of the present village which has come to be called Fort Ross by gradual corruption from the Mexican—*El Fuerte de los Rusos*—"fort of the Russians."

It was characteristic that the excellent landlady should apologize, when we applied for lodgings one charming day, for the low ceilings and old-fashioned look of this house which seemed so ancient. But we would not have changed a single thing belonging to its age. The walls were as thick with hewn planking as though laid up in brickwork, the windows looking out through beveled embrasures. Though not often needed, the Russians could not forget a fire, and every lower room possessed a huge fireplace of cut-stone. When we went to bed we were led through queer passages and up stairways of low broad steps, no more creaky or hollow-sounding than so much marble, and in our room I think a horse-race might have been run without shaking the floor of polished redwood.

Up over the end and rear of the inn, and in a dense jungle between it and the next house, climbed trees and bushes of roses of great variety, mingling their buds with masses of fuchsias. They never cease blooming from year's end to year's end, filling the eye with color and the nostrils with fragrance, winter and summer alike.

Of the life which was lived here during the thirty years of Russian residence in California, singularly little is known. The chief pursuit was farming, but the community was busy otherwise, or rather, this entailed auxiliary industries. The crops were varied,

but were chiefly grain and potatoes, the latter growing to perfection and making renowned for that region yet. Having large quantities of produce to export for the benefit of their Alaskan posts, the Russians built several ships of considerable tonnage, launching them in the cove. There remain yet some of the iron fastenings of the old wharf-timbers on the larger boulders, but their ships seem mainly to have anchored in the roadstead and to have been loaded by the help of lighters.

Down at Russian Gulch, a few miles south, an old lighter is yet to be seen, half buried in the beach, which was used by them, but of the warehouses there only a trace remains. One of their vessels was afterward bought and used by the Americans at San Francisco.

The strangers had a flour-mill and tanneries, but no saw-mill; nor will you find traces of a handsaw, though it would certainly be difficult to build a ship without that tool. Their millstone was merely a disk of sandstone roughly ground and surrounded by an iron tire, and the gearing was chiefly wooden. For the tanneries the best of bark existed in the hills, the tan-bark oak furnishing material which is said to have no superior in the world for leather-making, and something like ten thousand tons of which are exported annually at present from this district.

Very few of the Russians had their families with them, but the subordinate men took Indian wives, so that you may find plenty of half-bred Russian Diggers and Kodiak Diggers scattered about this part of the State. The Indians, indeed, were very friendly and useful to the Europeans. It is remembered that three or four hundred of them would be hired in harvest time to carry the crops to the fort, carrying the grain in baskets borne on their heads or shoulders. The only wagons were homemade, and their wheels consisted of sections of a log, like the *caritas* of the Village Indians of New Mexico. As herders in guarding the great numbers of cattle pastured on the rich hillsides, the redskins were useful also; and the effect of the religious teaching of the Greek pastors is plainly visible to-day in the ideas and ceremonies of the local Indian population.

Fur-trapping, of course, was encouraged, a trade being kept up with the savages and trappers making expeditions to the mountains. The reports of the interior brought back by them excited the curiosity of the last governor of the settlement, Retschet (if I have his name spelled rightly), who one summer made a sort of exploration picnic toward the east. His wife was the Princess Helena Gargarin, who is credited with singular beauty. They ascended the snowy peak whose crest was plainly visible from the hills behind the fort, and named it after the beautiful Princess—the same Mount Helena of our maps.

At that interesting period old Solano (immortalized in the local nomenclature), was chief of all the Indians in that district and was an object of alternate terror and respect to the Mexican colonists. Governor Retschet, accompanied by his wife, visited and conferred with Solano during the inland picnic I have mentioned, whereupon an unexpected sequel occurred. Solano was smitten with the charms of the fair Princess—what better proof of her beauty could be asked?—and finding he could not buy the lady in any trade, resolved to attack the Russians and capture her.

This plan would, doubtless, have been carried out, and a romantic war been set on foot, but that the infatuated redskin indiscreetly confided his passion to General Vallejo, the Mexican *commandante*. Warning the garrison of the intended raid, and applying himself to dissuading the Digger chief, General Vallejo succeeded in averting this little Trojan war; but Helen, the Princess Gargarin, had come precious near being H. R. H. the Squaw Solano!

General Vallejo's action was all the more humane because the enmity of the people of Alta California against the intruders had been growing more intense daily, until open warfare was threatened. During all this time "representations" were being made between Madrid and St. Petersburg on the subject; and as the years passed the Russians began to see that they really "must go" soon, and so prepared for departure, an event to which they were the better reconciled by noting how rapidly the increase of settlements, and their own

steady trapping, were depopulating the region of fur-bearing animals. The post-commander, therefore, bargained with Mr. Sutter (the same Yankee trader and ranchman of the Sacramento Valley who, later, figured so prominently in the Golden Age of California) to buy all their title and property, real and personal, animate and inanimate, the price being \$30,000, to be paid in annual instalments of wheat. The Mexican government always maintained that no title good for anything went with this property, so far as the land was concerned, since it had never belonged to the Russians, they being nothing more or less than squatters—the first of a great host on the Pacific slope. Nevertheless, Sutter managed to hold what he had bought (the cattle and movable property were worth the money), and nobody disputes present rights in the land there.

Though these preparations had been made—doubtless after warnings—the end of the colony was painfully sudden after all. The Czar had finally decreed that his subjects must leave Mexican territory, and in 1840 two ships appeared in the little roadstead, anchoring under the splintered white cliffs where great beds of iridescent algae, shifting every instant under the heaving sea, turn the crude sunlight into a thousand brilliant hues. The captains presented their orders to the Russian commandant, and when he had read them he ordered the chimes in the little belfry to be rung and the cannons to be fired at the block-houses. Responding to this alarm the colonists came running in from their fields, leaving the herds untended and the plough midway the furrow. Crowding about him on the plaza, they listened to the orders of the Emperor requiring their instant departure. The ships waited only long enough for messengers to bring in the more distant workers, and for the hasty packing of clothing and small keepsakes; and at sunset the people sang their last hymn in the chapel, made their last round of the sunny plaza where they had lived the best part of their lives, dropped a farewell tear on the graves clustered beyond the gulch, saluted the Russian flag with guns next to be fired under the emblem of the United States, and sailed away in the deepening twilight never to return.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

COLONEL JUDSON, OF ALABAMA.

CHAPTER I.

A WICKED ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN, A LARGE, handsomely furnished, well-ventilated room where people are not inquisitive. Address A. B. C., Herald Uptown Office.

One hand held the advertising sheet of the New York *Herald*, that unveiled mirror of the ways, the actions, the weaknesses and the wickedness of man; the other grasped a large silver fork.

On the table were the ample viands of a bountiful breakfast, and, close at hand, one of the attentive waiters of a first-class New York hotel.

The stranger read the advertisement with absorbed interest twice through, then laid the sheet aside and concentrated his attention upon his breakfast with a gratified sense of relief. He could now see his way out of his perplexity. This advertisement, which his eye had accidentally fallen upon while waiting for his order to be filled, had, in one moment, enlightened him as to the customs of the country.

He would put an advertisement precisely like that in the *Herald* himself as soon as he left the table.

But, he meditated as he buttered his muffins, what a commentary it was, though, upon the inquisitiveness of the Yankees, when people here at the North were obliged to advertise like this! What a horrible state of society! What an insult the Southern people would feel implied in such language as this! But here at the North what else was a man with an important secret to do? He shrank from writing the unpleasant words; but, of course, the people here at the North must be used to it.

As soon as his breakfast was over, he rose from his chair, a giant in stature, the *Herald* still grasped in his hand. He was a colossus, broad-shouldered, full-chested, with a fine, open, intellectual face, a well-shaped head covered with dark, thick, glossy hair slightly inclined to curl, and here and there besprinkled with gray—a head poised with quiet, imperial pride, while his eye and

mien denoted one accustomed to power, authority and deference; and wherever he went he accepted the homage of the people around him as his heritage; for he was Colonel Judson, of Alabama.

Before the war he had been in the Legislature of his State, and had always been a leading man in local politics. There had been a time when he could ride five miles on his own land, and with his gold-headed cane across his saddle-bow he was everywhere deferred to by whites and blacks, and addressed as "Colonel," far and wide, though his title was derived solely from his splendid physique, his aristocratic bearing and his magnificent possessions.

Like the rest of the Southern patricians, the Judsons were ruined by the war; but poverty could not abase them, privation could not humble them. Yet, hiding their sorrows from the world, they lived in seclusion, maintaining always their opinions, their prejudices, their self-respect and their dignity; and the Colonel remained, as he had ever been, one of those Southern combinations of pride and generosity, haughtiness and graciousness, fire and mildness—a man versed in all the graces of society, yet simple and ignorant of the affairs of life, recognizing no world beyond the South, full of magnanimous pity for an admirable acquaintance who had had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, and scarcely able to believe the moon shone over the bleak hills of the North as over the rich fields of the South.

He was here now from necessity; and with his usual magnanimity, he looked about him with generous compassion upon the unfortunate inhabitants among whom he felt himself a man apart, almost a foreigner, by reason of every difference that can exist between man and man—a difference emphasized now by his present peculiar position. For a generation or more it had been traditional in his family that they

possessed an unclaimed interest in the city of New York, involving several entire blocks of houses in the most populous part of the city, and which, in their halcyon days, either indolence or innate family pride had prevented their following up. But the daily discomforts of their present condition becoming more and more intolerable, the Colonel at last had come North to establish his own and his family's prior claims, and, if possible, retrieve his broken fortunes, placing his affairs in the hands of a prominent law-firm. And, if he fully understood their advice, it appeared to be necessary that, for the present at least, he should remain here strictly *incognito*—a course to him annoying and degrading—he was so open, so candid, and so detested everything mysterious, suspicious and equivocal.

Yet he was by no means surprised, in view of what he had always heard concerning Yankee inquisitiveness, that his counsel had laid down this disagreeable course of action. Though it is greatly to be doubted if those legal gentlemen themselves had any idea of the literal interpretation which their unsophisticated client had put upon their advice, or any conception of the impression which it had made.

They were accustomed, when talking to their clients in their positive, absolute, dictatorial way, to give a great many more

orders than they literally expected would be obeyed. The Colonel's case involved millions; and the lawyers had repeatedly warned him against speaking of it, or being drawn into conversation on the subject in any way unless he wanted to ruin his cause. In fact, they said, he had better remain *incog.* for the present, if he could not avoid such indiscretions in any other way.

Thus it was that the Colonel felt a perfect nightmare of secrets resting on his soul. And while considering the situation at the breakfast table the next morning, his eye fell on that wicked advertisement.

"That is precisely what I want," thought the Colonel; "I will put an advertisement like that into the paper myself. If it is customary here at the North for people to advertise like this, why need I shrink from doing it, too?"

And his mind was made up; and oh, how good the muffins tasted (*corn* muffins they were) after the matter was off his mind! (He couldn't deny they had good cooks here at the North; though he shrewdly suspected they came from the South.)

He finished the meal with absolute peace of mind; then went to his room, slavishly copied out the wicked advertisement, only substituting different initials, and took it himself to the *Herald* office.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLONEL IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS WHERE PEOPLE ARE NOT INQUISITIVE.

The next evening the Colonel called for his answers. And, to his unbounded delight, he found himself an object of earnest desire in no less than ninety-seven Yankee households; for it was already nearly midsummer, and everybody was in the country.

He had, therefore, his choice of "large rooms," "airy rooms," "rooms with hot and cold water," "rooms with southern exposure," which were universally guaranteed to be "in a first-class neighborhood," with "all conveniences" and "every comfort assured." And it was noteworthy that not one of the ninety-seven asked or offered references; but, on the contrary, he was invariably assured that his landlady would not be inquisitive, and he was variously promised "perfect independence," "absolute freedom,"

and that "he should be perfectly at liberty to do as he pleased, so long as he did nothing to injure the reputation of the house."

Omnia bona bonis. The Colonel, in his majestic simplicity, perceived no evil in any of these communications. But, after struggling through the whole pile, he selected a dozen or so, and started forth on a tour of inspection. And at about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, he finally engaged what he believed to be a very comfortably furnished room on the second floor of a neat brown-stone house occupied by one Mrs. Gipps, widow woman, and her daughter, Miss Matilda Gipps, spinster. And after having, as he flattered himself, thoroughly inspected the premises, failing, however, to perceive that the hot-water faucet always

ran cold and the cold-water faucet never ran at all; that the bath-room faucet ran only after midnight and stopped before dawn, and that sewer-gas escaped from all the pipes in the room, he took his departure in a state of high satisfaction, promising to return with his baggage and enter into possession that self-same night; and punctually at half-past seven o'clock, the Colonel arrived in a hack from the hotel.

Mrs. Gipps, assisted by Miss Gipps, whom the Colonel had not yet met, welcomed the gentleman at the front door.

But the Colonel was a trifle distracted.

He had just remembered, as the coach rolled up before the house, that his real name still remained conspicuously tacked to his trunk and valise! He, however, bowed so courteously to the young lady as her mother presented her, and pressed her hand with such warm, Southern cordiality, that the lady at once both lost her own susceptible heart and believed that the gentleman had lost his. And in her anxiety to learn as much as possible of one toward whom she had conceived such a tender attachment, she hastened after the Colonel with her mother, as he, in considerable alarm, hurriedly ascended the stairs behind the porter with his baggage. Such was the expedition of the whole party that they all arrived at the door of the Colonel's room simultaneously, and so blocked up the doorway for one moment that neither one of them could get in. Mrs. Gipps being finally successful in forcing her way through the jam, hurried toward the mantelpiece, exclaiming:

"Here is the best place for your trunk, Colonel;" and as the porter set his burden down, she bent over it to read the label, saying: "I've forgotten a'ready what you told me your name was. I s'pose this is it?"

"My name is Flushing, madam," hastily replied the Colonel, but with perfect courtesy (for that was the name next to his own to which he felt best entitled, it being his mother's maiden name); and stepping quickly toward the trunk he deftly inserted the blade of his ready penknife under the card and succeeded in tearing it from the tacks just as Mrs. Gipps's failing vision dimly discerned a name looking, as she after-

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ward told her daughter, more like Hudson or Mudson than Flushing; for there certainly was no long-tailed letter at the end of the word.

Then the Colonel attempted to explain the phenomenon of his peculiar action by professing to consider travel-stained cards nailed to trunks as neither ornamental nor useful once the journey was at an end. While Mrs. Gipps similarly endeavored to account for her own singular proceeding, by murmuring something to the effect that she was trying to see how his name was spelled.

The inadequacy of their mutual explanations then becoming manifest, they all stood one moment in embarrassed silence, Mrs. Gipps struggling to look uninquisitive, the Colonel endeavoring to look unconcerned and indifferent, and Miss Gipps doing her best to look youthful and unsophisticated, as she sympathetically expressed the hope that the Colonel would like his room and that he would find everything in order.

"Ma wants you to feel at home now," she said, protectingly. "Don't go to being afraid of giving us any trouble. If there's anything you want you must call for it."

"Yes, Colonel," added Mrs. Gipps; "don't you go to feeling as if you was among strangers. Make yourself perfectly at home. Tillie's emptied all the burer drawers, I guess, ain't you, Tillie?"

"Yes, I guess I've taken all my things away. This was my room," she explained to the Colonel; "ma never let this room before, and I wouldn't have given it up now only to a Southern gentleman." The Colonel gracefully bowed his thanks for the compliment, and Miss Gipps simpered. "I guess I ain't left any of my things around," she continued, looking with a searching glance at all the four walls and then at the ceiling.

At this moment Mrs. Gipps, who was trying to light the gas, discovered that there were no matches in the room; and, as she kept no servant, or, according to her explanation to the Colonel, their servant had "just left," she herself went to fetch some, leaving the new lodger alone with her lovely daughter.

Miss Gipps, on perceiving her predica-

ment, did not rush precipitately away; and the Colonel, in order, as she believed, to remove all cause for anxiety and embarrassment on her part, retreated to the farthest end of the room, and with his elbow on the mantelpiece, stood with his head bowed on his hand and his eyes upon the floor, the embodiment, as the young lady afterward enthusiastically told her mother, of Southern chivalry and manliness, stirring neither hand nor foot; while Miss Gipps remained where she had taken her stand on entering the room. And never before had she looked so beautiful, as she herself perceived, in the mirror of the Colonel's dressing-case, for it was now nearly eight o'clock and the room was wrapped in almost utter darkness, the blinds being partially closed, and very much of what little daylight there was yet left being closed out by some bogus-lace curtains. Thus it was that Miss Gipps looked never so lovely before. The freckles on her nose, cheeks and forehead were quite imperceptible, as were also the deep lines in her forehead between her eyebrows and at the angles of her eyes and at the corners of her mouth. Nor in this faint, subdued light was there any visible difference between her own rather scanty blonde locks and the wealth of hair which she had procured from the shops. But, as she stood in the fading twilight, her naturally angular form, made perfect Hogarth lines of beauty by her own skill in dressmaking, she herself even could readily perceive that she was lovelier than ever before, and during her mother's absence she remained as motionless as the Colonel himself, not, however, transfixed with terror, but solely because she could invent no other way to improve the graceful pose she had so carelessly assumed.

Thus they stood, the dark-eyed, dark-haired, athletic Southerner, and the pale-browed, light-hued Northern damsel, motionless and noiseless, till Mrs. Gipps returned with two sulphurous matches, one of which she struck, and as it flickered, burned up, emitted Hadean odors and then flashed out before the half choked-up gas arose in the burner, she was compelled to strike the other. And the gas being lighted at last, a dim and sickly glimmer overspread things in the room, lighted up the wrinkles

in the elder woman's face, and brought out some of the lines in the younger's, as well as no small number of the freckles.

But she was lovely yet, as she herself perceived by a side-long glance in the mirror. Though while she thus worshiped her own image in the glass, she was by no means insensible to the manly graces of the lodger's fine person. And yet her delight did not prevent her noting, with a triumphant heart, the dark gray threads in the Colonel's curling locks, testifying as they did, to the perfect equality of their years.

Mrs. Gipps and Miss Gipps required but very small excuse to induce them to linger in their new lodger's society. But even that little was soon wanting, and they reluctantly took their departure, after overwhelming him with offers of services and assistance of all kinds and numerous professions of their anxiety to make him as comfortable as possible; for all of which the Colonel returned his many thanks with unaffected gratitude. Though no sooner was he left alone, than he discovered that he had neither drinking-water nor wash-water; there were no matches in the room, and only one towel; while on his bed there were only a pair of huge, square pillows of cotton or hair, and the gas burned so dimly it was difficult to unpack his trunk.

Scarcely had the Colonel begun this labor than he found himself involved in a strange predicament—he had forgotten that all his linen, and even his night-shirts and white vests, were plainly marked in his own name. How could he venture to put anything into the bureau, or to leave anything about; and what was he to do about his washing?

In this dilemma he abandoned his design of unpacking his trunk for the present, contenting himself simply with digging beneath the upper strata and dragging forth a few outer garments, his dressing-gown, and some writing materials, and then seated himself to write a letter home and obtain counsel as to how he could extricate himself from his embarrassment. There being no other conveniences in the room, he wrote with a book on his knee, and then, unable to find any envelopes in his now disordered trunk, he placed the letter in the book till morning, when he designed taking it with him to mail as he went to breakfast.

The next morning he awoke by daylight with a very sore head, a lame neck, and a flighty brain, owing to the hard pillows. And being unable to obtain any rest or ease, he rose early, and hoping to be able to pass out without meeting either of his landladies, he went quietly down-stairs.

The front door was still locked, the house quiet, and everything indicated that he was, as yet, the only person stirring. But no sooner had he closed the outer door and descended the front steps than Mrs. Gipps and her charming daughter emerged from the basement kitchen where they had been engaged the past half-hour, in the honest employment of taking in the morning's milk, and the bread for their frugal breakfast, and in making their coffee over a gas-stove.

They would have come upon the instant they heard the Colonel on the stairs and escorted him to the door, but that they were both arrayed in striped seersucker petticoats (price sixty-nine cents at Macy's); scarcely a pair of dilapidated slippers adorned their ample, stockingless feet, brown cotton sacks hung in slouchy folds upon angular forms; and their hair, teeth and complexions were up-stairs in their rooms.

Thus coolly and appropriately attired for the rude labors of a sultry morning, both ladies on hearing the Colonel's footsteps on the stairs, had maintained perfect silence till they heard the front door close upon him, when they hastened up the stairs as fast as their clacking skirts would allow; and after peeping through the parlor blinds, hoping to see which way he went, they both repaired to his sleeping-room.

"He hasn't unpacked, that's sure!" cried Miss Gipps, rushing to the bureau and pulling out first one empty drawer and then another.

"And his trunk is locked!" cried Mrs. Gipps, "and it's full yet," she added, trying to raise one end.

"There's nothing in the pantry either only a coat and a dressing-gown!" wailed Miss Gipps.

"And where's his night-dress?" shrieked Mrs. Gipps, staring in dismay at the bed.

He must have locked that up too!" screamed Miss Gipps.

"Now you see, it's just as I said; that wa'n't his name, and he daren't unpack it, for the marks on his clo'es!" cried Mrs. Gipps in tones of deep conviction.

"Here's a book!" cried Miss Gipps, taking up the volume which had served the Colonel for a writing-desk, when, to the great delight of both of the two ladies in the seersucker petticoats, what should fall out but the letter which the Colonel had written the night before!

"If here isn't a letter and dated here last night!" cried Miss Gipps in an ecstasy of joy.

"Read it!" screamed the mother, and the daughter, obeying her parent's commands with alacrity, read the following:

MY DEAR CORNELIA: As I wrote you yesterday I advertised in the *Herald* for a room where people were not inquisitive; and to-night I have taken possession of a very comfortable-looking room in a brown-stone house, where there appear to be no other lodgers at present, kept by two ladies named Gipps.

But what, under heavens, am I to do about my underclothes—you know, they are all marked? I had forgotten that till I began to unpack. I gave the name of Flushing, of course. (If they find me out I'll tell them that's my maiden name!) Write as soon as possible and try to advise what to do. You were always good at plotting, you dear schemer, you! Kisses and God bless you! Good-bye. Hope to be able to send for you soon.

Yours devotedly,

XX.

P.S.—I am so uncomfortable, as I have no writing-desk, I forget half of what I intended to say. I have two charming Yankee landladies, very kind and very solicitous for my comfort, if they only knew what comfort was! The elder is a good, kind soul; the daughter I scarcely saw, as it was nearly dark; but she appears to be a young lady of cold manners, and seems to possess all the usual Northern traits of frigid, passionless beauty; but both of them are only too evidently endowed with an abundant supply of the Yankee curiosity we have always heard so much about. It was fortunate I added that clause to my advertisement, otherwise I am certain they would have riddled me with questions. As it was, the mother came near seeing my name on my trunk, for, would you believe it! after introducing me a moment before to her

daughter as "Colonel Flushing," she pretended to have forgotten it, and tried to read the label on my trunk; I stripped it off right under her eyes. But don't worry about anything. I shall be safe though they die of curiosity. Of course I shall keep out of their way as much as possible; and if they fail to keep the contract and ask questions, of course I shall leave them. But I have great hopes that all will come out well. It is possible the lawyers may be able to effect a compromise. They thought so this morning. Address me as before, to their care, as I shall not venture to have any mail come here.

P.S. Again. — Morning! Slept wretchedly. My pillow-cases are embroidered and trimmed with lace; lace and embroidered rubbish are spread over them, too; but I should say the pillows were stuffed with shucks. I shall call for feather pillows before you come North (I shall expect you to stop over here on your way to Fire Island). Going out now to breakfast. Must take this along and mail it. Good-bye again.

The colloquy—which ensued the reading of this letter was both vivacious and interesting, what little of it was audible to each other; for they both talked at once.

"Dear Cornelia!" cried Miss Gipps, "I'd like to know who she is."

"It's just as I thought!" cried Mrs. Gipps. "I knew well enough what that advertisement meant."

"The old reprobate!" cried the jealous young lady, indignantly.

"Well, this is New York city," philosophically replied the other. "What else can we expect?"

"Well, anyhow," pursued the daughter, "he says I possess 'all the Northern traits of frigid, passionless beauty;' so 'dear Cornelia' or no, he had an eye on me," and the young lady in the seersucker petticoat tossed her head with a smirk of self-satisfaction.

"To think he ain't going to unpack till he writes her what to do! Even his night-dress locked up! What a scrape!"

"You dear schemer, you!" pursued the daughter; "I wouldn't thank any man to call me such a name as that! I don't think there's very much love in the letter. He has written more about me than he has about her. I guess he don't care much whether she's jealous or not."

"To think of his taking notice of me trying to see his name on his trunk!" sighed the mother.

"He expresses himself elegant, I'll say that for him—she possesses all the usual Northern traits of frigid, passionless beauty! Yes, that's just me, right out! Well, everybody says men are always attracted by their opposites; and I'm sure he's a perfect type of a Southerner, so dark and languishing. I judge he could love desperately."

"Well, he's right up and down positive about not letting anybody ask questions; so what we find out we've got to find out without asking him, or he'll be leaving."

"He must be rich," murmured Miss Gipps from over the letter she was reading again. "You see he's got lawyers."

"What does he mean by lace rubbish?" inquired Mrs. Gipps, reading the letter over her daughter's shoulder.

"Why the pillar shams. I knew that he couldn't sleep on those pillars."

A ring at the door-bell interrupted further discussion of the letter, which Miss Gipps hurriedly replaced in the book as she had found it; and with her old shoes loudly clacking at her stockingless heels, the frigid, passionless Northern beauty in the seersucker petticoat fled to her room. While Mrs. Gipps, after discovering behind the blinds that it was, as she had divined, none else than her lodger, hastily slipped into a dress and went to the door.

It was the Colonel, who had just bought his envelopes and missed his letter.

"Ah, good morning, madam," cried the Colonel, shaking her hand with cordiality. "I regret having been obliged to ring the bell. I trust you will pardon my negligence in not asking you for a latch-key."

"Oh, you are very excusable indeed," replied Mrs. Gipps, with a great display of graciousness in excusing her lodger for her own derelictions. "I'll get you a key as soon as ever I can. 'Tillie! Tillie!" she called up the stairs with a great affectation of parental fondness, "where is there a key for the Colonel? I'll get you one by the time you come in again, Colonel. I expect Tillie ain't up yet. You know young people sleep so late."

The Colonel thanked her elaborately and hurried up-stairs for the letter. He had

great hopes that it had not been found; for Miss Tillie, it appeared, was not yet up, and Mrs. Gipps had only too plainly not quite yet finished her toilet, as she was still buttoning her dress when he opened the door. He found his room exactly as he left it, so far as his masculine eyes observed, although the bed-clothes had been turned back upon the foot of the bed; the blinds were at different angles, and the chairs differently disposed. But the morning's work was yet undone, and the letter, so far as he could see, was in the book as he had left it, and he thankfully concluded that it had not been discovered.

He placed the letter in his pocket, and again passed out without encountering anyone, Mrs. Gipps being afraid he would discover their examination of his letter, having taken refuge in the kitchen; and Miss Tillie, conscious that her frigid, passionless Northern beauty was ill set-off by her seersucker petticoat and clacking shoes, was still in her room peeping down the passageway for a glimpse of her stalwart admirer.

The Colonel departing, Miss Tillie came forth and joined her mother in the kitchen, where, with much animated and diverting conversation concerning the lodger and his secrets, they ate their breakfast. After which the young lady left her mother to finish up the work, saying: "You know it's more important for me to be dressed than you," and went and exchanged the seersucker petticoat for a white cambric dress and blue ribbons, and seated herself by the parlor window to watch for the Colonel's return.

The bell rang about half-past one o'clock, just as Miss Gipps had gone down into the basement for her dinner. And when she reached the front door her frigid, passionless beauty was so overheated by the haste with which she had flown to answer the summons, and the torrid heat of the day, that the Colonel nearly failed to recognize her.

"Ah! I beg your pardon! I see it is Miss Gipps."

"Miss Tillie, sir," amended the young lady, smiling with youthful archness.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, madam. How are you this morning? It is a very hot day," and the Colonel grasped her hand and

pressed it with all the ardor habitual to him in all his greetings with white men and women, but which the young lady accepted as another token of his admiration.

She replied to his observation about the weather, that indeed it was an awful hot day, adding with deep solicitude:

"Ma and me, Col'n'l, have been worrying ourselves almost to death for fear you might get sunstruck."

"Oh, no fear of that," replied the Colonel, and then once more apologizing for ringing the bell, he again begged the favor of a latch-key.

"Why! hasn't ma given you a latch-key yet? Well, I declare! I'll see you get one right away."

By this time the Colonel was half-way upstairs; and Miss Gipps, foregoing her dinner in her fear that he might escape while she was in the kitchen, seated herself in the parlor before the door. She had but a moment to wait, for the Colonel had only returned to put on a thinner coat. As he reappeared, the young lady intercepted him in the hall, and having no other reason or excuse for addressing him said:

"I've just ast ma for a latch-key, and she's going to order one for you right away."

"Thanks! thanks!" returned the Colonel, hastening to escape.

"Have you long to stay out?" anxiously pursued Miss Gipps. "It's so dreadful hot you hadn't better, I'm afraid you'll get sunstruck, indeed I am!"

"O never fear! I was born in a hotter climate than this."

"Oh, you don't know," solemnly replied Miss Gipps. "I knew a Southern gentleman once. He came North in summer time just like you have, and he was sunstruck; and all because he thought he couldn't be."

"Ah! indeed!"

"Yes, it's a fact! I knew that gentleman myself. You'd better put up your umbrella."

"Thank you! thank you! I shall. Good morning, madam."

The Colonel speedily vanished; and Miss Gipps went exhilarated and elated down into the kitchen to pursue her interrupted dinner.

"Say!" was her first exclamation to her

mother, "he's ast for a latch-key; but I don't want you to give him any. I want to let him in myself."

"Mebbe he'll get one made," suggested Mrs. Gipps.

"Let him; and then I'll lock the door," calmly returned the young lady. "I guess my head's level."

"What'll he think!"

"I'll make him think it was an oversight. I wish he wouldn't call me 'madam.' It makes me seem so old. I wonder if South-erners always calls young ladies 'madam.' It's horrid!"

"What was you talking about so long?"

"Dear knows!" replied the daughter, with an ostentatious pretense of reticence. "I could hardly get away from him. He's very chatty. Told me how the heat affected him, and talked for awhile about the climate he was born in, down South. Then next we got onto the subject of being sun-struck; and so it went on from one thing to another, till I thought he never would stop. I never had anybody take so much notice of me on such short acquaintance before in my life! Goodness! how he did squeeze my hand! And wouldn't let go of it, either, till I knew my cheeks must 'a' been crimson. I cautioned him to put up his umbrella to keep the sun off, and he seemed real pleased at me thinking of it. But I don't see what he could be going out for again?" she added, with a troubled, far-off look. "He changed his coat, and just when he was going out he took out a pocket-handkerchief, and I thought I saw a name on it; but he saw me looking at it, and put it back into his pocket, quick as a flash. There! why didn't I think to go up to his room and see if he left anything in the pockets of the coat he took off!"

The mention of the Colonel's pocket-handkerchief seemed to remind Mrs. Gipps of her own, which she at once brought forth, and blew her nose with a sonorous peal, which, if her lodger had heard it, might have sounded to him like a note of defiance. Then, without further delay, Miss Gipps left the table and proceeded upon her exploring expedition, soon to return, exclaiming excitedly:

"Well! I've made one big discovery. There wasn't anything in any of his pockets

but a package of stamped envelopes, a pair of cotton gloves, and yesterday's *Herald*. But I found out something for all! I thought I would just stop and look over the *Herald* a minute. I wanted to see the matrimonial advertisements; and I found two matrimonials marked! See there! He must have marked 'em to answer; so now you see that 'dear Cornelia' must be a sister or some relation or other."

"But what would he be telling her he was going to have her stop over here for, then?" interposed the mother.

"He must be intending to ask for another room, of course," replied Miss Tillie after a moment's thought; "this is yesterday's *Herald*. He must have answered these advertisements before he came here. So I needn't to care. I don't believe he'll foller 'em up now. But I don't see what he could be going out for again in the heat," she added, anxiously; "It don't seem possible he could be going to see any other person after talking to me so pleasant."

"You put too much dependance in him," said the mother, emphatically. "He's a man, and this is New York city!"

"Yes," sadly responded Miss Tillie, lapsing into silence for a few moments. "Well," she resumed, at last, "I guess my chances are as good as anybody's!"

"I wonder," murmured the mother, like one thinking aloud, "if he would miss one of those envelopes; I wouldn't like to ask him for one, and I want to write a letter. I am going to write to that Dickel that used to have a room here and ask him to drop in some evening—"

"What for? Are you crazy? Don't I owe him five dollars!"

"I was thinking Dickel would go to talking with the Colonel about the South—he was there so long; and mebbe the Colonel would get to talking, and we could find out more about him."

"I didn't think of that!" cried Miss Tillie, joyfully. "Though I'm afraid he'll be dunning me for that V. I borrowed of his son."

"Let him dun and take it out in dunning. Was that a whole package of envelopes in the Colonel's pocket?"

"Yes, white ones."

"Tisn't likely a man like him ever stops

to count his envelopes, and I haven't any, "Sure enough!" gasped Miss Tillie. and no stamps, either." Then, after a short "What an old reprobate he must be if he's silence, the good woman exclaimed abruptly: going to keep up with her and play the "Tillie, how about those pillers? He told agreeable to me, too! I declare I couldn't stand it!" that Cornelia he should ask for feather pillers before she came North!"

F. BEAN.

(To be Continued.)

WIND-GARDENS.

Midway between earth and sky,
There the wild wind-gardens lie,
Tossing gardens, secret bowers,
Full of songs and full of flowers,
Wafting down to us below
Such a fragrance as we know
Never yet had lily or rose
That our fairest garden knows.

Oh, those gardens dear and far,
Where the wild wind-fairies are!—
Though we see not, we can hearken
To them when the spring skies darken,
Singing clearly, singing purely
Songs of far-off Elf-land, surely,
And they pluck the wild-wind posies,
Lilies, violets and roses,

Each to each the sweet buds flinging,
Fostering, tending them, and singing.
The sweet scent, like angels' pity,
Finds us, even in the city,
Where we, toiling, seek as treasures,
Dull earth's disenchanted pleasures.
Oh, the gales, with wind-flowers laden,
Flowers that no mortal maiden

In her breast shall ever wear!
Flowers to wreathe Titania's hair,
And to strew her happy way with,
When she marries some wind fay with!
Oh, wind-gardens, where such songs are,
And of flowers such happy throngs are,
Though your paths I may not see,
Well I know how fair they be.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

A CORNER OF THE GULF OF MEXICO.

HOW often, in search of profit, pleasure or rest, we fix our mind's eye upon some distant point, and take tedious journeys, fraught with discomfort, overlooking the opportunities offered by our immediate surroundings! The residents of our city by the Gulf seem to be particularly affected with this farsightedness. The unforgotten Northern home may lure, or the convenient bugbear of climate furnish the excuse for the regular spring *hégira* to more temperate zones, but the habit is so strong upon us, that in like manner our botanist takes ship to the tropics; our antiquarian seeks Palenque, Peru, or the Old World; our sportsman turns to the Western plains, or the streams of the Canadas, and the lover of nature makes pilgrimages to the coal-peaks of the Blue Ridge, or to the New England cliffs and coasts. They thus become familiar with their favorite resorts; they find food for thought in their legends, and pleasure in their romances. And in the autumn, returning southward to their city by the great river—whose romantic associations are her only beauty—surrounded by vast swamps, teeming with the curious, and rich in the remains of prehistoric man, they devote at best but a passing thought to the entertainment which is at their doors.

It is only when happy accident, combining with a propitious mood of thought, brings vividly forward, in some interesting connection, some portion of our immediate environment, that these surroundings engage appreciative attention.

Such an accident befell the writer a few days since.

Drawing from a neglected shelf some old books of reference, I was surprised to find, under the cover of the largest, an old map, of the existence of which I had been unaware. How long it had rested there, or who had placed it there, was beyond my ken. The book, which had become my property in exchange, at an ancient and dilapidated stand of doubtful reputation in the French quarter, had been seldom

opened during my ownership, and, to tell the truth, I had always regarded the bargain with dissatisfaction until this unexpected find equalized the *quid pro quo*.

As I unfolded the map on my table on the evening of its discovery, its brittle creases cracked apart in many places. It was as stiff in its joints as Rip Van Winkle.

It proved to be a map of a portion of the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and bore a date early in the present century. It was printed on very rough, heavy paper, and exhibited that prodigality of ink to which the time was addicted, which bore its long seclusion with remarkable strength of character, for it was unfaded. Aside from the printed names and topographical delineations, in ink whose faded lines well typified the difference between the events they chronicled and the almost changeless physical features which the well-preserved offspring of the press depicted, it bore annotations and dates written in crabbed characters which seemed to indicate that some former owner—perhaps its first possessor—was a close student of the early history of "*La Louisiane*," and preferred the melodious language of *la belle France* to that of the then new *régime*. The well-worn edges of the paper and its great discoloration showed frequent if not hard usage, and lent to it an air of antiquity not justly its due. Yet this appearance, and the early dates of the chronologist, served to direct my mental vision down the dim vista of colonial history, and to bring out vividly, on the sombre background of her primeval solitude, the bold figures of the hardy adventurers who were sponsors for infant Louisiana.

As the seventeenth century approached its close, war-weary Europe called peace for a brief time, and the treaty of Ryswyk gave her troubled crowned heads leisure to look beyond their own frontiers, and their security. It is not strange that America, the weird land of chimeric romance, the scene of so much Spanish glory; of so much French and English heroism and misery,

should then have attracted the attention of more than one of them. The colonies of England on the Eastern coast were established successes, and Spanish Mexico was a new empire. Between these lay a great breadth of almost unvisited country, which might offer opportunity for greater conquests than had yet been made.

Though the waters of its great highway had closed over the remains of brave De Soto, and the bones of Lasalle bleached on its Western plains, the possibility of fame and riches still lured adventurers. The tales of the Indians and the suggestions of the *coureurs des bois* became facts ere they reached the courts of Europe. Salt air and sea-voyages were as strengthening then as now.

So, in the last year but one of the sixteen hundreds, while the New England colonists were still rejoicing over the recognition of Protestant William, and the Quaker friends of Penn were planting beside the Delaware the seeds of that liberty which has since blossomed forth into the Great Republic, Louis le Grand sent forth his fleet, with soldiers and colonists, to establish a post on the Gulf of Mexico, and make his somewhat shadowy title to Louisiana certain, and—so all believed—profitable. The fleet crossed the ocean in safety and during the month of January, 1699, entered the Gulf of Mexico. Calling at the Spanish settlement near where Pensacola now stands, and not being permitted to land, they sailed southwest along the coast, following the islands which form what is now called Mississippi Sound, and found a good anchorage, in deep water, behind the northern point of a reef or chain of narrow sand islands, to which, in honor of the day—it being Candlemas—they gave the euphonious name of *les Chandelers*.

The first glimpse of their new home must have been discouraging. The shallowness of the water warned the seamen off shore, and as they lay at anchor behind the Chandelers, those who climbed to the ship's "top" could see but interminable marshes away to the west, sterile treeless islands curving from east to south, and to the north the dim blue line of the wooded islands.

But the wisely-chosen commander of the

expedition, the French-Canadian Iberville, gave them no opportunity for repining. Exploring the pass between the "*Ile aux chats*"—so called from the immense number of raccoons found there—and the "*Ile aux vaisseaux*," and finding sufficient water, he brought in his smaller vessels, and erected huts on the latter island for the colonists. Here was the first settlement. Perhaps, had they hunted the length and breadth of the vast province, they could not have found a more uninviting spot than this narrow ridge of snowy sand, relieved by a few thickets of stunted shrubs and a sparse wood of pines. Yet, doubtless, after their long confinement on shipboard, it was a most acceptable resting-place.

From here Iberville explored the mainland to the north, encountering the Indians of the coast, who proved well-disposed, and with whom friendly relations were established. And from here, as the spring advanced, Iberville and Bienville set forth in search of the Mississippi, taking with them Athanase, a priest who had been with Lasalle, and upon whom they depended to recognize the great river when it should be reached.

Entering the river through its eastern pass, Athanase soon pronounced it the same he had visited with Lasalle, and they ascended its turbid waters, already much swollen with the spring floods, as far as the mouth of Red river, finding mementoes of Tonti, Lasalle, and even of De Soto, among the Indians they encountered. Upon returning, Iberville passed out through Bayou Manchac, into the lakes, which he named Maurepas and Pontchartrain, through the Rigolets, along the coast, discovering and naming the Bay of St. Louis, and reached Ship Island, where he was soon joined by Bienville, who returned by the mouth of the river.

A council was then held, and an establishment on the mainland determined upon. The place selected was the eastern point of the Bay of Biloxi, so named from the Indians having first met there, which lay almost due north of the camp on Ship Island, and distant about twelve miles; a pine-clad point, easy to defend, but only less sterile than the beach itself. There a fort with four bastions, and mounting twelve cannon, was



soon completed, and about the 1st of May, 1699, with Sauvolle as commander, and Bienville as his lieutenant, it was garrisoned, and the standard of France was raised over the first post in the province of Louisiana. Iberville then sailed for France.

With all these events the French student, whose map lay before me, was thoroughly familiar, and he had noted carefully the points with which they were connected. A cross indicated the first anchorage, and another the camp on Ship Island, while a ground-plan of minute proportions showed the spot where the fort had stood. Another cross pointed out a resting-place of Iberville on his way back from the Mississippi, and to which he refers at some length in his report. It is near Pearl river, on Mulatto bayou, a few miles from what is now known as English Lookout. Here he found the Indians in great numbers, engaged in fishing, and in building canoes, or *pirogues*, shaping them by means of fire and scraping them with shells. I know the place well. There remain the ruins of at least a dozen large mounds, and also a wall line, and a deep ditch, or fosse, still in good preservation. It is possible that this wall may belong to a later period—that of the Indian and Colonial wars. On the bank of

of the bayou are extensive shell mounds, abounding in wood ashes, bones—human and those of animals—crania, pottery and shells worn dull and blunt from such use as Iberville relates he saw made of them.

There were many other annotations, giving no explanation in themselves, and which can be connected with no events that I can recall, but which lead me to guess that had the chronologer left us some record of his information, as well as his map, we might read a more exact history of the colonial struggles against the Indians, and against famine, which render sad the tale of its early existence.

From the fort on the Bay of Biloxi expeditions were sent out to explore and claim the little known territory of the province. From there Bienville set out to establish the first post on the Mississippi, a short distance above the head of the passes, and on his long journeys of diplomacy to the rustic courts of the Choctaws and Chicasaws. From there St. Denys penetrated the Far West, ascending Red river as far as it was possible, and visiting the Spaniards in New Mexico; and Le Sueur followed up the Father of Waters as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, and wintered in the neighborhood of the present site of St. Paul. And there Sauvolle died, and was buried just

outside the rampart, while "his courageous soul sought the glories of another world," so says the chronicle!

This fort was the principal post of the province for several years, until the proprietary government moved its headquarters to Mobile, when only a small garrison was kept there. When, in 1718, Bienville founded the city of New Orleans it was entirely abandoned.

The colonists were singularly unfortunate in the spots chosen for settlements. At Biloxi and Mobile the sterile soil of the pine woods would produce nothing. Ship and Dauphine Islands were black, sandy wastes; while at the fort, on the delta of the Mississippi, to use the words of Martin, "the buzz and sting of the musquitoes, the hissing of the snakes, the croakings of the frogs, and the cries of the alligators, incessantly asserted that the lease the God of Nature had given these reptiles of this part of the country had still a few centuries to run."

In indulging my fondness for outdoor life, I have explored and become familiar with almost all of that portion of the lower Mississippi delta which may properly be considered the swamp country of Louisiana,

dreamy summer weather I have fished through many of the lower bayous, where views of tropical luxuriance and beauty greet the eye in every vista, and the song of birds and delicious perfumes delight the senses. Yet, these charms but cloak a wondrous desolation. Weird swamps, garlanded with sombre Spanish moss; still lakes, fringed with radiant pond-lilies and the stately golden lotus; dreamy bayous, flanked by melancholy cypress brakes; flowery prairies that seem ever in blossom, a wild wealth of vine, palmetto and cane; this is the aspect of the unfrequented and uninhabited lands, the home of the alligator and moccasin, of the summer duck and white crane. This is the forest primeval! The coasts, those narrow ridges of sand which alone serve to mark the boundary of the sea, and over which it breaks when tossed by tempestuous winds, are but shining deserts, relieved in fortunate spots by the rich dark foliage of the umbrageous live-oak.

This was the land to which these pioneers came, and it is not difficult to understand why they chose the high vine-clad shores of the Gulf for their home.

It was only after years of vain searchings



Hunters Camp.

and with the neighboring sea-coasts. On the bosom of the floods I have cruised in skiff and *pirogue*, through the solitudes of the forests of the Atchafalaya, and in the

for the mines of precious metal, which their own desires, more than the tales of the Indians, had led them to expect, that they turned the wild canebrake on river

bank into well-tilled fields, and so began to reap the riches of the soil. It took eighteen years to convince them that the bank of the Mississippi was the proper place for their settlement.

Of the early posts, the fort on Biloxi

sentry on the ramparts and the change of the sleepy guard. But the moonlight gave no fantastic imagery in response to my inquiring gaze, and the water no echo to my thought. The tide swept out silently past me, resistless as the tide which had borne



THE LAGOONS

bay was perhaps the most happily situated, and was the favorite one of Bienville. Today, the spot where it was built has been almost entirely swept away by the erosive action of the tides of nearly two hundred years. Its wooden palisades and low earthworks long ago crumbled away, scarcely a mound now marking its place, and by many it is forgotten. But every little while some *find* is made, some relic is unearthed, and recalls the courageous efforts of the brave adventurers to make those inhospitable shores the cradle of a new empire. Only a few years ago a boy picked up on the narrow beach a gold piece of the coinage of Louis XIV.

Not long ago I was seated at evening on the shore opposite that on which the fort once stood. The sun had set, and the short semi-tropical twilight was rapidly, but almost imperceptibly, giving place to a flood of warm light from the almost full moon. I gazed across the calm, silent bay, and tried to picture, in the shadows gathering on the margin, the outlines of the French bateaux; and above, against the pines, the ramparts of the fort. Surely, in years long past, the moonlight must have shone on such a scene with the same divine effulgence, and the breathless waters have heard on such nights the tread of the

the colonists to this shore, in its good time bore them away and washed their footprints from the sand.

In visiting any of the scenes of historical interest, the desire to reproduce the past is ever strong upon me. I never catch a glimpse, even from a passing train, of the green point and quiet bay, that my mind does not endeavor to create the palinogenesis of the first colony of Louisiana, whose struggle for existence hallows the spot.

Sailing through Ship Island Pass, or down to the Chandeleurs, I cannot but try to recall the odd shapes of the old French men-of-war riding at anchor inside the north point, with pinnaces and barges ready to leave their sides to explore the shores, and to find the Mississippi. Often at mid-day, reclining lazily under the yacht's awning, as she skims the bosom of the sound, with half-closed eyelids tempering the glare of the almost equatorial sun, yet dreamily watching the blue line of the pine woods to the north and the intervening thread of snowy-white sand, there will rise before me on the turbid billows, the heavy bateaux, deeply laden with stores, coasting from Mobile or Biloxi to the trading stations on the Mississippi, or the more distant Red river post of Natchitoches. Often,

against the setting sun, around some reedy point of marsh, I fancy I see the trim canoes of the Canadian *voyageurs*—perhaps St. Denys and his Indians, paddling back from their long trip into Mexico—coming stealthily along the shore, scaring up a cloud of gulls, or a long file of dignified pelicans, that fly loungingly away to some undisturbed key.

These were the first-ripples of the brimming waves of civilization and commerce that have swept along the great arteries and over the vast plains of the valley of the Mississippi. Yet great as was the power of this tide, in regions later known, it swept gently by the coast to which first it flowed, and scarcely left its drift upon the shore. Almost in their pristine wildness, the vast prairies of sea marsh, netted with countless lagoons and bayous, offer a rich feeding-ground to wild-fowl and snipe, and the long intersecting ridges of live-oak have changed only in that they offer a few more gnarled and furrowed knees, and an inch or two more of limb to the soft air of the Gulf. The stately pines still sigh in melancholy whispers their longings to the passing breeze, and sorrowingly shed their fragrant needles, a soft carpet over the sterile soil.

But where the first colonists failed to found a settlement which could maintain itself, the retroaction of their success upon the Mississippi has sent back to the barren pine shores a newer civilization, and one which will undoubtedly endure. When the impetus of American acquisition and Yankee energy had lifted New Orleans from a continental dependency into a city of merchant princes and lordly planters, and its people looked about for some place close at hand, where their families would be able to enjoy good health during the long heat of summer, they instinctively turned to the dry, bracing shores of Mississippi Sound, where the miasma of the lowlands was unknown. The steamers plying daily to Mobile skirt-

ed the coast and made it accessible. From where the hills first reach the water, some ten miles west of Bay St. Louis, on almost to Mobile, the shore became dotted with summer cottages, and the towns of Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Pascagoula became the chief places of resort—the “over the lake” of “before the war.” Now with railway communication, and a number of accommodating trains running in and out of the city daily, it has become an almost continuous village as far as Ocean Springs, and thousands from the city in summer, and from the far North in winter, enjoy the invigorating breezes of the Gulf and the pure atmosphere of the pine woods.

This newer settlement of the coast has but slightly modified its original characteristics. A step beyond the neatly-kept grounds of an “over the lake” residence, and one finds himself in the unchanged forest. Follow the beach beyond the last wharf and bath-house, and you find the scrub oaks and pines disputing its possession with the sea-drift. And one great charm of this strip of shore is, that as it is, so it will always remain. It is too poor for cultivation and its lumber too stunted to be of value.

Besides the dates which recall the old French colonists, the map had others more



recent, relating to the stirring time when old Hickory came down with his raw militia and gained his needless victory over our English cousins at Chalmette. It was by this corner of the Gulf that the British ap-



Mexican Gulf Hotel -
Pass Christian.

proached New Orleans. On the 12th of December, 1814, Admiral Cochrane brought his fleet of eighty vessels to anchor behind Ship Island, and on account of shallow water proceeded from there in boats and barges with a large force.

The poor fleet of the Americans, consisting of five gunboats and a schooner, under command of Lieutenant Jones, offered but slight resistance. The enemy approaching in forty-three boats, mounting as many guns, and carrying twelve hundred picked men, met them at Point Malheureux, and after a gallant and bloody fight, compelled them to surrender. The pass thus cleared, the English made their way with ease through Lake Borgne to Bayou Bienvenu, and up that stream to the high ground beside the river, where General Jackson gave them the historical warm reception. They left but few traces of their visit, and the only name which directly recalls the event is that of English Lookout, given to a small shell bank near the mouth of Pearl river, where, at that time, grew a solitary pine of great height, for which a lookout for them was kept. The railroad now runs close by, and it is the home of several clubs of hunters and fishermen.

But aside from the events of historic interest this map recalled to me many pleasant days passed along the shores it delineates. Almost every bend of the coast, every channel and island is as familiar to me as an old friend, and I can live over again the happy hours while I follow its lines. In memory, I sail again by Grand Island, and come to beside St. Joe's Light, to draw the scene. I see once more that famous catch, lying

in the bottom of the seine-skiff. Forty sheeps-heads, twenty odd red-fish,* a bushel of croakers—the king of pan-fish—and three large flounders. Again, we come to anchor beside the shell keys, north of Ile au Pied, and fixing our rods and reels, go casting in the surf. The float sinks—a strike! Buzz—z—z, away he goes for fifteen yards or so, and I turn

him, and while he circles away to the right under a steady pull, I wade back toward shore reeling in slowly. Now, he comes at me with a rush, and my "meek" can scarcely multiply rapidly enough to keep the line taut. Breaking, he takes fifty feet more line, only stopping under the utmost persuasion to circle away again, pulling like a horse. Gradually, after many swirls and breaks, I get him into shoal water, and land him—a fine redfish of ten pounds—just as another of the party hooks a speckled trout† of half that weight, and reels him in, splashing, jumping, fighting to the last with all the fire of his quick temperament. So the morning passes, each taking his luck in the happy frame of mind which the place and time inspire, and after a plunge in the transparent waves, all return to the yacht to do more than justice to a midday breakfast. Ah, those breakfasts! surely the ancestors of George, in far-off Sicily, learned from some god of old and bequeathed to him the culinary art.

Once more we stop to fish at Goose Point, a giant sand-spit making out from the east end of Cat Island toward the Louisiana Marsh, a place where sport is always to be had in summer, and where in winter the wild geese collect in great numbers. Along its bare backbone, as on the north shore of the marsh, there are still standing at intervals the bleached posts of the telegraph line built by General Butler during the war to connect the city with Fort Massachusetts, on Ship Island, where many hundreds of Confederates were con-

* Spotted Bass.

† Weakfish.

fined under the galling guardianship of colored troops and gunboats at anchor in the pass.

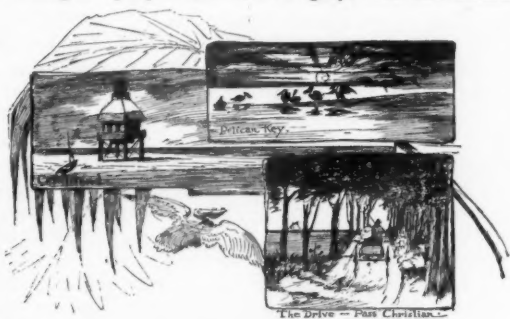
The picture of it that comes to me now is far from warlike. I see only the graceful curve of the old red brick fort on the snowy sand-point, with its bright green glacis, against the clear blue—may I say Italian?—sky, and the richer ultramarine of the sea; a bit of contrasted coloring such as water-colorists love. I see in its quiet bay, not men-of-war and transports, but the great lumber fleet of Europe and the West Indies, and of schooners from the mainland bringing them their cargoes of the timber of the long-leaved pine. I fancy I see also the Spanish mackerel skimming in the blue water around the old wharf. There have been famous catches of them made from it.

I recall with particular pleasure a cruise of three days, made in the autumn, some years since, down the western side of the Chandeleurs. It was the last of October, in the divine six weeks of weather which usually, though not always, intervenes between our reluctantly departing summer and the early winter rains. The air was cool and bracing, even frosty before day. We anchored at Red Fish Point, and found the snipe and ducks in greatest abundance, while from every bare flat gangs of gold-breasted Spanish curlew rose lazily at our approach. On the outer beach we caught no fish, as a heavy surf was running, but there on one morning we enjoyed the novel experience of seeing the shore, from the surf to the sand dunes, alive—literally—with periwinkles, the hue of their shells replacing, as far as the eye could reach, the glare of the white sand. We remained there for some time, and left them in full possession on going to breakfast, but returning a few hours later not one could be seen. They had stolen away as mysteriously as they had come, and I have never heard of a repetition of their visit in such numbers. We were eminently successful in fishing in the channels behind the islands, and killed ducks, snipe and curlew, until we con-

fessed with shame an overstocked larder, and consequently a most sinful waste. The cruise was one of the most enjoyable I ever participated in.

I might almost say that I could relate some such recollection of every island in the chain that bounds the sound, so readily does memory connect them with reminiscences. They are all worth seeking to one with a predilection for coasting and contemplation.

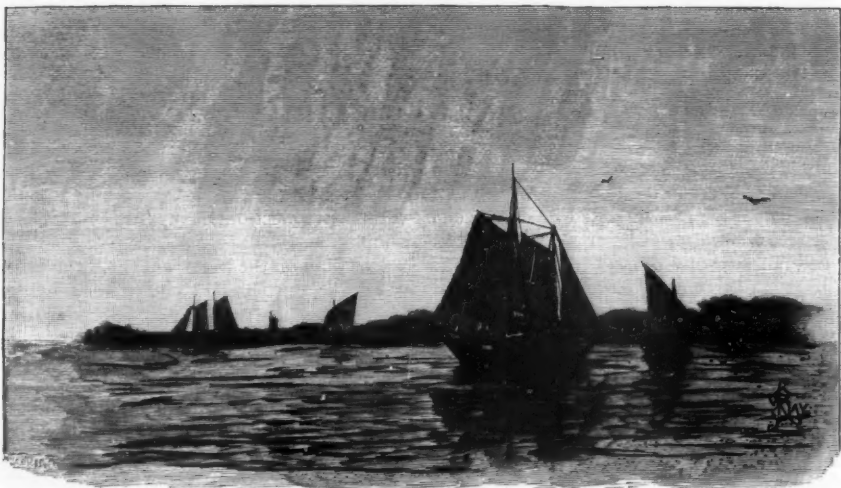
I sat late on the night on which the map was brought to light, studying its friendly features, and re-living some of the pleasant days I had passed upon those shores. It happened at a time when I had a few days' rest in view, and before I had returned it to its resting-place. I had determined I would try and pass them beside Mississippi Sound. On the following day I took the evening train for Pass Christian, and soon had left the cypress swamps behind and was flying over the marshy prairie. The first rain after many weeks of drouth had fallen but a few days, and along the roadside patches of fresh green-water grasses were springing up, a bright contrast to the dry, sun-burned surface of the marsh. In the middle distance, giving it the appearance of a vast stubble field, a warm tone of yellowish-brown prevailed, cut at intervals by lines of darker, richer hues, and fading away in the declining sunlight, through tones of deep purple and mellow gray, into the distant



The Drive - Pass Christian.

line of cobalt where, far to the south, the oak ridge of the Terre aux Bœufs swelled against the horizon.

Against the yellow western sky were the sharply defined sails of schooners threading the Rigolets on their way into or out



THE RIGOLETS

of the lake; picturesque colliers, with immense cargoes of charcoal piled in a sort of rick on deck, and stately luggers, with great lateen-sails. Across the Rigolets and Pearl river, across the Claiborne meadows, and the first of the Mississippi pine barrens were passed. A few stoppages at the Bay St. Louis stations, a brief run over the bay itself on the long bridge, and the Pass was reached, two hours and twenty minutes from town. Half an hour later, seated at a generously supplied and deliciously cooked supper in the pleasant dining-room of the Mexican Gulf Hotel, I began to feel that I was beyond the call of business, and bade its cares begone until none lingered to disturb my peace or my digestion. After supper, strolling out under the superb live-oaks and down the long pier over the sea, the peace I needed came to take the place of care and the soft breeze that came down the silvery path of the water from under the harvest moon caressed my uncovered head with magic fingers and whispered to me, rest! Seated on a bench near the pier-head, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the night. Shoreward the lights of the village twinkled against the black woods, above which the Great Bear kept watch upon the North Star.

To the south a dim, shadowy line against the horizon, ending in a flashing star, was Cat Island. But its lighthouse paled beside the brilliant autumn moon, whose light bathed and absorbed almost every feature of the night. I rested well as I listened to the soothing murmur of the waves upon the shore, and well, too, when I sought my bed.

I cannot dwell in detail upon the enjoyable days of my brief holiday. I spent one morning at Wolf river with my fly-rod, and took a good string of black bass; and another at the shippard on Bayou Portage, catching speckled trout with the same light tackle, and very good sport it was. I made several excursions out into the piny woods, where friends who went with me made good bags of quail, and *saw* a wild turkey. Two days were passed on a small schooner, the cruise including the Shell Keys, the Louisiana Marsh, Ile au Pied and Goose Point. We were fairly successful in fishing, and exceedingly so in shooting, the ducks, but newly arrived, being in the lagoons in immense numbers.

When not thus engaged, I found ample entertainment in watching, from the hotel piazza, the ever-changing Gulf. Protected from the least glare by the superb live-oaks, yet receiving the full fresh breeze, I found it a most delightful loafing place.

I found much amusement in strolling on the beach in the afternoon at a point where some fishermen drew their seine. They were usually quite successful, and would return home with well-filled car. But they left upon the shore many curious objects of marine life. There are innumerable varieties of small fish in the waters of the Gulf, and I found many oddities in the dredgings of this net, together with beautiful specimens of jelly-fish, sea-nettles, shrimp, cuttle-fish and an occasional sea-horse.

The early evening was generally passed in driving. What the morning hour at the Casino is to the fashion worshippers of Newport, the evening drive is to the cottagers of Pass Christian. The village is the original Shoestringville. It extends fully six miles along the shore, and is at least one house deep. At some places it has outgrown its identity, and is two houses and a shed deep, but these efforts are at best but feeble and the results scattering. Sporadically along the rear of the town a back street appears, but it invariably dies of inanition, struggling away into the pine woods, or stopping short at someone's back gate. Its drive, the one long shelled street which ends only when the town ends, and skirts the Gulf, never more than a few hundred feet away at the farthest, is the great pride of the Pass. Constant applications of shells through many years have rendered it as hard as stone, and as smooth as asphalt. In spots, the umbrageous branches of the

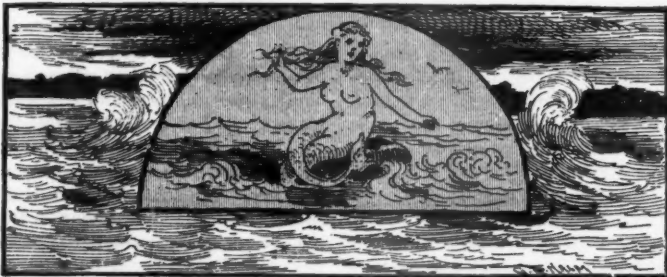
live-oaks and mulberry trees meet overhead, and in others the pines and red cedars shut out the sky, forming long green arcades festooned with moss, and hedged with palmettoes, that almost overhang the sea. On the landward side almost every space is occupied by the summer villas of the city people, or the cottages of the townfolk, and seaward from each house runs out a narrow wharf to deep water, usually a hundred yards distant, terminating in a bath-house.

On this road, when the heat of the day is over, the "beauty and fashion" of the Pass come forth. Equipages of every style and almost every age are pressed into service, and until night falls suddenly upon the too brief twilight, the scene is animated and entertaining in the extreme. I am told that the Northerners who crowd the village during the winter do not keep up this custom, but I cannot imagine the road deserted at sunset.

Though I did but little, my few days of leisure passed all too rapidly, and now at home again, I find myself sighing for a few days more relaxation, and another chance at the fish and birds. And now comes in a friend, just home from the Rockies, whither he went with rod, rifle and gun to get a couple of dozen trout, a *shot* at a buffalo, and any amount of discomfort. Verily, I am more than ever satisfied with our corner of the Great Gulf.

NEW ORLEANS,
December, 1883.

ROBERT S. DAY.



RETROSPECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

V.

I ARRIVED in Boston, re-established in health, and not out of pocket, by one of the pleasantest excursions I had hitherto undertaken in the States. The company being assembled we opened the season with Mrs. Woodham as *Frank Heartall* and the *Widow Cheerly* to a very brilliant audience, presaging, I thought, some success, though falsely, as it proved, since this season, in villainous imitation of its predecessors, did not even pay its expenses. Our hopes had been buoyed up in one way or another till its close, when the unmistakable deficit staring us in the face, we had no other consolation than that of reflecting that, if we were so many hundred dollars in debt, it was not owing to any want of exertion on our part. Mills and Mrs. Woodham had succeeded very well, while Caulfield had nevertheless kept his ground in public favor, owing to the numerous acquaintances he had made; and I now wrote to Mrs. Stanley, in hopes of engaging her on rather lower terms than she had demanded. Green had not joined us but continued with Mrs. West; Usher, whom I had taken from among the supernumeraries at Philadelphia and advanced to a situation in Boston, had returned from Quebec to engage some of our company, but only applied to those we could well dismiss. From his father, in Kentucky, I received another letter, pressing me to undertake a speculation in that quarter, and pointing out the particular towns which would form a profitable circuit. I had, however, two seasons yet to sustain in Boston, and the great distance to the back countries suggested a hundred difficulties, which I did not like to encounter. Barrett was out of employment at New York; Cooper starring at Philadelphia; Mrs. Warren still attractive; poor Bates, a restless, visionary fellow, engaged to us for a few nights and a benefit. A Mr. Morse made his *début* with us in *Osmond* and was tolerably successful; and that sad speculator, Fennell, who had not got over his salt-

works embarrassments, wanted to perform for a few nights, in order that by paying his deluded creditors a trifle he might keep them from putting his honorable person in "durance vile." Since that speculation he had attempted another—an academy near Boston upon a very magnificent scale. Having fixed upon a suitable house and grounds he proceeded to make designs for reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, class-rooms, etc., without having a shilling in his pocket to carry out such schemes; but no sooner was the pleasant work of planning over than he immediately wearied of the whole affair. Such was the state of theatricals, as connected with ourselves, at the close of the year 1808.

Our musical parties were in as great vogue as ever this season, though we had no new members, and as usual I had a multiplicity of invitations to dinners, etc., but fearing for my health continued to reside at "The Lodge" until winter set in, when I removed with my family into town. The road out to Dorchester, over the "Neck," as it is called, was at this time even dangerously bad, and in my daily drives into town I had to practise a difficult kind of land navigation in steering the gig clear of an immense bank of stones and mud on one side, while with hair-breadth exactness I skirted the brink of an unfathomable gully on the other. These rides acquainted me with a laughable incident connected with the state of the neighborhood.

A gentleman residing on the "Neck" had a slough before his door of such depth and dimensions as to render his house all but inaccessible. A "select committee" having been appointed for the repair of this highway, he had applied repeatedly to have the slough in question filled up; but their only answer, from week to week, was: "By and bye, dear sir. But we really cannot stir in the matter at present." One morning after a heavy rainfall, the slough overflowed, and pretty well completed the imprisonment of the gentleman in his own

house. There was, however, solace in store for his captivity. It happened the same day that some business called two of the "selectmen" from town, and their route lay over the "Neck." Driving by in a gig at a furious rate, and with some heedlessness, their wheel slid into the gully as they were passing it, and in an instant the gig was upset, and both of them precipitated into the filth up to their middles. The gentleman at the adjacent house happening to be at his window was a witness of this retributive accident, and throwing up his sash as they were attempting to scramble out of the pool called out to them laughingly: "Thank you, gentlemen; thank you. I see you are really 'stirring in the matter' at last!"

The season proceeded with little spirit, and we lost an excellent friend to the theatre by the death of Governor Sullivan. Shortly after, however, I brought forward a play in three acts, entitled "The Pilgrims, or the Landing of Our Forefathers," which locality alone would have rendered a success, as many of the descendants of the first settlers were now residing in Boston, but supported by a strong company the little merit it possessed was favorably recommended to the public. It proved, as I had anticipated, "a good card," and when everything else failed drew tolerable houses to the close of the season. At Christmas I received an invitation to visit New York during our month's recess at home, but declined it from apprehensions with regard to health. Mrs. Stanley arrived in Boston from a country circuit she had been taking; but as we could not agree upon terms, she quitted us for a lucrative and agreeable situation in the Canadas, to perform there in private with the military amateurs. By the letters I received, I learned that theatricals were in a most lamentable state all over the continent. New York and Philadelphia were not paying their expenses; Charleston even worse; and Mrs. West's circuit in Virginia done up altogether. Thus we had abundance of that negative consolation which some people pretend to derive from the reflection that there are others as badly or worse off than themselves. At last the season came to a close, nothing particular having distinguished it, except the *début* of Master Payne, the "American Roscius," in

April, 1809, which created some sensation in the theatrical world.*

As the spring advanced I removed my wife to "The Lodge" and, as she was unable to travel, passed the summer in visiting the towns within a hundred miles of Boston, returning home at the end of every two or three weeks, and thus passing my time both profitably and pleasantly. The only incident I remember now of those rambles is the following: Among other places I paid a visit to Newport, with letters of recommendation to Mr. Baring, of London, from whose family I had received attentions in my early days. I had a very brilliant attendance at night, and among my auditors a very infirm old gentleman, who was more or less lame, blind and deaf. When I began my favorite recitation of "The Three Warnings," this gentleman seemed to pay particular attention, but when I came to the lines

"The unwelcome messenger of Death
Once more before him stood,"

he fell back in his chair, uttered a slight shriek and fainted. He was carried out immediately, and soon restored to his senses, but did not return to the entertainment. This circumstance unavoidably threw a gloom over the company, which, for some time, not all my humorous efforts could remove, till at last another incident as much befriended as the other had distressed me. Among my comic recitations was Cowper's "John Gilpin," and no sooner had I commenced this than a loud and general shout of laughter ran round the room, which kept increasing as I proceeded. At length I discovered the cause. Mr. John Gilpin, a merchant and resident in the town, occupied a front seat, and having a wife who was rather fond of him, the story suggested to the minds of the assembly sundry humorous coinci-

* John Howard Payne, remembered now as the author of "one immortal song," was the author of many plays which are now forgotten, and as the Boy Actor, the first of a long line of infant phenomena in America, he met with marvelous success throughout the United States. He made his first appearance as *Young Norval*, in "Douglas," at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1809, and played the part in Boston in the same year. He appeared in London, still as *Young Norval*, in 1813, but as he grew in years he declined in grace as an actor, and so on retired from the stage.

L. H.—B. M.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE AS NORVAL

From a painting by Leslie.

dences. The object of this merriment bore it with the best humor imaginable, laughing himself at all the points, and thus quite disarming any who might have been satirically disposed.

The season of 1809-10 commenced with very inauspicious prospects and verified our

worst apprehensions as it proceeded. Various novelties prepared during the recess were brought forward at much expense and with able performers, but comparatively failed; and the opera, upon which, from the musical disposition of the town, we had placed great dependence, though sup-

ported by Webster, John Darley, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Claude Dickinson and myself, never did more than draw the expenses. This was the more grievous since New York, Philadelphia and Charleston had all by this time recovered from their depression, and were now playing to \$1,000 nightly. From the losses I had hitherto sustained, and the gloomy prospects before me, I began now bitterly to reproach myself for having meddled with management, and wasted five of the most valuable years of my life in merely getting my livelihood, when I ought to have been realizing an independence. But this cannot interest my reader.

We expected Cooper and Master Payne to join us soon, and in the interim we produced with great *éclat* a comedy, by Mr. White, of Boston, the author inducing us to engage Fennell, who was now in town, to perform one of the characters. Robert Treat Paine wrote a prologue for it in his usual inimitable manner, which I agreed to speak; but, from Paine's negligent habit, I only received it on Saturday, and finding it 180 lines in length I sent it back to him with an assurance that I could not get perfect in it so as to do it justice by the Monday evening when the comedy was to be produced. Fennell happening to be with him when this message arrived, promptly offered to recite it himself, a proposal which Paine caught at with pleasure. Fennell took the prologue home with him to study, but when the evening came did not know a syllable of it, and coming forward to the audience craved their permission to read it. After some hesitation this was granted, and Fennell delivered these lines, sparkling as they were with wit and humor, with so much of the correctness of the scholar and the stateliness of the tragedian as to throw a gloom over the audience which it took all the first act of the comedy to efface.

One day I was called out from rehearsal to speak to a gentleman in a coach, and opening the door discovered poor Barrett* in a sad emaciated state. Stretching out

his shriveled hand to me he exclaimed: "Ah, Johnny, I am come to die with you!" though, but for his appearance, the tone in which he spoke would have induced me to think he was jesting. I had him removed to some lodgings, where his death did indeed take place a few days after, and we interred the once famous actor in a now forgotten grave.

Being invited to a party this winter, at the house of General Humphreys, beneath whose social and hospitable roof some of my happiest hours were passed, the conversation in the course of the evening turned upon Yankee characteristics, and several gentlemen present afforded humorous illustrations of the one by which they are chiefly distinguished—viz., ingenuity—relating various anecdotes, two only of which I remember:

A Yankee performing a journey through the back countries on foot saw two horses in a field as he passed along, one of which he determined to borrow for a few miles, as he was feeling very weary. Accordingly, writing in pencil on a slip of paper that he would leave the beast at the next town on the road, he tied the note to one horse's fetlock, and mounting the other with merely a halter for bridle, rode off with him. This transaction happening to be observed, an alarm was given to the owner of the animals, who, saddling the remaining one, without paying any attention to the note attached to its leg, rode away after the unknown borrower, or, as he considered him, perhaps, thief. Unluckily for the Yankee, he was mounted on a slow traveler compared with the steed he had left behind, and he soon descried with some consternation a rider behind urging a powerful beast along the road at full speed, evidently in pursuit of him. Having neither whip nor spur, he found it a difficult matter to impel the horse he rode beyond its usual pace, and his pursuer, therefore, had every chance of coming up with him directly. At this moment he perceived a cottage by the roadside at no great distance, toward which, by blows and kicks, he urged his steed somewhat faster, the farmer gaining on him nevertheless at every step. Reaching the door he dismounted, and went in. The farmer riding up immediately after in a

* Giles L. Barrett, the father of the well-known "Gentleman George" Barrett, was a popular leading actor in more than one English provincial theatre. He arrived in America in 1796, but was past his prime, and never achieved greatness on the American stage.

tremendous passion, threw himself off his horse, leaving it by the side of its fellow, and ran into the cottage to seize and secure the thief. The Yankee, however, was prepared for him. Having slipped up stairs, he opened the front window which looked out upon the road, and as the farmer ran into the house let himself down outside, mounted the saddled horse, seized the other by the halter, and rode off securely with both. The hero of the second story was at least as ingenious. A new liquor warehouse opening at Boston on a ready-money and low-price system, Jonathan walked in one day with a two-gallon keg on his shoulder, and asked for a gallon of the best brandy. The liquor having been poured through a funnel into his keg the money was demanded. Pretending ignorance of their mode of doing business the Yankee said that he would pay the next time he came into town. The shopman demurred, saying that he did not intend to give any credit. "But," asked the Yankee in mock surprise, "do you intend to take back the brandy?"

"To be sure," replied the other, "if you don't pay for it."

"Then," said he, "you must bring your measure, for I had some liquor of my own in the keg."

This was done, a gallon of the contents

measured back, and the fellow marched off with another gallon of fine grog, having half filled his keg beforehand with *water*!

Master Payne and other "stars" now visited us, and shed a temporary glimmer over the dulness of our theatrical hemisphere; but we had little relief on the whole, as the darkness only seemed greater after their departure. At length, after great trouble and expense in getting up, we produced the fairy romance of "The Forty Thieves," which proved one of the most successful hits within my knowledge, and by the crowded audiences it drew to the end of the season in some measure compensated us for preceding losses, enabling me to pay in cash, though not in gratitude, the generous friend who had helped me.

At a musical party I was introduced to a Major Henry, just arrived from Canada who urged me strongly to visit that country, and try to establish a circuit. Albany, I was aware, I could procure at any time, and on this consideration made a proposal to Powell to throw up my share in the Boston concern for \$1,200 and a benefit. As, however, Dickinson intended proceeding to England for reinforcements, and I meant to visit Canada, I resolved to form my final determination according to the success of the ensuing season.

JOHN BERNARD.

(To be Continued.)



Recent Literature.

One of the most notable expressions, among the many recent ones, upon Emerson is that offered by John Morley in *Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Essay*.^{*} It represents the side of sympathy and qualified admiration. And while it reflects, in a measure, discontent of a kind similar to that which we are all now familiar with, from the wide circulation of Matthew Arnold's essay, its attitude and manner are so different from that, that its effect is that of more or less exalted, and only slightly hesitating, praise. Mr. Arnold, somehow, gave us, with all his urbanity, in the treatment of Emerson, the manner of a man who felt that, when he had finished addressing us, he should give the final verdict, and almost save posterity its trouble in the matter. Mr. Morley says that "for our time at least Emerson may best be left to be his own expositor. . . . He is already one of the privileged few whom the reader approaches in the mood of settled respect, and whose names have surrounded themselves with an atmosphere of religion." Again, he remarks, and with a certain felicity, that "his books were for spiritual use, like maps and charts of the mind of man, and not much for 'excellence of *divertissement*.'" He sees, too, that Emerson's power lies not in the ordinary channels; it has "the flash of illumination, the indefinable accent that attracts masses of men to a new teacher and a high doctrine."

The criticism which is adverse is that which touches his style, and, in part, that which is bestowed upon his poetry. No English writer will probably ever concede more than Mr. Morley concedes on this subject, and yet conventionalism is so strong and dominating in the English mind that even he, with his nice sense of the relative value of things, cannot see what surprising force Emerson's manner gives to his thought. "That his writing has quality and flavor none but a pure pedant would deny." But it does not come up to the "accepted standard." Arnold's way of stating this objection is, that it does not flow like Swift's and Addison's. It lacks "the quality," says Morley, "that French critics call *coulant*." But the English language has staccato power, as

well as the power of glibness, and the impression and effect of this, in the hands of a genius—as Emerson's methods illustrate—have bequeathed to human expression a strength and beauty that are as far above Swift and Addison, as the moon is above the child's wish who is reaching out and crying for it. It is well, in this connection, to remember what Cowper says in one of his letters, viz., "that critics did not originally beget authors, but authors made critics." The critic formulates merely what the great writer really establishes. The star is in no way beholden to the astronomer. But it is quite unfortunate for the astronomer when he fails to see one of the first magnitude. And what Cowper says elsewhere is pertinent, too: "Give me a manly rough line, with a deal of meaning in it, rather than a whole poem full of musical periods that have nothing but their oily smoothness to recommend them."

These remarks, however, are not so much needed for Mr. Morley, as for a class which sees little or nothing in a writer of new and remarkable power. As for Mr. Morley, he sees, as we have already said, a great deal, and tells what has impressed him in respect to Emerson, in a most delightful way. His contribution is a very charming one. And, while it is published separately here, it precedes, as a worthy introduction, the English edition of Emerson's works.

Among the later volumes added to the beautiful Golden Treasury Series are Mrs. Oliphant's selected *Poems of Cowper* and the *Letters of Cowper*.^{*} Little need be said of the former, except that the work seems to be executed with discrimination and good taste, and is accompanied by a helpful essay in the way of introduction. The letters, of which less are known, deserve the high praise which Southey and Alexander Smith—the latter a writer of more captivating prose than he has ever received credit for—have united in bestowing. Those who read this little book through faithfully, as we have done, will not doubt that Cow-

^{*} *Ralph Waldo Emerson: An Essay*. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

^{*} *Selections from Cowper's Poems*. With Introduction. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883. *Letters of William Cowper*. Edited with Introduction. By the Rev. W. Benham, D.D., F.S.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

per truly is, in the terms these writers employ, "the best of English letter-writers." Not one of his letters was written with the slightest expectation that it was to have some day the public for an eye-witness; and yet no style could well be neater and purer than that which dominates each production. Their ease, their naturalness and sincerity, their vivacity, except when the author's morbid mental affection intervened, are something to be noted, and give them a perennial charm. As the collector justly says, they are "the simple statement of whatever he has in his mind; written in pure and beautiful English; full of the information and refined taste of a well-read man; overflowing now with humor, now with deep religious feeling, for both were natural to him."

By marking, therefore, a proper perspective of the author's moods, you could almost write his complete biography from the materials they furnish. These letters were published originally in a fragmentary way; but they are gathered here in their fullness. At first they were published because the author had won fame as a poet; but we think that nothing Cowper ever put into verse has so much attractiveness and perfection as these letters of which he thought nothing.

They were written in a time when letter-writing was a somewhat different thing from what it is to-day. Each one is a daily news chronicle and commentator, as much as the *Spectator* itself was, mingling with state affairs, religion, literary criticism, and village gossip at Olney, Merton, Underwood, and the other points from which they are dated. The most trivial personal and household affairs of the writer sometimes began his sheet, with nothing to say. He said it so delightfully, that it interests you to read his account of whatever slight matter he touches. In one letter he loves "the memory of Vinny Bourne;" thinks him "a better poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid," and enlarges upon the subject with genuine eloquence. But just before reaching this encomium he writes: "My neckcloths being all worn out, I intend to wear stocks, but not unless they are more fashionable than the former. In that case I shall be obliged to you if you will buy me a handsome stock-buckle for a very little money; for twenty or twenty-five shillings, perhaps, a second-hand affair may be purchased that will make a figure at Olney."

He records the order of the day in the household where he lives; tells of his gardening; describes the room from which he writes; gives

account of the calls made and calls received; and often acknowledges the receipt of presents of fish, of which his friends knew he was exceedingly fond. This little volume opens up the mind and life of Cowper, and gives a genuine pleasure in all its revelations, except when it indicates, as we have remarked, that malady of mind which he partly inherited, and which a perverse teaching intensified and inflamed, until the grave was his only remedy and release.

The two vignette pictures in the title-pages of these volumes—one a portrait of Cowper—are artistic and of interest; which is only saying that they are in keeping with the contents, and mechanical execution generally of the two books, and of the series to which they form such pleasant additions.

Beethoven is the Shakespeare of music, and of his nine symphonies, three—the Ninth, the Eroica and the Fifth—might be called his "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Othello." On the nine symphonies probably as much criticism has been expended—proportionally speaking, the last of them having been performed for the first time only eighty years ago—as on any nine plays of Shakespeare. Wagner, Berlioz, Nottebohm, Ferdinand Ries, Schumann and many more have written volumes about them, analyzing them and relating the history of their composition. A new volume, albeit an unpretentious one, is now added to this literature in Sir George Grove's *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies*,* which Mr. Georg Henschel, of Boston, has introduced to this country. Sir George Grove, who is well known as a writer on music, was secretary to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham in 1854, when it was opened by the Queen and Prince Consort. Among other things he was instrumental in organizing a series of daily concerts, with Mr. August Manns as conductor, at which, overcoming a prejudice then existing in England, Schumann's compositions were given a prominent place. Sir George believes that, save with some people of sensuous organization who can surrender themselves to the spell of music and care for no more, audiences lose half the pleasure by not knowing the analysis of a great piece intelligently or not being conversant with its history; and to enable his Crystal Palace audiences to thoroughly enjoy the standard works, he wrote a series of analytical pro-

* *Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. Analytical Essays.* By Sir George Grove, D.C.L., President of the Royal College of Music, London. With an Introduction by the Author and a Preface by Georg Henschel. 16mo, 229 pp. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1884.

grammes, among which Beethoven's nine symphonies were of course included. It is these Beethoven essays which are now published in book form—a form in which Mr. Henschel hopes they will serve a double purpose, namely, "to be read before or in the intermissions of concerts at which the symphonies are given," and "to be studied at home as an inducement, as a preparation." The analysis of Sir George Grove differs from that of Berlioz, Wagner and the others, inasmuch as it is made, not for musicians or for those who are familiar with the structure of orchestral pieces, but for the ordinary member of a concert audience. In this consists its peculiar value; it is clear and explanatory, and, as untechnical as it is possible for a musical analysis to be. But this does not prevent the essays from being thoroughly scholarly, or from containing some original suggestions which critics of Beethoven will note. His analyses of the three principal symphonies, especially of the mighty Ninth, with his explanation of the vocal *finale* on Schiller's "Freude, schöner Götterfunken," make as noble a piece of musical criticism as is in the language. The book will be a popular one, and its appearance will time well with the return of the concert season.

It is not often one can expect to find in the first book of poems, by a young writer, any sense of newness or special flavor. And when these qualities are found joined with a high degree of finish and form, the sensation is one of positive pleasure. The modest little book which comes to us under the unpretentious title of *Songs at the Start** is one that has given us surprise for these reasons. Each poem is the expression of a unique mood, and claims separate attention for what it offers. If we except the opening poem on "Gloucester Harbor," which has a slightly Swinburnean melody, there is nothing which even suggests a borrowed color or cadence in the fifty-one poems here strung together.

These are songs which must have somehow sung themselves, in moments when idleness reigned and no work or care obstructed the pure, clear vision. They rise out of a mood, all of them, in which inspiration commands, and the uplifted thought obeys an impulse which it can neither disown nor escape. There are no marks of mere workmanship to be seen, no reiteration of an organ barrel; the strain is at once easy, simple and melodious, and filled with

subtle fancies and tender expression, as well as with power and strength. Among the titles to be specified, and here one hardly can specify, are "Private Theatricals," "The Second Time They Met," "My Neighbor," "On Not Reading a 'Posthumous Work,'" "An Epitaph," and "Crazy Margaret." But we had marked others, too, in the perusal, and have no space in which to do them justice. The author is one whom—if she continues to remember how stern are the requirements of the Muse she invokes—it will be a pleasure to meet again.

If *A Roman Singer** were the first work of a new author, we could read it with unmixed pleasure. But since it is the fourth work of Mr. Marion Crawford, there is much in it that disappoints us. Not that it is a falling off from his previous novels; on the contrary, it is a pronounced improvement on the whole three. It is its very excellences that cause disappointment; for they are excellences which only serve to show what a fine novel Mr. Crawford might write, if he developed his opportunities patiently, and did not trifle with his powers. "A Roman Singer," with all its beauty, leaves an irritating sense of incompleteness and lopsidedness. One feels that it is anything but a well-considered, carefully wrought work of art; and when you know that the artist can be a true artist, if he likes, or if he gives himself the chance, his crime in perpetrating an artistic abortion is all the greater. The story in "A Roman Singer" is the slenderest little pearl-string—but it is not of this we complain. In order, evidently, to complicate the interest of this story Mr. Crawford, at an early stage, introduces a German baroness, who conceives an unlovely passion for his hero. Before he has gone far he perceives that this character is both impossible and repulsive, and he escapes from the difficulty by killing her off in the eighth chapter with a dose of chloral! She had no business in the story at all, and she is used in it no more, except that in an absurdly inconsequential and slovenly ninth chapter, written apparently to gain time, the hero, Nino, is caused to be arrested on suspicion of having poisoned her, and, of course, released. Then there is a Baron Benoni, who is introduced in a very strong scene, and who leads the reader to expect that he is the Wandering Jew. So brilliant and fascinating are the first glimpses Mr. Crawford gives us of this character that we are almost tempted to hope he may have ventured

* *Songs at the Start*. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

* *A Roman Singer*. By F. Marion Crawford. 12mo, 378 pp. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

the bold experiment. But when Benoni has fulfilled a very small function, that of temporary foil to the hero, he becomes as much a white elephant on the author's hands as the baroness had been. Benoni's mystery and eccentricity are explained away by the statement that he was a lunatic! Granting, for politeness, that this explains Benoni's conduct, surely Mr. Crawford does not mean it to account for the action of so inflexible a social martinet as the Graf von Lira, the heroine's father, taking Benoni as his guest for weeks into his retreat in the mountains and commending his daughter to accept the Jew's hand? The old Graf, too, is a poor piece of work. At first—like all the characters—he promised well (and this in spite of the author resorting to the ancient gag of rendering his foreign idioms literally), but he ends by being a stick.

This much being said, however, it remains that there is that in "A Roman Singer," which would suffice to make its author's reputation, even if it were his first book. Mr. Crawford's narrative style has many beauties; it has eloquence, poetry, sinuous and easy grace; and these are doubly refreshing at a time when the utterances of a majority of our writers of fiction are clogged with affectation. In this book, too, Mr. Crawford strikes a note of pure, high and simple feeling, which is something even more refreshing still. But the great achievement of "A Roman Singer" is the character of the supposed narrator, the old Count and Professor Cornelio Grandi. In this decayed nobleman, living so penuriously on his professor's fees as to have saved enough to buy a little vineyard, adopting the son of one of his *ci-devant* peasants and becoming so attached to the youth that, by and by, unconscious what a sacrifice it is, he sells out his vineyard and his little all and tramps his way into the mountains in order to do "his boy" a service, and who is now garrulously and proudly telling his Nino's story over a cigar and a wine-flask—in this gray-haired Sor Cornelio with his little foibles and affectations and his true nobility Mr. Crawford has made his best essay at creating an original and vital character. The skill with which the Count is made to unfold without egotism his own personality, while telling a story about other people, is a real *tour de force*. The accessories are supplied with a masterly hand. The old housekeeper, Mariuccia, who brings the cat to the theatre the night of Nino's first appearance, because there has been an unusual supper prepared to celebrate the occasion, and she was afraid to leave the cat alone in the

house lest there might be nothing to eat when they returned, but whom, nevertheless, her master is always railing at as "a scatter-brained old spendthrift"—she is an excellent bit of *genre* in herself; and so is De Pretis, Nino's teacher, that unscrupulous old rascal of a *maestro*, who plots to have Nino fall in love because—entirely regardless of other consequences—it is good for his pupil's singing that he should be in love. A thousand skilful touches of manner, of incident, of description combine to make the portion of the story that relates to these personages and to Nino a thoroughly real piece of Roman life. For the hero, Nino, we do not so much care, although there is originality about him, and the author somehow manages to keep up the interest in his doings. But why does Mr. Crawford persist in the dandification of his heroes? We remember the atrocity he committed on the poor picturesque Dr. Claudius, shearing his Heidelberg locks and arraying him in tight pantaloons and patent-leather boots. The first thing Nino's lover, gazing upon him in rapt attention, is made to notice is "how perfectly simple and exquisitely careful was his dress," and "how his hands bespoke that attention which only a gentleman gives to the details of his person," and how "he would not lose by being contrasted with all the dandies and courtiers in Rome." Sor Cornelio, too, tells us that when Nino "had not a penny in the world but what he earned by copying music, he used to spend it all with the washerwoman, so that Mariuccia was often horrified and I reproved him for the extravagance?" Does it not strike Mr. Crawford that if the Countess von Lira had been used to meeting gentlemen, as presumably she had, "that attention which only a gentleman gives to the details of his person" would not make such an impression on her? And if Nino's laudable preference for clean linen be so phenomenal, is it not reasonable to conclude that the rest of Mr. Crawford's gentlemen must be rather questionable persons—about the cuffs and collars? The heroine of the story, Hedwig von Lira, is little more than a lay figure; but she is not vulgar nor absurd, which is a great relief.

Altogether, "A Roman Singer" is a fresh, sweet, strong story delightfully told, high above the present average, for all the slightness of its plot. We unhesitatingly commend it. It abounds by the way in passages most temptingly quotable—such as the old Count's quaint and eloquent dissertation on love, or Benoni's philosophizing on worldliness, or any of the descriptions.

The blemishes of the book are those of hasty composition. Although we are disinclined to

consider it a fault in an author to be prolific, still it would appear as if those who say that Mr. Crawford is writing too much are right. Mr. Crawford should remember Trollope's feelings when the publishers told him of the author that "spawned" upon them three novels a year, and he should beware of Trollope's fate, who, heeding not the warning, persisted in regarding novel writing as no higher an art than that of making shoes. Mr. Crawford has now spawned four novels on a surprised world in little more than a twelvemonth.

The author of "Rutledge" has produced a strong novel in *Phæbe*.^{*} The interest is kept up to the end—and the power to interest, as we hold, is the first quality of a good novel. The characters are more than sketched, they are clearly and vividly drawn, and grouped with the artist's eye to effect. The Crittenden family, Aunt David and her niece Tartar, Phæbe, and even Peyton (though he is little more than suggested) are people of flesh and blood. Finally, the book is written in lucid and very strenuous English. All this being so, it is the more to be regretted that the author should have marred her story by an intolerable—and what seems to us an uncalled for—blemish. Phæbe, the heroine, is a young woman, a public-school prize graduate, who loses her virtue, and whom the hero, Barry Crittenden, marries to save her from shame—a step which he does not take until he receives an ultimatum from his father. Barry brings his wife home and she is received with open arms by his mother and sisters. We have seldom met a more painful scene in fiction than that in which Phæbe, whose position is intensified by the fact of her being awkward and underbred in manners and countrified in dress, appears at dinner among the polished Crittenden home-circle, with Barry's two sisters striving to entertain her. Goodness knows, we see nothing but beauty in the picture of an erring sister, who makes amends, growing into people's hearts by her loveliness and worth, and being restored to her position as an honorable woman. But decidedly there is that which revolts us in the idea of two pure young girls, like Barry Crittenden's sisters, taking to their hearts at once a woman whom they meet for the first time, and whom they know absolutely nothing about, except that she had proved herself, with their brother, a woman

who was not pure. This, we claim, is not prudishness. What becomes of society as the protector of honorable women, if woman's crown, her honor, is held by society a thing of no worth? There is positively not a single word in this book which would imply that Phæbe had done anything reprehensible. She experiences religion, as the phrase is, yet the thought of her wrong-doing never seems to enter her head. There is nothing to show that, under similar circumstances, with the experience she has acquired, she would not be ready to repeat her conduct with a clear conscience. Troubles come to her, but they do not come as a poetic punishment for her fall. They have no reference to it. In fact, the whole story could proceed and sacrifice none of its force if Phæbe had been made simply a "bad match," in the social sense, for Barry, and had not been made to lose her reputation. It is a great pity the author saw it right to arrange her novel the other way.

A beautiful young woman falls ill of the small-pox and loses all her beauty. As she grows up a plain old maid she worships the memory of her former self like a fetish. Modern progress making heartless innovations among the scenes of her youth in her native village, she flees from the spot in disgust, and being very rich, she builds a house elsewhere the exact model of her home, and erects within the grounds an exact model of the village in which her beautiful young self used to wander. She has a large portrait of her former self copied from a miniature and she hangs it over the dining-room mantelpiece. A nephew comes to her, and straightway falls in love with the picture, and by-and-by, when he returns from college, the ingenious youth propounds the theory that "the souls of our past selves have separate existences in another world." They fall in with spiritualists who actually materialize the spirit of the old lady's past self. The medium dies during the *séance* and the spirit is unable to de-materialize; so there stands before them the beautiful original of the dining-room portrait brought back from the land of ghosts! Of course, the nephew is ravished with joy and wants this wonderful being to marry him. Then it transpires that the *séance* was a "put up job" of the spiritualists, who thus planned a good match for their handsome daughter. This discovery does not alter the devotion of the nephew: he marries the girl; nor does it alter the belief of him or his aunt in "the immortality of past selves." Such

^{*} *Phæbe*. A Novel. By the Author of "Rutledge." 1884. 332 pp. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1884.

is the plot of *Miss Ludington's Sister*,* a story in which Mr. W. D. Howells professes to find extraordinary merit and which he ventures to compare with the work of Nathaniel Hawthorne. We are sorry we cannot agree with Mr. Howells. The feat of fancy, which, we suppose, is what suggests Hawthorne, strikes us as only a tawdry and vulgar device—as unlike the weird fabrics of that exquisite imagination as a poem by the Sweet Singer of Michigan is unlike the "Idyls of the King." There is no attempt at drawing character in this romance, and if there can be said to be any sentiment, it is of a sickly kind.

Ned in the Woods† seems to be a boy's story, made to order by a writer who, having discovered a faculty for making boys' literature, is determined to work his faculty for all it is worth. There is an ample supply of the usual frontier properties—Indians, trail-finding, hunting, fighting and a dash of natural history to edify papa. The book is quite safe. It is above the dime "dreadful" level and below that of the book written by the genuine lover of boys, who does his work with enthusiasm—like the la-

* *Miss Ludington's Sister: A Romance of Immortality.* By Edward Bellamy. 12mo, 260 pp. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1884.

† *Ned in the Woods: A Tale of the Early Days in the West.* By Edward S. Ellis. 12mo., 290 pp. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1884.

mented Mayne Reid, whose place has not been quite filled yet.

Of the indomitable band of recent Nile explorers, Sir Samuel W. Baker, at present British Consul-general in Egypt, stands among the foremost. The books he has written on his discoveries have already secured a permanent place in the literature of geographical exploration. His two notable volumes, "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," and "The Albert Nyanza Great Basin of the Nile," have been "condensed" into a small book, and published by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, under the title of *In the Heart of Africa*.* The condensation has been very severe—the issue under notice does not seem to be more than one-eighth of the size of Sir Samuel Baker's two books. But the aim of the condenser seems to have been to produce an agreeable volume for light reading by culling only the spicy and exciting bits of the author's narrative, omitting all the heavier scientific information. In this he has succeeded tolerably well. The publishers would enhance their book greatly by giving with it a pleasanter-looking map.

* *In the Heart of Africa.* By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. Condensed by J. E. W. From "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia" and "The Albert Nyanza Great Basin of the Nile." 16mo, 284 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

Town Talk.

A recent occurrence in the literary world has served to mark how completely we have secured our independence in some respects. An Englishman has written a book about us—an Englishman with a "handle to his name." In this book, most or all of which had previously appeared in a periodical, he demonstrates—or at least supposes himself to have demonstrated—what a vulgar, uncivilized race we, citizens of the United States, are. Of manners, of cultivation, we have none. For people of refinement, like Sir Lepel, existence in our land is a torture. They find their delicate sensibilities constantly shocked by our ignorance or disregard of the *convenances* of life. There are some fifty millions of us, but perhaps not more than a score whom any English gentleman would care to meet. And then the badness of our institutions, with all their intolerable democracy!

In fact, we can hardly be said to have a government at all, for it lacks that one element, which is of more value than any other. We have no aristocracy recognized by law, and a country without an aristocracy is in a bad plight indeed. Sir Lepel's book, however, is the same kind of a book that Mrs. Trollope wrote about us fifty years ago—"only more so." The difference in the reception of the two books shows how dependent we were when the first was published, and how independent we have since become. The production of Mrs. Trollope was received with a howl of anguish. Our fathers were desolated at the bad opinion that lady had of us, and made haste to vindicate themselves from her damaging charges. In their rage they fell foul of her and threw in her teeth all the misfortunes of her previous life. Some were even so ungallant as to remind her that, during her residence in Cin-

cinnati, she had pursued the respectable calling of a milliner, and to insinuate that she was no better than she should be.

But in five decades what a change! Sir Lepel's book has not called forth the least indignation—hardly a smile of derision. A few newspapers, short of topics at this dull season of the year, have tried to get up a little excitement about the matter, but it has been of no use. The public declines to interest itself in Sir Lepel's "goings on." He has been told substantially that he is welcome to slander the republic as much as he likes. If it makes him feel good, it does us no harm. The publishers of his book, perhaps, may not share the general indifference, for it is doubtful if the edition has paid expenses. But if he can find a publisher, he is at liberty to paint us as black as the "o.d boy" himself, in any number of volumes.

For a country not lacking in public-spirited citizens, the United States has shown a singular indifference about completing its public monuments. Many of these have been begun in years gone by, but the proportion completed has been small indeed. It must be nearly half a century since there was laid with elaborate ceremonies the corner-stone of a monument to the mother of Washington, but in all the years which have since elapsed it has never risen above the corner-stone. The Washington Monument, at the city of Washington, has been a standing jest time out of mind, and the jest itself is worn threadbare. It took a quarter of a century to build the obelisk at Bunker Hill, and it came near not being completed even then. With all this experience of the past, the prospect of putting up the Bartholdi statue seemed dubious.

These prospects, have, however, of late improved so much, that we have a reasonable expectation of seeing the statue in place before long. It has been formally and publicly accepted by the United States Minister at Paris. The corner-stone of the pedestal on Bedloe's Island has been laid with formal ceremonies, and the pedestal itself has already attained a goodly height, sufficient to attract attention as one sails up the bay. It is in charge of two of the ablest engineers in the United States, General Stone and Colonel Lockett, whose worthy career in Egypt their countrymen watched with so much pride and interest.

For very shame's sake we cannot now stand still. The good work must go forward, until the capstone is laid on the pedestal on which is to

be placed the colossal statue, where it will stand, let us hope, for ages, a reminder of the goodwill which for more than a century has existed between France and the United States, and which, it may be trusted, will endure until the heavens and the earth shall be no more.

Those who in going about town have watched the large buildings in course of erection, observed not many days since that the work on most of these structures had stopped. Where before the walls had been swarming with men there was no sign of life, and the work had come to a general stand-still. Enquiry showed that the bricklayers and laborers had combined to ask of their employers that nine hours be considered a day's work instead of ten. The "strike," which seems to have been conducted without any of the foolish violence which generally attends movements of that nature, was not of long continuance. Before many days the workmen were busy as usual, and it is understood that the employers had complied with the request of those whom they employed. Whether this state of things will be permanent remains to be seen. Just now there is a good deal of building going on in the city, and workmen are somewhat more in demand than usual. But there will come seasons when work is not so easy to be obtained, and the workman, to get food and shelter for himself and those dependent on him, will gladly work ten hours. It is a question of supply and demand, which are fixed by natural laws quite independent of legislative enactments or trade combinations.

If two masters are after one man, the latter, of course, is lord of the situation. But if two men are after one master, he, it is, who will dictate terms. One cannot help wishing, however, that it were possible to so arrange things that no one need work for more than nine hours or even eight. For regular steady, faithful toilers, whether with hands or brain, one-third of the twenty-four hours is assuredly a good day's work, and welcome will be the time when all those who live by wages can earn bread sufficient for their purposes in each eight hours of the twenty-four, Sundays and Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year's days, Thanksgiving and Decoration days excepted.

If in the month of August you happen to meet on the street, in New York, a man of fashion, he will probably think it necessary to apologize for being caught in the city. He will tell you, perhaps, that some sad necessity has

compelled him to return hither for a day or two, and he is pretty sure to remark pathetically, that he feels very lonely, for everyone is out of town. If it be an arithmetical person to whom such a remark is addressed, he is likely to try to calculate how many it takes to make "everyone." Supposing that he estimates that "everyone" numbers twenty thousand people—a liberal estimate certainly—there would still remain on Manhattan Island about one million four hundred and eighty thousand persons to be accounted for. But then these are nobodies. They are bricklayers and hodcarriers and printers and editors of newspapers and editors of magazines and the like vulgar people. To be sure they have eyes, "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions." They are "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as those who are within the charmed circle of fashion.

But the latter have money and leisure. And in obedience to an inexorable law they shut up

their pleasant city houses and go away to Europe to dodge the cholera, or to luxurious villas by the sea, or to watering-places, or to elegant country houses, or about the ocean in splendid yachts. Yet these spoiled darlings of fortune are to be pitied in one respect, in that they have no chance to discover what a pleasant summer residence New York is. Some may smile at such an opinion, and point to parts of the town where a residence is anything but pleasant. But every large city must have its poorer quarters, and it is not by them that it is to be judged. Apart from these, there remains a large area, where life can be passed enjoyably, even when the dog-star is raging. The heat in New York is seldom excessive. Once in a while there may be a few days when it is uncomfortably warm; but there have hardly been any such during the present summer. The sea-breeze seldom fails. And it may safely be maintained that there is not a large city on the globe so well equipped as New York with all that helps to make existence agreeable in summer time.

Salmagundi.

AT ANCHOR.

I.

My love was like a buoyant ship
O'er sunny waves at sea,
And in the voyage of my heart
She sailed away from me!

II.

I followed in her flying wake—
The waves grew strong and fleet;
I passed by shoals of circumstance,
And quicksands of defeat!

III.

But little winds of coquetry
Still kept our lives apart,
Till in my cruise of love I reached
The harbor of her heart!

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

WILHELMINA.

A white face, drooping on a bending neck;
A tube-rose that with heavy petal curves
Her stem; a foam-bell on a wave that swerves
Back from the undulating vessel's deck.

From out the whitest cloud of summer steals
The wildest lightning; from this face of
thine

Thy soul a fire-of-heaven, warm and fine,
In marvelous flashes its fair self reveals.

As when one gazes from the summer sea
On some far gossamer cloud, with straining
eye,
Fearing to see it vanish in the sky,
So, floating, wandering cloud-soul, I watch
thee!

SIDNEY LANIER.

IF I WERE A GHOST.

If I were a ghost, and you were a ghost,
And we met in the deadman's land,
Would your heart rejoice at the sound of my
voice?

Would you shrink at the touch of my hand?

If you knew at once, as I know you would,
That all of the pleasure and pain,
Of the gladness of love and the sadness of love
Were to be lived over again,

Would heaven seem heaven, then, do you think?
 Would you find it a sweet surprise,
 If within ycur breast, the human unrest
 Should awake again in the skies?

Or would it not darken that fair new world
 With a shadow of earthly stain?
 For if perfect bliss could be marred by my kiss,
 Then the peace of heaven were vain.

Oh, foolish questions, and idle thoughts,
 What do I care for the life above?
 When our souls, I know, wherever they go,
 Will die with the death of our love.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

ISIS.

We turn the leaves of the Past,
 And of all the pictures there,
 We even recur to Isis:
 With a scrutiny—that is prayer.
 * * * * *
 Isis, Mother of Silence!
 From the being of Hermes wrought;
 Who gives to her votaries Patience:
 To her lovers who gives Thought;
 Alone, she views the ages
 With her fathomless, questioning eyes.
 Who can lift the veil of Isis
 In a world that feeds on lies?
 And the secret still eludes us,
 As it did when Nilus was born:
 Though we rend the heart within us,
 As the rock in Horeb was torn.
 So this! he knoweth the secret:
 At his bidding the waters rise.
 For the soul of Isis binds him
 In his path through imperial skies.
 But the cold, still goddess spurns us,
 As she sways the threads of Fate;
 Until, one day we awaken—
 Awaken, alas! too late.
 Isis, Mother of Silence!
 Is it given to goddesses, then,
 To walk the earth in human guise,
 And capture the souls of men?
 And—dulled by apprehension—
 As a garment, put we by
 The manhood that informs us—
 And faint, and falter, and die?
 Die at the feet of Isis—
 With murmur of wail and prayer?
 Lo! if we rise we quell her:
 There are greater than Isis there.

Old Egypt's mocking goddess,
 With a smile that is half a sneer,
 Pallid, possessed and conquered:
 She flutters and falls in fear.

* * * * *

It is only to know the secret.
 Let him read the riddle, who can!
 The woman who loves, is Isis:
 But her master-god is Man.

FRANK H. NORTON.

OUR IDOLS.

We fashion still our idols—not of stone,
 Nor beaten gold nor costliest Indian wood;
 Ah, no! our idols are our loved, our own,
 In whose sweet veins runs only human blood.

Yet round their brows we see celestial light,
 And dream them glorious as the angels
 are;
 Their very presence fills the gloomiest night
 With tender radiance, like some wondrous
 star.

On their dear shrines we lay our choicest
 gifts,
 Devotion, faith—aye, oftentimes a life—
 Oh, consecration sweet that strongly lifts
 The soul from self through love's divinely
 strife!

God pity those who live too long and see
 That light celestial slowly fade away,
 And, like some hideous midnight phantasy,
 Their idols crumble into common clay!

C. T. DAZEY.

AT THE MAKING OF THE HAY.

When the whip-poor-wills are calling,
 And the apple-blooms are falling,
 With a tender tint forestalling
 Summer's blush upon the grass;
 Where the little stars are keeping
 Watch above the meadow sleeping,
 And the jack-o'-lantern's peeping
 I will meet my bonnie lass.

I will seek her; I will find her;
 I will slyly steal behind her;
 And with kisses I will blind her
 Till she sets the happy day!

And when the barley's heading,
And the summer rose is shedding,
Oh, there'll be a merry wedding
At the making of the hay!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

THE AGNOSTIC TO HIS LOVE.

When sombre night usurps the day
And to your King you bend the knee,
Remember one who cannot pray,
And spare a word of thine for me!

Whose soul, for some strange purpose made,
Spurns forms and words as all in vain,
To soar, in native pride arrayed,
In God to live, with Him to reign;

To roam from sun to sun around,
Without a shadow of control;
To have no limit, know no bound,
And be in all a perfect soul.

Could all the prayers that ever rose
Since Adam fell in one combine,
Though balm for all created woes,
They were not worth one word of thine.

One word of thine—that word for me—
On Faith's white pinions borne above,
May work some hidden mystery,
And make me worthier of thy love.

And when my wild and daring soul
Is journeying through the fields of space,
As suns and systems by me roll,
I'll seek some happy dwelling-place;

Some new-made orb, where all is peace,
Where white-winged angels oft repair,
And when our earthly toil shall cease,
We'll dwell forever ever there.

There while eternal ages roll
I'll search creation's archives through,
Nor find in all the long-gone scroll
One being half so dear as you.

By silvery streams, through balmy bowers
O'er dew-bespangled meads we'll rove,
And live the countless happy hours
In all the joys of perfect love.

FRANK J. OTTARSON.

"DE OLD 'SIMMON TREE."

(SONG.)

De tall red oak tree keep clammin' to de sky,
An' flingin' back acorns to de groun';
De scaly-bark tree mighty handy in de fall
When de ripe scaly-barks comin' down;
De hick'y-nut tree got frien's all aroun'
When de hick'y-nuts hangin' up high;
But de 'simmon tree lif's de old-possum in de a'r
Like a good dinner swingin' in de sky.

De pisen-oak grow on de stump in de fiel',
De runnin'-brier kiver up de grass;
De gra'-vine spring up 'way down in de swamp
An' circle 'round de sapplin' mighty fas';
De brier-bush lean gin de panel o' de fence
An' blossom in de summer mighty gay;
But de 'possum-tail wrops 'round de 'simmon-
tree limb
An' hold him when his foots gib way!

De corn-stalk fix up de nigger ash-cake,
De cherry-tree 'tend to de pie;
De sugar-cane patch po' 'lasses in de jug
When de summer time done gone by;
De blackberry bush gwine to put in a lif'
When de bottom o' de crib gittin' near;
De 'tater row he'p when de diggin' time come,
An' de 'simmon-tree fling in de beer.

Oh! de old 'simmon-tree ain't braggin' on its
looks,
An' it ain't tryin' to dress up too fine;
An' it nebber could sparkle like de 'sparrer-grass
bed
When de sunlight fus' 'gin to shine;
Oh! it can't grow big as de cyp'us in de slash,
And it dunno how to grow so high;
But it totes de fat 'possum in de moonshiny
night
While de 'possum dog gittin' up nigh.

De pine-tree look mighty handsome all de
time,
De rose-bush lubly in de spring;
De 'simmon-tree right full o' vittles in de fall,
An' it l'arn de yor'ng 'possum how to swing;
Dar's heap o' good things dat you nebber kin
forgit,
An' frien's dat nebber kin fail;—
But nigger man's lub for de old 'simmon tree
Is fastened wid de 'possum tail!

J. A. MACON.

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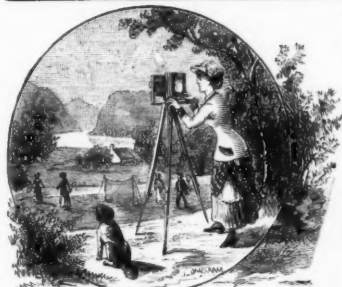
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